

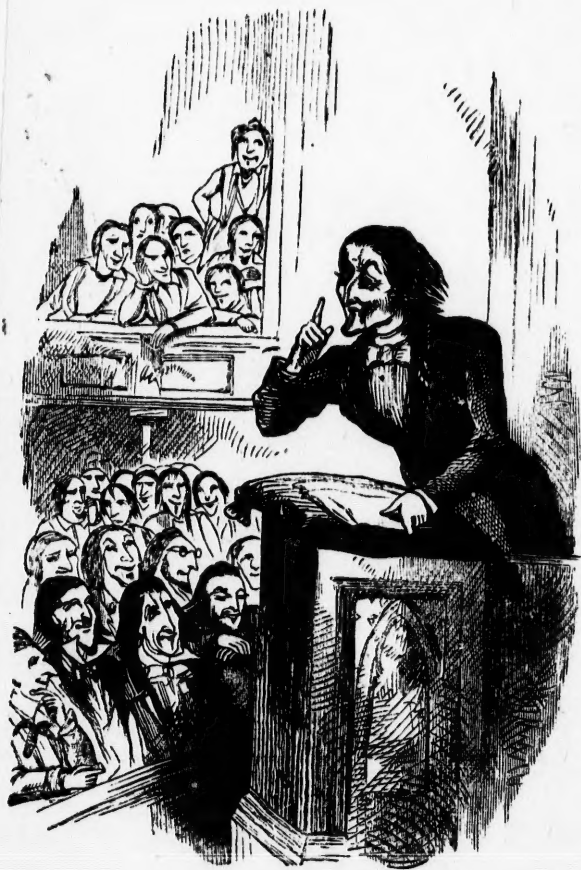
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//PATENT SERMONS.//

BY
DOW, JR.



HALIFAX:
MILNER AND SOWERBY.

—
1865.

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ON Luck
On Truth
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DOW'S PATENT SERMONS.

— o —

ON LUCK.

TEXT.—There is no luck at all for me,
However much I strive;
Upon my soul, I think I am
Th' unluckiest man alive.

MY HEARERS: we are all children of chance: some of us are kindly favored by fortune; some seem to be the victims of fate; and others, neither the one thing nor the other—knocked about from pillar to post; with here a streak of fat luck, and there a streak of the leanest kind. But, brethren, every one of us is lucky in one respect: that is, in getting into this living and breathing world. Our being born is but the result of accident, after all, philosophize as you may upon the subject. What a glorious escape have we made from remaining for ever in the womb of nonentity! Let us congratulate one another, then, that we have the lot of living, moving, and having a being upon this terraqueous globe.

My friends: many of you imagine that you are born to ill-luck, and seem to strive

your prettiest to foster your ridiculous fancies. You will have it that others reap richer harvests from the fields of chance than yourselves; that when it rains bean porridge, your dishes are always bottom upwards—when it snows Genesee flour, the wind blows it to your neighbor's door—and when it hails hulled corn, you have no milk to eat it with. You find a pistareen in the street: 'Just my luck!' you exclaim, as you pocket the disappointment—'if anybody else had found it, it would have been a dollar, sure.' If you feel for a knife in the dark, among a peck of knives and forks, you are certain to get hold of a fork. Whatever you do, and wherever you go, everything works against you, according to your thinking; but, in accordance with my humble opinion, you work against things more than things labor against you. You labor under a mistaken idea if you think to the contrary. The man who petitioned to have the lamp-posts removed because they interfered with him in his nocturnal perambulations, considered himself a victim of ill-luck. He might have been so; but the poor lamp-posts had more reason to complain of hard rubs than himself.

My brethren: I have to preach, for your edification, and perhaps amusement. I am lucky when, by chance, I have a good sermon, and get half a hatful of genuine copers in return: but, as I always expect

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more or less bad ones in the heap, I am never disappointed. I bag the lot, without pausing to questionize as to whether any other preacher would have been cursed or blest with the same luck, had he been in my boots. So should you take matters easy; for, recollect that Fortune never picks out a particular individual to smile upon, nor selects a certain portion upon whom to cast her spiteful frowns. The first is this, my friends: rather than depend upon labor, you are too apt to rely upon luck; and, when the latter betrays your confidence, you owe it a grudge that time can never pay. To test your luck, don't throw dice nor buy lottery tickets; but put your hand to the plough, and hold on; or drive the cattle, and let somebody else hold—but be sure that you do one or the other, and the end thereof shall be fortunate. Expect a bar of iron to melt with the breath of a southern wind—a seaman's whistle to calm the excited ocean—a town on fire to be extinguished with a woman's tears—the stars to be blown out with a September gale. You may expect these to happen, if you like; but don't suppose that good luck will keep company with a loafer who is too lazy to work, and so depends upon the precarious crumbs of chance. If you firmly believe in an unalterable decree of luck, you will have more of the bad sort plastered to your remembrance, than

were ever feathers attached to a fresh coat of tar. Mondays and Fridays will enter into a conspiracy against you; all your new moons will be seen over the left shoulder; squirrels will run across the road before you, from the right to the left; you will spill more salt at the table than any other one; and the clouds will be certain to take the opportunity to rain when they catch you without an umbrella.

My hearers: a murrain on all your superstitious notions about luck: one mortal is just as liable to mishap as another. Keep clear of the fire, and you will escape being burned; go not near the water, and there is no danger of getting drowned; look not for the apparitions of ill-luck, and you will see but few of them, at the most; and they, like all other ghosts, possess more power to scare than harm. So mote it be!

ON TRUTH SPEAKING.

TEXT.—Behold the manne! he spake the truthe,
Hee's greater than a kyng.

MY HEARERS: I will tell you a truth: There is not one among five thousand of you who has the moral boldness to tell the honest, wholesome, salutary truth on all occasions. Your plucks are too soft, and

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you haven't grit enough in your gizzards to do it. Show me the brother biped who harboreth the will, and possesseth the courage, to come boldly forward and defend the Veritable—though he butt his head against that same old post, Public Opinion—and I will show you a man who is greater than a king, although he might fall a little short in physical magnitude; for greatness, you know, my friends, doesn't depend upon the weight and bulk of the corpus, but upon the depth of the mind, the strength of the brain, a disposition to do the 'clean thing' at all times, and to speak the whole truth, undeterred by fear, and unswayed by favor. All THAT constitutes greatness, and 'nothing else'—otherwise a rhinoceros or a bug, is greater than a man.

My friends: I wonder if I couldn't, by gentle persuasion—and not by such IMPULSES as are administered to contrary cattle—cause you more generally to proclaim the truth, and bring a blush upon the cheek of the arch-enemy of mankind, if it is possible that a glow of shame can make itself visible upon the countenance of a black rascal like him. The devil and I, my brethren, are sworn enemies. We have been so ever since he put me up (when I was a boy) to hooking watermelons from a neighboring patch, for the fun and glory of the thing. Now, if there is any fun or glory in being held fast by a bulldog, AND

by the seat of one's trousers, till Mr. Proprietor comes along and RELEASES THE CANINE—why, then, old Fix'em may hold his hat to catch my compliments. But he lied, and he knew it: he is a liar from the beginning; and I am not afraid to tell him so to his face. I shan't fight him, though: for, when I fight, I fight no one but a gentleman—and I'll see HIM clod-rotted first. This ancient Nicholas being an enemy of mine, I suppose I am bound to love him, in a degree; but that degree is very small, I can assure you. I wish him well enough—better, no doubt, than he wishes me. He can go on lying, however, if he chooses, while I shall persevere in preaching the truth, and perhaps a LEETLE more than the truth.

Now, my hearers, what is the truth, and what isn't? Why, it is true that most of you fashionable, church-going fellows make great pretensions to piety, and exhibit outwardly a righteous show, while true Religion 'holds no inward seat.' There is a vast difference between theoretical and practical piety. One has 'hair on it'—the other hasn't.

It is the truth that politicians who pretend to have such a regard for the dear 'people,' don't care a hooter, so long as their own selfish ends are obtained. What care they for you or me, after all? They love you—and so doth a cat love a mouse!

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It is the truth that, if you show to your wife that you love her most prodigally, she will 'come, none of your capers.' The fault is, that husbands, upon the whole, don't convince their tenderer halves that they love them so much as they really do. Now, I never had any experience in this matter; but I'll risk my hopes of heaven, on a bet, that my ideas on the subject are as correct as the reckoning of a Dutch grocer.

It is true that we all want to live without work, if we can; and yet, had we nothing to do, we should be perfectly miserable. It is employment that brings contentment.

It is true that we think more of the Past and the Future than of the Present; reckless of the fact that the despised Present changes into the admired Past, and the fond Future into the unattractive Present.

It is true that if you follow the path of vice, you will get into a swamp before you know it; and that, if you walk in the ways of wisdom and virtue, you will enjoy an Eden upon earth.

And it is also true, my friends, that you can't make a GENTLEMAN of a woman by abusing her.

In short, there are many truths to be told, which will be uttered hereafter; but sufficient for to-day is the little that I have let loose. So mote it be!

RICH IN KNOWLEDGE: POOR IN WISDOM.

TEXT.—How many are in knowledge rich,
And yet in wisdom poor!

MY HEARERS: we mortals love to delve in the mines of knowledge, but how few of us look for the priceless pearls of wisdom! The waves of time wash many a valuable gem upon the moral shore, that remains as unheeded as the commonest pebble by its side. If man sought for wisdom more and knowledge less, he would be a happier creature than he is, and his prospects through life would not so often bud roses and blossom thistles—as some other philosopher than himself has remarked.

There are many unwise characters in this world, my friends, that seem to delight in purposely spoiling their own porridge of peace and happiness. There is your envious man. He makes himself miserable, and has no appetite for the crumbs of comfort, because others partake so heartily of life's rational enjoyments. He goes out of his way to walk among nettles, brambles and thorns, because others pursue a smooth and flowery path—torments himself, like a porcupine, with his own bristles, at the sight of a fortunate neighbor—lives as unenvied as he envies; and, when he dies, he is like a

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The miser, my friends, sits and watches his money till he starves himself to death, and leaves posterity to fatten upon that which impoverished him. Having no charity to bestow upon himself, he has none to spare for others; and, consequently, he has a rather small soul—so small that a million like it could go abreast through the eye of a cambric needle without rubbing upon either side.

The jealous man gets up imaginary monsters to frighten himself with—pours gall into his connubial coffee, and keeps his little pond of love for ever muddy by stirring it up with the grappling irons of suspicion. But the mean man, perhaps, is about the unwiseest; for he gives himself a kicking to despise a neighbor. He feels as mean, too, as a rooster in a thunder shower; for he knows that even a decent-looking sheep-stealer must ever regard him with utter contempt. The proud man looks upon many greater people than himself as mere pigmies; but he can't see that he falls in the estimation of sensible observers just in proportion as he rises in his own. When his money forsakes him, he will feel himself falling to reality, and none shall condescend to set him upon his carnal pillars again. The wanderer amuses himself by throwing mud upon reputations that are whiter than his

own, at the expense of being everywhere looked upon as little better than a locomotive lying machine, that turns out falsehood by steam, and at the rate of two bushels per minute. The highway robber and murderer is either a madman or a fool: for the sake of a few paltry dollars and cents, he runs the risk of having his head poked through a halter and sent with a jerk into an uncertain and fearful eternity.

But, my hearers, the most unfortunately indiscreet mortal upon earth is the hypochondriac. His little sum of happiness consists in keeping himself miserable, and everybody around him. He makes up a choice assortment of ideal complaints, and never takes greater comfort than when he thinks he has persuaded people he has use for them all at once. He often grumbles for the want of something to grumble at—grumbles out a long and tedious existence, and ceases only to growl when death closes his mouth.

My friends: that man possesses true wisdom who bears up beneath a heavy load of disappointment or affliction—who contributes to the welfare of his fellow-creatures as far as lies in his pocket and power—who sees nothing but what is beautiful in nature, and who never finds fault with any of the doings of Providence. So mote it be!

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DUST TO DUST.

TEXT.—Few are thy days, and full of wo,
 O man, of woman born!
 Thy doom is written, 'Dust thou art,
 And shalt to dust return.'
 Behold the emblem of thy state,
 In flowers that bloom and die,
 Or in the shadow's fleeting form,
 That mock the gazer's eye.

MY HEARERS: the days of man, born of a woman, are few indeed—scarcely worth mentioning. There was a time when human life stretched itself out to a thousand years; but, now, one thinks he does pretty well if he can crawl up near enough to get a crab at threescore and ten. In consequence of your sins and iniquities, brethren, you are not allowed to tarnish the earth with your vile tread but for a very short time. Verily, as it hath been written, You spring up like peppergrass, jump about like a hoppergrass, and lie down and die like a jackass. There is a number put upon your days—and that number is almost 0.

Your days, brethren, are full of wo—filled to the brim with griefs, cares, sorrows, and anxieties. The All-wise Ruler of the universe plants thorns in your paths—puts gloes in your cups of pleasure—mixes pain with every joy, and bestows the blessings of sickness upon you in order that you may appreciate the still greater blessings of

health. You probably think it hard that you're compelled to travel over so rough a road as the one that leads from the cradle to the grave; but, brethren, recollect that whatever heaven has ordained is all for the best. As my friend Pope says—'Whatever is, is right;' so content yourselves with your miseries, and make up your minds that you are a great deal happier than you at present imagine.

My dear hearers: do you know what you are made of? Dust, nothing but dust! The tenements in which your souls reside are mere mud-built shanties, constructed of the soil that yields you your food, Death soon demolishes them—they commingle with the dust from which they were made, and the spirit takes wings unto the God that gave it. But, brethren, by proper care and self-attention, you may hold out to a good old age. If you neglect yourselves, Providence will neglect you; and Satan always stands ready to accommodate all against whom the gates of heaven are closed. Brethren, in order to prolong life, allow me to tell you how to live during the sickly season. Be temperate in eating—don't gorge; undereat, and you enjoy an immunity from all summer epidemics. At the same time, you should be careful what you eat, however little it may be. Let all crude fruit and vegetables alone—abstain from fresh fish and fresh meat—stick to a

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—take occasionally a LITTLE good (?) brandy
—keep your minds as easy as a feather-bed,
and be regular in attendance at my church.

My hearers: live as you will, you must die at last; and that is to-morrow. Behold the emblems of your state! The flowers that bud, bloom and die in a few days, speak silently, and yet with a loud admonition, that you must soon droop, decay, wither, kick the bucket, and be tucked under the sod. What is life? A shadow made by the sunlight, and in a moment destroyed by a cloud; a mushroom, that scarcely lifts its head upon daylight ere it returns to darkness and death: a butterfly, that enjoys a brief summer, and is gone for ever: a bubble upon the wave of time, that bursts almost as soon as formed: a lump of ice in an August sun: a kiss, that does not last long enough for a fellow to ascertain how good it is. In short, my dear friends, life is one of the greatest uncertainties in the world; but make the best of it while it is yours—live temperately—be good-humored, cheerful, kind and charitable, and you will get as much of it as is at present allotted to mankind. So mote it be!

MIDSUMMER, LIKE LOVE: TOO WARM.

TEXT.—Each season possesses some beauty and charm,
But the charm of midsummer, like love, is too warm.

MY HEARERS: in my last discourse I spoke of change as being the order of things, and necessary to the comfort, health and happiness of us sublunary mortals. Now mark how the seasons change, and say, if you can, that you are not satisfied therewith! Is it not all for the best? All spring, all summer, all autumn, or all winter, would be scarcely endurable. Each is good in its turn; for, as the Bard of Avon once said, Variety is the spice of life that gives it all its flavor—and an all-wise Providence seems to have so catered as to suit the tastes of even the most fastidious. The mild, mellow days of golden autumn are glorious to behold—there is music in the wild winds of winter; and, while Nature is taking a comfortable nap beneath her snowy counterpane, we are having all sorts of fun, and making night merry with the tallest specimen of social enjoyment—in spring we feel rejuvenated, buoyant and hopeful; feel as though we were about to take a fresh start, with the grass, skunk-cabbages, and vegetation in general—and

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now, in summer, we are enjoying the beauties of Nature, in the meridian of all her glory and splendor. The grass will never be greener—the foliage thicker—the flowers lovelier—the river bluer—the lake calmer—the sun brighter—the dells darker—and I puff, pant and pray that the weather may never be hotter!

My friends: [Phew! let me exercise my handkerchief a little]—it's hot enough to sweat all the sin out of Sabbath-breaking: and, if you had rather lay off at Hoboken, or Coney Island, than sit in this oven and hear me agonize, I won't blame you for your choice. As it is written in the Second Epistle of Chabert to the Salamanders. Oh! for a lodge in some vast wilderness—some boundless continent of shade! How do you aspiring hod-carriers stand it, upon the ladder to brick-laying distinction, to be pierced with Sol's fiery arrows for hours! When I think of your situations, a scalding, sympathetic tear drops inwardly upon my heart, and it sisses like a tailor's goose. Phew!—whew!—the caloric drives all the gospel out of me. I feel as if I was frying in the fat of my own faith. My moral faculties are altogether unsoldered, and all my solid grace has resolved itself into liquid gravy. But we must try, brethren, to keep as cool as we possibly can. Don't get excited upon politics, religion, or universal freedom: but wait till the dog-days are over—and then

you may pump your passions into as high a state of effervescence as you like, with comparative safety : as the weather is now, there is some danger of bursting your physical boilers before you know it. A great deal depends upon the channel of your thoughts. I beseech of you not to think a moment of love, or hot whiskey punches; but let your thoughts rest upon some shady paradise, iced lemonades, a driving snow-storm, and the jingling of the sleigh-bells. Contrive to meet an old acquaintance in the street, and let him give you the cold shoulder as he passes—that will be as refreshing as a shower to the withering plant. Frosted friendship is a great thing when the thermometer threatens death and destruction to every living excitable object. Now is a good time to give you some understandable idea of the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone; but I am not such a cruel monster as to do it, at present. Your sufferings, I perceive, are sufficiently severe, without their being augmented by the description of any hotter climate than this.

My hearers: your noses look like so many red pepper-pods by a garden fence; how is mine? I am glad to know, however, that your hearts are cold enough to prevent your melting into candle grease; and that, although you perspire like roasting pigs, you won't sweat out so much sin but there

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will be enough left to enable you to get a decent living in the world. As I would as soon preach in a barrel with the bung-hole stopped, as here, I will dismiss you at once, with my blessing. All the advice I have to give you is : Keep quiet—try to be cool—take a bath night and morning—wear light clothing—sleep on straw beds—eat principally vegetable food—do nothing to worry your consciences—don't let politics and mosquitoes trouble you more than you can help; and, above all, keep clear of debt. So mote it be!

THIS BUSTLING WORLD.

TEXT.—This is a bustling world, and man must bustle to live.

MY FRIENDS! all is life in the world we inhabit—
For ever in action is all;
Life's everywhere stirring—nay 't skips like a rabbit,
Upon this terraqueous ball:

My stars! what a bustle!

Good Lord! what a tussle!

How they hurry and hussle

One another about!

There's no pause for the wicked,

No rest for the sick head—

Either go or be kick-ed,

Is the law given out.

The beasts and the birds, from the morning so early
 Until uncle Day-god has set,
 Are hither and thither, and all busy-burly—
 Because they've a living to get ;
 And so they must snatch it up,
 Or root it, or scratch it up,
 Or plan it, or hatch it up,
 The best way they can ;
 From Catskill to Tabor,
 God's made them to labor
 As well as their neighbor—
 That animal—man.

That animal, man, is the laziest creature
 That Heaven, or Nature, e'er made ;
 The rogue he exhibits in every feature,
 And lying, 'twould seem, is his trade.
 Now, when the Creator
 Had 'done' th' alligator,
 (Says the second relator,)
 He pronounced the thing good ;
 ' Did he say thus of man, sir !'
 You ask me—I'll answer,
 As well as I can, sir :
 HE WOULD IF HE COULD !

Than LIVE by the toil of his hands he'd much rather
 HALF live by his wits all alone ;
 He'd swindle his brother, and rob his own father,
 Were he sure it would never be known.
 To this precious sonny
 What's sweeter than honey !
 Why, money—O, money !
 That ' root of all evil !'
 But rather than work for 't,
 The rascal would lurk for 't,
 Or scrape, bow and smirk for 't—
 Or go to the devil.

Yes, gold
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Now, friend
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TEXT.—Now
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MY HEAR
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Yes, gold is the stuff for which mortals all scramble,
 How many, though, don't budge an inch!
 They look for success on the chance of a rabble,
 And hope for good luck—on a pinch.
 Then, so lack-a-daisy—
 I might say half crazy—
 All misty and mazy,
 They lie off at ease;
 And no trouble borrow,
 Quite sure that to-morrow
 Will bring them no sorrow,
 But something to please.

Now, friends, I'd advise you to stir and keep doing,—
 Do SOMETHING, ye great and ye small;
 Though should it amount to but kissing and wooing,
 'Tis better than nothing at all:
 Keep on, and keep trying—
 Some truth and some lying,
 Will keep you from dying,
 As you all may see;
 But should the old Harry
 Advise you to marry,
 Consider and tarry,
 And so mote it be.

MODERN YOUTHS.

TEXT.—Now, Mr. Shakspeare, tell me if, you can,
 The difference between a youth and a young
 man?

MY HEARERS: this question was once
 asked of my friend Shakspeare by a drunk-
 en, mahogany-faced, carbuncle-nosed black-
 smith. The reply was, that there existed

the same difference as between a scalded and a coddled apple. We see, then, that, in the time of the great bard, a youth was nothing more nor less than an incipient man. Though physically juvenile, he was self-opinionally endowed with all the ripened attributes of manhood. He scorned to be called a boy, though he proved himself a child by pouting when addressed as 'my lad.' Because his mother's apron-strings were then as now, composed of gum-elastic, which stretched so as to allow him to roam somewhat at random, he foolishly imagined that he had clipped them asunder with the scissors of independence, and was at liberty to enjoy all the rights and privileges of the adult. Yet boys will be boys, in spite of their strongest endeavours to appear as men.

My friends: in these degenerate days of ours, we have no youth among the masculine gender. They are either babes or men. No sooner has a lad arrived at the age of sixteen than he begins to curse, swear and swagger, like a graduate in the school of profanity and pompousness—chew tobacco as a horse eats hay—smoke cigars, as if reputation were based upon the commitment or non-commitment of the act—drink rum, as though his character might suffer disparagement if he didn't indulge according to the habits and customs of his elders—try to cultivate whiskers, for the sake

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of exciting the envy and jealousy of his fellow playmates. How proud is the fledgling when he first discovers a few pinfeathers starting from his callow chin! He is no longer a child then, but a man, in every sense of the word. Should his mother ever have the temerity to scold him, he calls her 'no gentleman;' and if the father undertake to chastise him, he complacently draws his fingers across his upper lip, as much as to say, 'If you lay hold of me, you take the lion by the beard.' Oh! these modern youth!—they are bright enough without an extra rubbing: let them alone. All they want to become perfect men are, heathenish whiskers, a standing shirt-collar, high-heeled boots, and a big pocket-book. If they don't shine then in full meridian splendor, they never will. But what looks worse upon the cheeks of a boy than a pair of precocious whiskers? They resemble, to my mind's eye, a paucity of half-scared lichens encircling a sickly fungus. And then as for chewing tobacco: to see such a temple of primal purity, clean and new from the hand of the Great Architect, bedaubed with the filthiest of the filthy, is enough to turn the stomach of an ostrich. As to youth imbibing alcohol—that double-distilled damnation to young souls—for the sake of being thought men, I would rather that a son of mine should saw his legs off, or venture upon a speculation in Wall street

than be guilty of such a mind-debasing and body-destroying practice. Then to hear a lad, before he is old enough to wrestle with a full-grown grasshopper, boldly take the name of God in vain, and set at defiance, the hosts of heaven and the minions of hell, is indeed most awful! I don't mind a boy's swearing a little, just a little, according to what he is allowed by those who are older, and have a right to swear as they choose. For instance, he may make use of such expressions as 'By Golly!' 'By Gosh!' or 'By the great never-living jumping Moses!' These will all do pretty well; they come near to the mark, but don't touch. They trespass not in the least upon the profane privileges of grown people. But here in Gotham—this city of swearing, gambling, swaggering, hypocrisy, foolishness, foppery, affectation, and all sorts of sin—I see no difference between boys, young men, and men of mature years. Put them all together in a bag of colossal dimensions, give them a good shaking-up, and empty them out in a heap, and it would puzzle Old Nicholas himself to tell which is the man and which the boy.

This is a great country, my friends;—it grows with its growth, and the undergrowth groweth with marvellous rapidity. Heaven only knows what we shall arrive at in the end; but I sincerely hope, and venture to trust, that we shall all reach heaven at last. So mote it be!

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A SHORT SERMON PREACHED TO
A SHORT PEOPLE.

WIND-WHISTLE ISLANDERS! you vile undergrowth of the human forest; you dwarfish, stunted, frost-frightened samples of primitive humanity! why do you not contrive to grow taller, physically, mentally and morally? You hold your heads high, and imagine that they are as near heaven as mine; but it is no such thing—you fall short of me by a foot and a half, standing in my stockings and wig off; and as for your religious ideas, they were never known to do more than to put forth a few sickly sprouts and die. This is all owing, my dear heathen, to your abominable, self-willed ignorance, which I suppose you will do your best to maintain for ever. At present you seem determined to know nothing, and I'm afraid I haven't sufficient power and plug tobacco about me to sway you from such a sinful determination. If I speak to you of better lands than your own dreary, desolate, rocky, storm-tattered island, you HOO-HOO at me, as much as to say 'No you don't, we are not made of grass!' But let me tell you of a wonderful truth. Away down in the south, wherethesun goes to warm himself in winter, (who said HOO?) is a great country called California; a land abounding in gold, rum and plug tobacco.

The rocks, as big as yours, are all solid gold—so solid that, as yet, they never have been broken to afford sordid ambition a piece as big as your little toe-nail; but they will be soon, and perhaps more immediately. The trees, whose waving tops tickle the cheeks of the moon, and keep the stars for ever twinkling, are perpetually foliated with leaves of silver, and ever hang with golden apples, averaging in size from a small fist to a big baby's head. But, mind, you Wind-whistlers, all these temptations exist only at the tops of the trees, and in the heated imaginations of enthusiasts—wholly beyond the reach of mortal man. Down in the valleys, though there is more gold, mixed with tobacco, than would bury your whole island to the depth of half a mile, and sink your souls even deeper in the mire of depravity than they are now. There they have machines, propelled by everlasting perpetual power, to separate the pure from the impure—the clean from the unclean—the chaff from the wheat—the righteous from the unrighteous. Bushels of unseemly rubbish are poured into the top of the machine, while from the bottom eternally gush two vast, magnificent, heavenly streams: the one of pure, unmarried, virgin gold—the other of beautiful, blue-black, sweet-scented plug tobacco. Then, O, Wind-whistlers! just imagine that this auriferous and narcotic California is also a spiritual land of pro-

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mise! Yes, there all the rivers run
 fourth-proof Santa Cruz rum over beds of
 brown sugar, and every mudhole is a mon-
 strous basin of molasses. Now will you
 speed on the wings of the wind, or on your
 fast trotters either, to this blessed land? I
 feel assured that you will; for if gold, rum
 and tobacco won't entice a heathen, as well
 as a christian, then the world is not new as
 it was in the days of 'Moses and the pro-
 fits.' Hoo-hoo! you grunt most unani-
 mously. Well, stay where you are, then;
 delight in your own destitution, and make
 merry with your own misery. While I
 send round my hat to receive your shells
 and trinkets, let us all sing, after a fashion:

When thirst for gold enslaves the mind,
 And selfish views alone bear sway,
 Man leaves his wife and babe behind,
 And hies to Ca-li-for-ni-a.

Brethren Wind-whistle-Islanders! since
 your affections have taken such deep root
 here in the cracks of the rocks that I can't
 pull them up without danger of bursting
 something, permit me to throw a small
 handful of advisory salt among you. There
 are spots upon your cold, hard-looking is-
 land tenderly susceptible of cultivation.
 These you must cultivate. Plant potatoes,
 corn and beans—beans especially; and as
 these spring up and flourish, they will give
 premonitory evidence of your being upon
 the right track to civilization. Only know

beans, and you increase in wisdom, bodily strength and gumption: they add much to the corporeal weight, and cubits to the stature of the mind. Beans work wonders. Raise them, and you will raise yourselves in time to a level with the enlightened nations of the earth; but I can't promise you any more real happiness than you now possess. So mote it be!

ROLLING ONWARD.

TEXT.—Rolling, rolling, keep the ball a-rolling.

MY HEARERS: when I speak of rolling, you needn't take particular pains to understand that I have reference to ten-pins—though I have no objections to your indulging in that species of healthful amusement as often as time and money will permit. What I mean by rolling is, that you should keep matters rolling onwards—push ahead, and not allow them to rest and stagnate. Persevere in all things—put your hand to the plough and never look back; and the time will come when you can roll in your carriage past the huts and dens of Poverty, as unconcerned for a dollar as a duck for an India-rubber overshoe.

My friends: see how the whole universe is made to roll! The sun, moon and stars are all of a globular form, and they are

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bound to keep rolling so long as the years roll round. There is nothing square in Nature—all approaches, more or less, to rotundity. Do you know a beast, bird, fish, or creeping thing, that is square in its make? No, I know you don't. Man's body is round, his head is round, his limbs and his bones are round, and so on, all round. He is so manufactured that he may roll along, tumble along, or get along some way or other; but a square thing can't budge an inch. Now, this ball of mortal flesh should be kept rolling—in constant exercise, as much as the 'rolling spheres.' But one half of you don't move enough to keep from moulding. The consequence is, you present shabby exteriors, and the spiders of melancholy weave their webs in every corner of the brain. 'Keep the ball a-rolling!' is the motto for all—politicians especially. If you get up an excitement in favor of any particular candidate for the presidency, you must 'keep the ball a-rolling,' or probably he won't get a chance to sleep within the walls of the White House. Would-be presidents are like balls of snow; the more you roll them the greater they grow—(in imagination.) But there is one thing certain—we must all turn to CLAY, at last—not politically, but literally speaking. Yes, dear brethren, Time rolls on, and it won't be but a little while before we shall all be

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rolled into our graves. The grass will grow green above us—the flowers will bloom at our lowly bedsides—the birds will sing their matins and their vespers in the thick summer foliage; but we shall not behold the beautiful flowers, nor hear the sweet songs of the little merry birds. No, we shall be there ‘as snug as a bug in a rug,’ as blind as a bat, as deaf as a post, and as stiff as a poker; only we shan’t—not WE. The soul’s old clo’s lie buried in the ground, but the dispossessed possessor still lives, clothed in the unfading and unwearoutable garments of immortality. Meanwhile Earth and her sister Seasons roll on as usual. One generation passes away, and another succeeds. The living wonder where the dead are gone, and wait with fear for the solving of the great mystery. You will all find it out eventually; but, while you ‘live and move and have a being,’ do your best to ‘keep the ball a-moving.’ So mote it be!

ON ANGER.

TEXT.—

Anger is like
A full hot horse, who being allowed his way,
Self mettle tires him.

MY HEARERS: Anger is one of the worst, meanest and most contemptible of passions that ever occupied an apartment of the hu-

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man soul. Why it hasn't been kicked out, long before now, by Love, Philanthropy, Kindness, Religion, Piety and Virtue, is a mystery to me. They have always had the moral force to do it—numerical as well—and why have they not done it? I suspect, brethren, it is because their natures are so full of milk, molasses, sweet oil and balm tea, that they never could forgive themselves were they to hurt a hair upon the head of Anger. They are too kind-hearted, too generous to do any such thing; even as your municipal authorities are slow to remove a pig-pen for fear of touching too severely the tender susceptibilities of its proprietor, and losing his vote at the next coming election.

My friends: Anger is generally of short duration, lasting about as long as a tempest in a teapot, or fat in the fire; but while it rages, little breezes and mighty whirlwinds! what a tornado it kicks up in a mortal's bosom! All our nobler feelings and generous sentiments are blown hither and thither, pitched one against another, and smashed to pieces—every lofty idea is demolished in the twinkling of a snake's tail—the temple of honor is razed to the ground, and its fragments scattered to the four winds of heaven—the tree of love is torn up by the roots, while its leaves of friendship and its blossoms of affection fill the moral air like chaff in a September gale—and the mantle

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of religion is torn into more rags and tatters than the most disunanimous blanket you ever saw upon the back of a chimney-sweep. Yes, brethren, Anger, generally speaking, lasts but a little while; but only in bosoms of fools, according to old Solomon, or Solomon of old, it finds a place to lodge long. There it lies, day after day, gritting its teeth and pining for revenge. If it doesn't get it, it dies of a slow consumption, and nobody cares.

My hearers: let us see what Anger is like. It is like, says our text, a red (full, I think, is the word though) hot horse, who having the liberty to go ahead at whatever stride he pleases, soon gets short of wind, and tired with the weight of his own mettle.

It is like a little narrow brook that rises with a sudden shower, makes a great bluster and bubbling, and then falls back again with almost as much haste as it jumped it. Then the softer, more sensible, and more respectable thoughts flow in—sorrow and shame are seen floating upon the surface—and placid love at last returns to her happy home.

It is like—if you could suppose such a thing—a blank dictionary. It wants works at first; but, when it gets them, it seems as though the whole of Webster, and a good slice of Walker, had been chewed up to be spit out for the occasion.

It is like a bunch of burning brush-wood;

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the more you stir it up with a long pole, the fiercer rage the flames. Let it alone, and it will all soon end in smoke.

It is like a glass of seidlitz—all foam and fury for a moment, and then settles down to a dead, flat calm—a calm as defunct and insipid as a glass of beer that has stood overnight.

In short, friends, it is like a quick-tempered woman when her dander is up. She knocks things about at first cost—breaks broomsticks—upsets the cradle—creates a panic among the pots and kettles—and threatens to annihilate annihilation itself. Don't touch her—keep away from her—let her alone, and in five minutes the storm will be over, and she as good as pie again. If you are not fond of pie, suppose I say pudd'n.

My dear friends: always let Anger have its way. When you arouse it, never attempt to kill it, but leave it to die a natural death. Its very life depends upon molestation. When I speak of allowing the monster the largest liberties, I have no reference to the anger born in your own bosoms. On such put a strong halter, and fasten tight to the post of reason. Whip the animal till he yields to the will of his master, and becomes as gentle as a lamb; and then look out, for the future, that he doesn't wax fat and kick, like Jerusha of olden times. As for me, I never allow myself to be pumped into a

passion in a moment, nor to be angry while any one else is exercising the prerogative; and I sincerely trust, my friends, that you are each as good-natured a fool as your humble preacher. So mote it be!

MAN BORN TO TROUBLE.

TEXT.—Man is born to trouble.

My friends! there's been trouble
All over the world,
Since out of the garden
Our parents were hurled:
Then Sin hatched a nestful
Of troubles, and they
Have hatched out a million
To bite us to-day.

Wherever we wander,
We are sure, as we go,
To be scratched by the thistles
And briars of wo:
In the meadows are posies
That sweet pleasure bring you;
But keep out the grass, or
A serpent may sting you.

The smiles of fond Fancy
Prove horrible grins,
And our cushions of comfort
Are stuck full of pins;
In the cup of gay pleasure
Are aloe and gall,
Wormwood, and cockroaches—
I can't tell what all.

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The weather's 'most always,
Too hot or too cold;
Our children are either
Too shy or too bold;
Plums, peaches and cherries
Are pestered with stones;—
No fun eating shad, on
Account of the bones.

E.

The favored of Fortune
From want are secure:
Though rich as old Dives,
In peace are as poor;
They've troubles to tease them,
They find no repose—
They've cares on their shoulders,
And corns on their toes.

At the loss of a penny
They grumble and groan,
As though the rheumatics
Were piercing each bone:
The ghosts of bad shillings
For ever they haunt,
And they shake, lest to-morrow
Should bring them to want!

If we rise to distinction,
Or by wealth acquire fame,
There are thousands would rob us
Of our rhino—our name;
The puppies of envy
Pursue us and bark,
And gladly would give us
A nip—in the dark.

In yon hive there is honey,
But bees are there, too;
'You're d-d but you'll have it;
You're damned if you do:

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DOW'S PATENT SERMONS.

So, never act rashly—
 Be cool, calm and kind;
 For sin, bees and hornets
 Leave stings, each, behind.

Blest Anticipation;
 How fair is thy face!
 Curst Participation!
 Get out of the place!
 Here, Hope! take that bundle
 Of nettles away!
 You promised to bring me
 Bright roses to-day!

Oh! this is the world that
 Revolves on its axis
 So sleekly, so smoothly,
 But has troubles and taxes!
 Where man, the proud mortal,
 With Folly carouses,
 Unheeding the tear of
 His heart and his trousers!

Yes, this is the world where
 The high and the low
 Have to sip from the gourd-shell
 Of sorrow and wo;
 Where the fleas are not partial
 As to whom they shall bite—
 Whether master or servant,
 King, 'nigger,' or knight.

Yes, this is the planet
 Where rich man nor poor
 Can keep peace in his dwelling,
 And trouble out door;
 Where 'sore toes and sickness'
 Is the sad lot of all,
 That trot, canter, or gallop,
 Walk, scramble, or crawl.

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Thank heaven ! that some day
'Twill be burnt into ashes ;
Or by some crazy comet
Knocked all into smashes !
TILL THEN let's PLAY happy,
Make b'lieve it--you see !
We can do nothing else, friends,
And, so mote it be!

EGOTISTICAL IMPORTANCE.

TEXT.—'Twas I slew Samson, when the pillared hall
Fell down, and crushed the many with the
fall.

MY HEARERS: there is no letter in the English alphabet that lays claim to so much importance as the I—the almighty I. It is a wonder to me how it could ever content itself with the middle position which it occupies in the list—jammed in between a rough, rowdyish H, and a mean, insignificant J. That it has not gone up to the head, long ere this, and planted itself perpendicularly over straddling A, is a mystery not to be penetrated. Nevertheless, we must give it credit for its spirit of independence. It says of itself, as my friend Mr. Allen says of himself: 'I am myself alone!'—a character of consequence, and, consequently, regardless of consequence.

My friends: this big I is all-puissant, and glories in its might. Who killed cock robin? 'Twas I! said the sparrow; and

with a triumphant wag of the tail, off he flew. What a dust we (I) kick up! exclaimed the fly in the coach; and home-made flattery persuaded it that it, and it alone, afforded the motive power by which the world and the stage-coaches are kept in motion. Brother Monk Lewis makes one of his creatures of fancy assert :

'I guide the pale moon's silver wagon,
The winds in magic bonds I hold;
I charm to sleep the crimson dragon,
Who loves to watch o'er buried gold.'

So you see, brethren, that I does any and every thing independent of auxiliaries ; but, betwixt you and me and the bone-mill, it is 'all in my EYE'—nothing more than a chemical property extracted from old shoes, called GAS, with which not a few individuals are most mysteriously inflated. As I have asked before,

Who killed cock robin?
'Twas I,' said the sparrow,
'With my bow and arrow ;
'Twas I who killed cock robin.'

This matter admits of a doubt; but, so long as the sparrow egotistically asserted, 'Twas I that did the deed, we must give it the benefit of said doubt, and take it for granted that it committed the fatal but praiseworthy act—for the want of sufficient evidence to the contrary.

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Who killed T. cumseh?

'Twas I,' said Col. Johnson,

'With my short gun—not a long gun;

'Twas I who killed Tecumseh.'

In all probability, my friends, the Colonel is justly entitled to the credit of having let the 'dread Indian's' soul leak out through a bullet-hole; but many won't believe it, because his own tongue has so often told of the circumstance. O, ye unbelievers! you shall have your reward, some time or other, without asking for it. You shall be appointed to places, not very desirable, under his Satanic Majesty's government, and compelled to hold them for ever.

You should not doubt, my brethren, even Glendower, when, in the stage-actor's bible, he says

'I can call spirits from the vasty deep :'

for you can do the same : 'but will they come when you call?' If you have sufficient faith, and balloo loud enough, they are sure to start out like a lot of flying-fish—but mind, brethren, that you have enough faith, and a strong pair of lungs; otherwise you can't fetch 'em.

My friends : who was the mighty I mentioned in our text, that slew Samsom when the pillared temple came down with a crash, and made pumice of a multitude? Why, it was no other than the cold, distant, sullen, morose, melancholy, spleeny, hypochondriacal, but egotistical planet Saturn—Sa-

turn, with my seven moons!—Saturn, the great I of the solar system! What does I, Saturn, do? He (she, or it) says: My course round the Sun is wondrous in circumference; but I travel slowly—I take it easy, for I am independent, and can afford it. With my magic rings I perform astonishing feats. Man feels me as I pass along the ethereal plains. I crush his spirits—I overload him with melancholy care—I drive him to wilful death with the slings and bitters of outrageous fortune—I shake him almost into shoe-strings with the fever and ague—I rack his joints for him with the first quality of rheumatism—I supply him with quinsies and common sore throats to any extent; and I always keep on hand all the minor ills that human flesh ever desired. I sprinkle poison in the air, and produce pestilence—I give a sour look upon the land, and famine follows, as sure as gaping is catching. I pull nations by the ears, and set them to quarrelling. I am the originator of all riots, including that of the Astor-place Theatre. I am the instigator of all murders. I am the author of all wars. I kick kings from their thrones, and push their palaces to the ground. 'Tis I that won't enlarge the Battery. 'Twas I that discovered a lump of gold in California, and induced thousands of poor to dig for a while in vain, and then persuaded them to lie down and die like brave men

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and gentlemen. 'Twas I that slew Samson—yes, and 'twas I, and I alone, that struck William Patterson, Esquire!

My hearers: all that I (this little I that stands up here in the pulpit) ever did of any consequence was, once, a good many years ago, to assist in keeping a large quantity of chowder from spoiling in the pot; and afterwards, to discover the short principle of preaching, whereby some millions have, I trust, been converted from vice, sorrow and gloominess to morality, mirth and good humor. So mote it be!

TIME PAST—LOVE—GOODNESS.

TEXT.—Time that's gone, none may restore it,
Love, all hearts must bow before it;
Goodness, we must still adore it.
Whencesoe'er it come.

MY HEARERS: well may we consider that time is the stuff that life is made of—and precious stuff it is, too. Therefore, how important it is that we should look after it, and make the best of it as it comes. I have said that time is stuff; so money is stuff, and 'time is stuff.' This all beseemeth true; nevertheless it oftentimes happeneth that he who hath the more time on hand, hath the less cash on hand. However, it is generally understood that if we take any

note of time, it is as good as ready money, inasmuch as there be great interest upon it. Time is a good paymaster—he settles everything, from the debt of nature down to the lowest rum-mill—from a disturbed stomach up to a dangerous dispute. Some persons have a murderous disposition for killing time: they go out a-gunning for the barbarous purpose, and call it merely ‘taking Time by the firelock!’ Wretches!—as my friend Michael would say—‘What has the jintleman done to disarve such threatmint?’ Why, he has soothed many a sorrow—healed many a wound—unheeled many a boot—applied the unction of grease-goose to many a chapped conscience—blighted many a rose upon the blooming cheek of youth and beauty—caused buds to blossom—blossoms to decay—relieved many a mortal from malignant misery—brought millions of unembodied souls from a quiet nonentity into a material world of wo—and set the door to eternity ajar for all to make a happy escape, at last. Now sum up all, and tell me whether Time ought to be killed. My verdict is, Not guilty! Time is bound to be gone soon enough without troubling ourselves as to putting it out of the way. You should make the most of it while it lasts; for, when it is once gone, you can no more restore it than you can bring a polish upon a rusty reputation by rubbing it against a Presbyterian pulpit.

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My friends: our text implicitly says we must all bow to, and acknowledge, the demi-almighty power of Love. Yes, Love is really omnipotent. In peace—as my friend Scott said, or might, could, would, or should, have said—Love tunes the shepherd's pipe, and makes him blow it out with a warmth and energy sufficient to move a mud-turtle: in war, he mounts the warrior's steed, and goes to his death for pretty Polly, and a people's praise: in the halls of fashion, he is seen in gay attire and is stiff as a poker, for the sake of Sal and ceremony: in hamlets, he dances on the green, to the tune of 'Bowery gals, will ye come out to-night;' and as antic as a cricket upon a hot hearth, inspired to perspiration by the presence of his beautiful Betsy. In short,

Love rules the court, the (s)camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above,
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

My dear friends: as regards Goodness, we all must admire it, wherever it be found, or whence it comes. No being is so totally depraved but he has some good qualities; and the darker the character the brighter must shine every virtuous spark. But, if there be anything that Heaven and I despise, it is a pompous mortal with superfine coat and pants, and principles that most wretchedly want patching: yet even in a thing like this, or any other hypocrite who

stands between the Devil and Divinity, there is a germ of goodness, which only requires the genial sun of circumstance to cause it to shoot, and put forth an honest, benevolent and promising blade. I say it, my friends, and stick to it, like shoemaker's wax, that we are bound to admire goodness wherever it is to be found—whether in the dunghill of humanity, or in the hearts of the angels of heaven; and if it comes to us from a quarter whence we least expect it, it is so much the more worthy a generous consideration. So mote it be.

TO BE, OR NOT TO BE.

TEXT.—To be, or not to be—that is the question.

MY HEARERS: I don't see that there need be any question at all about 'To be or not to be.' I say BE, as long as there is a possibility of a BE in the world: and so mote it be! Your sour-souled, codfish-mouthed misanthropists, who despise yourselves and hate everybody and everything!—your eternal absence would be no loss to the world, I am sure: but do you ever expect to be in any happier condition, let you go where you will? You are determined to be miserable, and misery will be your lot to the farthest end of for ever. Heaven—

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to which place you can never go, by the way—would be hell to you, and hell itself proves as unsatisfactory as heaven. Every one of you dissatisfied, discontented, grumbling mortals, will probably go nowhere when you make your escape from this terrestrial prison, and have all the room to yourselves. At least I hope so.

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My friends: what fools you are for ever thinking of making your quietus with a bodkin, pistol, rope, or razor! If you get lost in the woods, there is always a chance of your finding the way out, and you can do no more than die at the worst.—Because you find no flowers in winter, can't you possibly wait for the buds and blossoms of spring?—If there come a long northeast storm, will you damn all creation and cut your throat? Has not sunshine always succeeded a shower, and fair weather followed the gloomiest of skies? Oh, you forlorn, wretched and suicidal mortals! cheer up, and have the spunk to live and outlast the severest of circumstances. Never say die, so long as you can see a gimlet-hole for the light of hope to stream through. There can be a coward of no greater magnitude than he who, scared at the shadow and apparition of ill, dives headlong into eternity, like a frantic woman who throws herself from a third story window, because there is a fire somewhere in the neighborhood. It is really horrible to reflect upon

the number of suicides committed by desperate fools, in the course of a year. Horrible! It is enough to make a dinner-pot turn pale, as accustomed to hot water as it is.

My hearers: your Maker made you a present of a living soul, to be returned when called for, and not before. If you disdainfully throw it back upon His hands, or return it with every apology, I ask you in all fairness if it isn't one of the most audacious of insults to Divinity that a mortal is capable of committing. But I know how it is with you self-killers: when you pucker up your mouths to blow out life's greasy candle, you don't stop to think whether you are to be left for ever in total darkness, mild moonlight, or broad sunshine—whether there be a God, a heaven, a devil, or a hell. It is all the same to you so long as you can escape from that big hornet of earth, called Care. Shame!—everlasting shame be on you, ye 'consumptionate' cowards! If the stars of heaven are so modest as to hide their heads while the wind is shirt—shifting, what must the still more sensitive angels think of your so unceremoniously undressing your souls, and thrusting them into their presence, without even a fig-leaf of faith to conceal their nakedness!

My dear friends: it is truly sickening to humanity: why, it is enough to sour the

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milk in the cocoanut, to see how many of our ought-to-be-happy fellow creatures allow the black spiders of melancholy to weave their webs in every corner of their bosoms—how the miserable mortals take pains to go round and gaze upon the gloomy gable-end of every earthly enjoyment—how they permit rank weeds to grow up and overshadow every beautiful plant and flower in the garden of existence. Pshaw! such poor home-made devils are not worth the consideration of a caterpillar. Let them go, if they will, to the place assigned for all such rubbish. As to 'To be, or not to be,' as I have said before, there is no question about it. It is BE, most decidedly—'and nothing else.' So mote it be!

ON NAMES.

TEXT.—A wandering Troubadour was he,
And bore a name of high degree.

MY HEARERS: a man who has long been dead and gone, and with whom, had I been breathing in his day, I could not have helped courting a personal acquaintance, once asked the question 'What is there in a name?'—a question that requires deep thought, much study, and a great amount of mental digging to solve. What is meant

by a NAME? Does it mean your inherited cognomen—say Smith, Johnson, Hopkins, Duggins? or the name that you acquire by good conduct (for you are all totally depraved by nature)?—or the name that you gain by cleverness, smartness, talent and ingenuity? All these are to be considered as the fisherman said when he found a motley mess in his scoop-net.

My friends: there is more in your' ancestral names than you may at first imagine. A long name always commands more respect than a short one. For instance, if your patronymic be Montgomery, Montague, Montcalm, Washington, or Chateaubriand, you are lifted so high in the estimation of the world, that such short, bobtailed concerns as Jones, Haynes, Fay, Dow (Jr.), are lost sight of entirely. So, if you happen to be cursed with a short name, I advise you to apply at once to the state legislature for something longer—more high-sounding—and, consequently, more respectable. Higginbottom sounds altogether more respectable than Mix, and Kaufmammismuzecoff is preferable to either. Oh, you contemptible Browns, Smiths, Jones, Meads, and all such unconsidered trash!—why do you allow themselves to be thus cut so short? Either add syllables to, or alter, your appellations, and you will raise yourselves a couple of pegs higher in the sight of those

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My dear friends: the name that the world gives you, for your good or bad behavior, is to be vastly considered. If you pursue the path of virtue, walk in wisdom's ways, act honestly, and behave yourselves before company, you will be presented with a jewel worth more than all the wealth of the Indies, and of which there is no fear of your being robbed—A GOOD NAME. A man who pretends to feel for another under difficulties may, by his plausible good feeling, extract from him all that he hath—except his good character. That is his own, and is his for ever. You may spit the tobacco-juice of calumny upon it, or bespatter it according to the worst of your endeavors, nevertheless, all these stains will fade and disappear by being bleached in the sunshine of public opinion. You cannot rob a man of his good name. It may be tarnished for a time, or a few flaws may be picked in it; but, eventually, it will recover its original brightness, and assume its wonted wholeness. No, brethren—as for taking a mortal man's good name from him, you might as well undertake to pull goose-quills from the wings of an angel.

My hearers: there is certainly something about a name above what I can explain, or any of us can comprehend. There always is more respect paid to POLLY-syl-

lables than to MOLLY-syllables. Why it is so, I do not feel myself at liberty to express an opinion—nevertheless, it is so. Then, on another hand, when you have once acquired 'a name of high degree,' as says our text, you stand unshaken and unshakeable. You can cheat, swindle, rob, or even commit murder, and you are exonerated in the eye of the world. But, brethren, I exhort you always to act according to the dictates of your own consciences; and, by so doing, you will be at peace with your God and yourselves. So mote it be!

WANT OF MONEY, THE WORST OF WANTS.

TEXT.—Want sense, and the world will o'erlook it;
 Want feeling—'twill find some excuse;
 But if the world knows you want money,
 You're certain to get its abuse:
 The wisest advice in existence
 Is ne'er on its kindness to call;
 The next way to get its assistance
 Is —show you don't need it all!

MY HEARERS: this is not only a great, but a curious and mysterious world we live in, and pay rent for. All discord is harmony; all evil is good; all despotism is liberty; and all wrong is right—for, as Alexander Polk says, 'Whatever is, is right;' except

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a left boot, and wanting to borrow money. You may want sense, and the world won't blame you for it. It would gladly furnish you with the article, had it any to spare; but, unluckily, it has hardly enough for home consumption. It generously overlooks the matter, inasmuch as you had not the making of yourself; for, if you had, there is no doubt but you would have put in a few more brains, and put on a little less bottom. However, if you lack sense, you are well enough off, after all; for then, if you commit a FOX PAW, as the French say, you are let go with the compliment, 'Poor fool! he doesn't know any better!' The truth is, a great deal of brains is a vast deal of botheration. An empty skull is bound to shine in company; because the proprietor of it has not sense enough to know that there is a possibility of his making a nincompoop of himself; and, therefore he dashes ahead, hit or miss, and generally succeeds beyond the bounds of all expectation. Let a man be minus brains and plus brass, and he is sure to slide through the world as though he were greased from ear to ancle; but rig up for him a complete machinery of thought, and it is as much as he can do to tend it. He goes to his grave, ruffled and tumbled—curses life for its cares, and moseys into eternity pack-saddled with mental misery. Oh, for the happiness of the fool!

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My friends: if you want feeling, it will always find excuse. The apparently-miserable mendicant, that begs a penny at your door, may be better off than yourself.—You hesitate to help a mortal out of the pit of poverty, lest he turn about and tumble you in the same pit for your kindness. As for pretending to feel for a brother's woes, his misfortunes and his miseries, is all in my eye and Mrs. Elizabeth Martin. The only true state of feeling is to feel for another man's money. Get that, and then you can feel—feel—feel comfortable.

My dear friends: don't let the world know that you really stand in need of money; if you do, it will see you a considerable way further down before you get a copper from its treasury. The world rides those that are ridden—treads upon those that are down—kicks those that are used to being kicked, and cuffs the ears of the poverty-bitten, as though they had been guilty of some enormous offence. You must hold up your heads—look smart (as you actually do smart) and pretend that your pockets are suffering with a plethora of the 'pewter' if you wish to obtain a pecuniary favour from your fellow rascals. All is deceit and hypocrisy here below. Man takes every available advantage of his brother man, in the way of business; and, if I were to swap horses to-day with a minister of the gospel, I should keep

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one eye open just as wide as though I were dealing with a notorious jockey. Excuse my want of confidence in professional piety; but faith is not to be summoned by each wish and desire. Flesh is flesh, and fish is fish, after all.

My hearers: if you have nothing, nobody can rob you. [Don't be alarmed at that passage of the scripture which says, 'He that hath nothing, from him shall be taken even what he hath.'] If you have nothing, you are safe, provided you can manage to extort an existence. If you can get something, anyhow, well and good, so long as the world considers it honestly your own; but, if you go to borrow money, make the lender believe that you are about to enrich him by paying great interest, when you have not the remotest idea of disturbing the principal. I talk this way because it is the way of the world. It is 'pull Dick, pull Devil,' with mankind through life. The one that, unfortunately, falls behind is a victim to kicks and curses, while he that is ahead basks in the sunshine of fortune and popular favor, albeit he be one the devil would disdain to touch with a pitchfork. For my part, I do not want to see such things. I wish to see you all united, without regard to condition, sex, or sentiment. I want to see you men all shake hands with one another, and do whatever is fair, each unto each. I desire you to kiss the wo-

men, and love them in all sincerity; for, there is no doubt but they were put upon earth for a good purpose. And, lastly, I warn you against thinking too much of money; for it has carried a good many to hell and none to heaven. So mote it be!

LOOK AHEAD.

TEXT.—If that the Past doth seem unkind,
I will a better Present find;
If Present things should bring annoy,
I'll make the Future brim with joy.

MY HEARERS: another inch of Time's tail has just been chopped off; another chapter of life's romantic story has been read; another revolution of the great wheel has been effected—another year has been swallowed by the insatiate Past—slipped down its gullet, like a rabbit into the maw of an anaconda. Last Monday eve we saw his heels just barely sticking out: when the ironical tongue of St. Paul's proclaimed the 'noon of night,' the old year was not quite a goner—his shoe-taps were still visible from without the monster's mouth; but when St. George's tolled the midnight hour, we were solemnly and earnestly told that Eighteen Hundred and Forty-Nine, Esq., had gone the way of his predecessors; or, in other words, that he was defunct—a corpse.

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Now, my friends, since the old year has departed, I hope you will let it rest in peace; but I am afraid not. I fear you will desecrate its grave—dig up its bones—rake over its ashes, out of revenge for some fancied ill-usage. It is now the property of the Past; and to it let it belong. Leave it to manure the fields where the historian reaps his harvest, and the antiquarian loves to delve, for it is yours no more.

The year just slid away may have seemed unkind to many of you, my brethren. Perhaps it has upset some of your strongest built calculations—soured your sweetest hopes—beclouded your brightest prospects—and played Tom-fool with you in a number of ways. Well, suppose it has—what then? 'What yer goin' to do about it?' as says the young rascal that 'kills for Keyser.' Ay, what can you do with the matter? Why, let it rest. This stirring up the carrion of former ills, old disappointments and bygone vexations, is severe upon the nostrils of Memory, and of no more use than digging for diamonds in a dung-hill.

My dear friends: if the Past presents but a melancholy picture to behold, turn your backs upon it—right-about face, and look to the Present; and make sure that it shall never wantonly betray your confidence. Be half careful, half careless: too much care may kill a cat; and extreme careless-

ness has broken many a man's neck, besides the hearts of thousands. I will tell you how to make the Present comfortable—and hold out good :

Keep cool ; be busy ; clarify your conscience, and exhibit a clean shirt.

God has given you reason to control your passions ; therefore, hold in your passions, and let them trot, or they may run away with your reason ; and then you sink yourselves to the water level with the brute.

The wisest and best of men sometimes commit errors ; but rectify them as soon as they are recognized, and the devil will let you off.

Always enact a noble part ; for man, being the noblest concoction of creation, he is expected to do it—otherwise he may expect a few kicks for his obstreperousness.

Be charitable—to yourselves first, and your poor neighbor afterwards : but, when you do a deed of charity, stick your left hand in your coat pocket, in order that it may not see what the right hand is up to.

I needn't warn you against committing bad actions ; for your inherent fear of shame, and the love of approbation, are sufficient to curb you. O, no ! you wouldn't do anything wrong for half of heaven, and the whole of California !

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deepest root; but if you haul out a handful of the 'yellow boys,' and say, 'Them's my principles, I advise you not to plant them at all—salt them down for the future.

In your undertakings, be wise. Recollect it is easier to build two chimneys than to maintain one.

Be virtuous, by all means. Virtue confers the greatest dignity on man, and gives him a push along the path of prosperity.

Never esteem yourselves wise—fools only do that.

To gain wisdom, choose the middle station of life. Poverty worries your thoughts concerning your wants; and riches bother you concerning the enjoyment of their superfluities.

Don't seek constant repose; for you will soon get tired of having nothing to do. Doing nothing, by the mouth, is the hardest kind of work, and the poorest of pay.

Stick to your friends—forsake them, and you are entitled to no confidence. If you devour them, cherish, at least, their memory. But I know how it is: the bread that has been eaten is soon forgotten.

Improve all present opportunities; yet I am fully persuaded that two-thirds of you are too lazy to take advantage of them. Find, then, no fault with the Present: but rather tie yourselves up, and put on the cowhide, without fear, favour, or friendship.

While you feed the body, give a little fodder to the mind; and so nourish the activity of your thoughts, as well as cater to the capricious wants of the stomach.

Now, my friends, by paying a proper observance to these wholesome precepts, your present prospects will, in all probability, keep as bright as the untarnishable sun itself; but if adventitious circumstances should operate against you, in spite of all—should sorrowful accidents happen, as they sometimes will 'in the best regulated families'—and you can't get forward much faster than you slip back—spunk up. Determine that the Future shall more than make up for all disappointments and delinquencies: put your shoulder to the wheel—'push along, keep moving'—cease grumbling—take the world easy—and I will bet that chew of tobacco against the contents of my luckiest contribution-box that you will come off 'all hunk' in the end. So mote it be!

WHAT IS TRUE.

TEXT.—Man of wisdom! man of years!
'Tell, oh, tell us what is true!

MY HEARERS: I don't pretend to be a man possessed of more than a moderate share of wisdom—about as much as an owl that

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nightly asks 'WHO'S WHO?' and pauses in vain, during the day, for a reply; nor one who can boast of as many years as an Adam, a Noah, or a Methuselah: yet I can tell you what is true about some things as well as others.

It is true that Eighteen Sixty-Four died a day ago, and we shall never behold his face again. Since he died of old age and exposure to the rude inclemencies of winter, perhaps he might be more properly called Eighteen Hundred and Froze-to-death. However, since he is gone, to return no more, let us sing 'Lord bless him, let him go!' and rejoice that the child born unto us, and christened Eighteen Sixty-Five, is full of hope and promise to millions; albeit to some it brings dark doubts, evil bodings, and awful fears. But cheer up, ye disconsolate ones! When you come to see the infant year lifting up its little hands from the green velvet-lined cradle of Spring, holding violets, cowslips and daffodils, and smiling like a cherub amid the budding bowers of Eden—then you will find fresh flowerets of hope and joy starting from your half-sterile heart, and feel like a jaybird indulging unmolested at a corn-rack. Yes, brethren, with these new and joyous impulses awakened in your bosoms, you will find it difficult to prevent exclaiming, as I did when I took my

first favorite kiss : ' Cut my straps, and let me go to glory !'

It is true, my friends, that, to prosper in this world, you must work—be industrious—keep moving, like a deputy christian distributing tracts.

It is true that cheerfulness is a promoter of health. Dark days are bound to intervene between us and the tomb; therefore, every man should carry a small bottle of sunshine under his shirt-bosom.

It is true that women make more false motions in amatory matters, or pretend to love when they do not, than men; and yet, when a woman's affections are once fairly fastened upon a fellow, they stick and hang, like a tick to a sheep. Nevertheless, foreign experience says, it is comfortable, if not delightful, to repose upon the soft down of woman's love.

It is true that flatterers bespatter one another with praise, to their own detriment—and to my astonishment. They let words out at interest, and receive words and ridicule in return.

It is true that idleness is the parent of many vices; but who shall say that ill-directed industry is not the mother of equally as many? However, I suppose we must obey the injunction ' Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might'—even though it maketh ready to ' knock a nigger down.'

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It is true that time, tide, steamboats and soda water will wait for no man. Therefore, it behoves us mortals to be always on the lookout, and to take timely advantage of every favorable opportunity.

It is true that, let us do our best, we are always wedged in between yesterday and to-morrow. Ho-hum!—it is always dull to-day with mortal man.

It is true that there are two kinds of patriotism—one is urging, the other restraining. There may be good patriotism in declining to go to war in another country; but refusing to fight when war COMES into one's country, is poor patriotism indeed. 'There aint no hair on't.'

It is true that posthumous fame is like a toad: it might be a pretty bird if it only had feathers. 'Who hath honor? He that died a Wednesday. Doth he feel it?' Not a feel!

It is true that big feet are more for use than ornament, like a leather shirt.

It is true that ministers of the gospel don't practice half what they preach—on an average. Some of them, though, preach nothing but hell, and they practise 'nothing else.'

It is true that I give good advice, and ask no questions. I throw dough to my chickens—if the chickens like it, let them eat it without first asking me why I don't eat it myself.

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It is true that every dog has his day; but it isn't true that every Day has his dog.

It is true that every girl, no sooner than she is fourteen wants to get married. It is in accordance with a 'mysterious law of natur'.

It is true that nothing is gained by cheating; because a successful cheat is sure to lead on to disastrous consequences—at last.

It is true that a 'man' is neither a lady nor a gentleman; but a hermaphrodite, between high and low breeding.

It is true that there is no truth in two-thirds of the lies that are sent abroad, through envy, jealousy, spite, and malice.

My friends: I could tell two thousand five hundred things more that are true, but they wouldn't add an iota to your already well filled stock of information. Suffice it to say, that you have all got to die, one of these odd days. Make up your minds to meet Death with a smile—give him a hearty shake of the hand—say 'How are ye, old fellow?'—and take a pleasant ramble with him upon the outskirts of a mundane existence. So mote it be!

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FEMININE BEAUTY.

TEXT.—

A beauty ripe as harvest,
 Whose skin is whiter than a swan all over,
 Than silver, snow, or lilies ! A soft lip
 Would tempt you to eternity of kissing,
 And flesh that melteth in the touch to blood ;
 Bright as your gold, and lovely as your gold.

MY HEARERS : I have a warm subject for hot weather ; however, I shall endeavour to treat it with coolness, calmness, and deliberation.—Everything should be taken cool, except HOT tea and a WARM bath. But to my text : ‘A beauty ripe as harvest.’—That’s your sort. We care not a counterfeit copper for your green beauties—mere buds, that may, and may not, open to a beautiful flower. Nor for fading, decaying and blasted beauties. They can get no hold upon our sensibilities—can no more arouse our dormant passions than rum poured into a rat-hole. We want something ripe, rich and rare—luscious and in full bloom. I mean that you do—not I. For my part, I am contented with the plain beef and cabbage of the world.

My friends : our text speaks of one ‘whose skin is whiter than snow all over.’ We all admire whiteness, because it is an emblem of purity ; but it should make no difference as to what color the skin is, so long as the soul is of a fair complexion.

A black character contained in a snowy carcase, reminds me as forcibly as a kick of a 'whited sepulchre;' but a white reputation encased in a dark skin shows to excellent advantage. It is like a bright, beaming star glistening through the crevice of a thunder-cloud—borrowing brightness and beauty from the surrounding gloom. This is morarlizing, mind ye. But, to please the grosser appetite—to humor our carnal fancies—we go in for an alabaster cuticle; the whiter the better, provided chalk can enter no claims for credit in the score. Oh! a feminine skin, whiter than silver, than snow, than lilies, is moving to masculine flesh and feelings! It makes man forget his divine portion, and all his ideas are engrossed in the human. Then, when we see a soft and lovely blending of the rose with the lily, upon the cheeks of angelic woman, how inconceivable are the rapturous sensations experienced by whiskers and moustaches! and how unbounded the praises that weak and erring human nature would fain bestow!

My hearers: the next part of my text mentions a soft lip, that might 'tempt you to an eternity of kissing.' Now, generally speaking, you should take heed lest you fall into temptation, or into a mud gutter; but I never could see any harm in indulging in labial exercise to the utmost extent of mutual desire—especially when there is

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a soft ruby lip moistened by the pure juice of love, and a breath untainted by onions. As to the 'eternity of kissing' I should say it were rather too much of a good thing. The sweetest of pleasures soon cloy. In my humble opinion, the better way is, after going about half-satisfied, to hold off for a time; and then go at it again, with renewed vigor, industry, and appetite. 'And flesh that melteth in the touch to blood.'—It hath been said of old that all flesh is grass—but it is not always quite so green! There is a great deal of the yellow sort extant at present. As regards softness, give me that which is plump, and enough of it; and it matters not to me whether it is hard as a brickbat or soft as a pudding-bag. As for its 'melting in the touch to blood,' I don't care a tinker's blessing, so long as there is a little left to fondly cherish; but even should it wholly dissolve, it were heaven enough for me to lap up the precious syrup, like a kitten would spit milk from the kitchen hearthstone. If a sweet colored wench, though, were to melt into molasses, you should all have a chance for a lick as well as myself. 'Bright as your gold, and lovely as your gold.' That sounds well—it has exactly the right chink. A virtuous woman is a jewel to society, and a crown to man. More than a crown—a ten-dollar gold piece at least. Ay, more than that: the world would

not lose her for the wealth of all the worlds. And what were woman without man? A useless, though beautiful ornament in a dreary wilderness. Since the sexes were made for each other, let them love one another; and the more steam they put on during the operation, the more pleasing it is in the eyes of Heaven, and the more interesting is the spectacle exhibited to the sights of mortals upon earth. So mote it be!

TREASURES FROM BOOKS.

TEXT.—Wealth may flee, and friends deceive us,
Love may change his sunny looks;
But those treasures never leave us,
Which we garner in from books.

MY HEARERS: do you all know how to read? If you don't, I pour you out sympathy by pailfuls, and, at the same time, feel disposed to cast a brickbat of censure at your heads—if I could get hold of one. You should have a large portion of my pity for your unfortunate ignorant condition, and a big junk of my blame for being so arrogant as to despise an acquaintance with the little A-B ab-zes, the I-B zes, the O-B zes, and all the ampersands-zes—to say nothing of those still smaller characters called commas, semicolons, colons, periods, and so

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forth. It hath been written, 'Despise not the day of small things;' neither should you despise those apparently little insignificances, which are capable of forming such a beautiful, grand and imposing architecture of thought as I happen to know is potential with their natures. A nation is composed of multitudes of individuals—the Tower of Babel consisted of an 'immense number' of bricks—the vast pyramids contain pieces of stone beyond mortal reckoning—and the whole universe itself is made up of an infinity of paltry particles: but more wonderful than all these is the sublime monument that some twenty-six silly-looking alphabetical characters have rendered assistance in rearing. Make yourselves well acquainted with the use of these little materials, and verily you shall not look for employment so long as life lasteth.

My friends: our text says 'Wealth may flee, and friends forsake us.' Yes, riches seem to be furnished with pinions prematurely plumed. As soon as they are hatched, they are ready to fly; and if you don't cage them closely, they are gone for ever. 'Friends may forsake us.' Ay, that's true, too; but it is not owing to any wilful neglect, or desire to forsake; for true friends can never part so long as there is a telegraphic communication between soul and soul, however remote the distance. It is owing, brethren, to the mutability of hu-

man affairs—to the unavoidable change of circumstances. The world revolves; and so long as it shall continue to revolve, we shall be shaken up, displaced and scattered, like the children of Israel, when they undertook to ride the elephant out of the woods into Egypt. 'Love also may change his sunny looks.' So he may: his countenance is as susceptible of change as an April sky: and he is but short-lived at the longest. Oh!

'Love is pretty,
Love is witty,
Love is charming whilst it's new;
But it soon grows old,
And waxes cold,
And fades away like the morning dew.'

And so it is, and so it does—I mean that ephemeral, phosphorescent love, which takes fire from the putridness of the grosser passions, even as Jack-o'-lanterns arise from the decayed and stinking carcasses of frogs and meadow turtles. But there is another sort of love, my friends, which Eternity itself can't tire out. It is that kind of love which forever exists among the saints and angels of heaven, and of which I may speak more particularly hereafter.

Dear brethren, when I was a little boy, and wore a little check apron, and could first read the little primer with a blueish cover, grandmother assured me that

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and I have since ascertained, to my unbounded joy and satisfaction, that a 'little LARNING' is not half so dangerous a thing as my friend Pope took the trouble to imagine. Would that I possessed more of the article. As bees gather honey from flowers, so may you extract the sweets of knowledge from books—sweets that shall afford both solace and sustenance to the soul in the winter of age, when the friends of former days are few—when the fires of youthful love are extinguished, and life's greasy candle is about to sputter in the socket. From books you can gather treasures of which none can rob you ; and then you may well say, with the poet, 'PRECIOUS treasure, thou art MINE !' I know all about books, like a book : and now let me tell you, if you read for instruction, read that good old book (now almost obsolete with the mass) called the Bible : it tells you how to keep clear of the snags of this world better than I can. That is the Book of all books. Read it—and when you can so read as to thoroughly understand it, you may stop sawing wood, carrying the hod, and peddling clams, and take to preaching—the same as I have done. So mote it be !

FOREWARNINGS—GHOSTS.

TEXT.—The lady of Ellerslee wept for her Lord;
 A death-watch had beat in her lonely room;
 Her curtain had shook of its own accord,
 And the Raven had flapped at her window
 board,
 To tell of her warrior's doom.

I look for ghosts; but none will force
 The way to me;—'tis falsely said
 That there was ever intercourse
 Between the living and the dead.

MY HEARERS: Death comes but once;
 but that once is a clincher! as some lady
 has said of yore. True—when he DOES
 come there is no release from his grapple.
 He comes like a thief in the night; he
 springs upon his victim like a cat upon a
 mouse; but 'of that day and that hour,
 knoweth no one.' He never sends a warn-
 ing of his approach through a howling dog,
 a crowing hen, a croaking raven, or a tick-
 ing insect; for dogs would howl, hens
 sometimes crow, ravens croak, and boding
 insects tick, were there no such thing as
 death in the world. All sights, sounds,
 signs, and other imaginary forerunners,
 are as liable to fall as the majority of a
 multitude of hopes. When they fall, they
 are consigned to the tomb of forgetfulness;
 but, when one happens to act as a co-inc-
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WARNER, and is remembered by all the 'believing' old foo-foos in town. Said a lad to his maternal guardian, 'Mother, I am going to die! I know I shall die—because my trousers is burst!' Now, my hearers, had that boy slipped his wind by any other means, within a week or month afterwards, the exploded pantaloons would have been looked upon as a wonderful pair of premonitors. But the lad lived, and the trousers lost posthumous fame.

My friends: many of you are so nervous-ly-minded, and such firm believers in fore-warnings, that you are haunted with a regiment of them, till life at last leaks out of your fear-shattered bodies. Bear in mind, it is not these that announce the approach of the grim monster, (or they are years about it,) but they frighten you at last into his icy embrace, by your IMAGINING that 'they continually do cry' 'He's coming!' And so they do cry—if you imagine it—even up to the moment that the soul vacates its shackly tenement of clay. Why, my friends, somebody or other is always bidding good-bye to the world ABOUT THE TIME that hens crow, because there is no rooster to crow for them—when dogs sit upon the door-step, and howl at the moon in a melancholy mood—when death-watches tick in the wainscot for merriment, as the crickets sing—when the lone mourning dove coos for her mate in the elm tree at

the window—when the whippoorwill sings in his sleep in the day-time—when apple-trees and window-curtains shake of their own accord ; yes, brethren, I repeat, that when these uncommon sounds and sights are heard and seen, SOMEBODY is about to receive a death-rap upon the knuckles to make him let go his grasp upon the world ; and, of course, fools will have it that they were the solemn presages of his departure. Pshaw ! I hardly know whether to pity or contemn those silly scraggs who

See Death in clouds, and hear him in the wind.

So I will give them a little of both—a particle of pity and a portion of contempt. Well do I remember—young as I was—that, when the Northern Lights were first seen, how the bristles rose upon the back of Terror—how consternation seized the whole world by the hair—and how even Piety, Faith and Virtue shook in their shoes for fear. Everybody said something unusual was going to happen ; and what they said was true just two weeks, to a day, afterwards, one Ebenezer Essencepebler, who had not the satisfaction of witnessing the phenomenon, choked himself to death in endeavoring to swallow the smallest account of it !

My dear friends : do you believe in ghosts ? If so, you will be honored with the presence of just as many as you would

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wish to accompany you in your perambulations about this mystical sphere. 'Seek, and ye shall find,' reads a passage of scripture; and I know of nothing to which it can better apply than to ghosts. But it depends altogether upon the spirit of mind in which you seek them. If you hunt them for the fun and the sport of the thing, you will find them scarcer than woodcocks in winter; but look for them with tremulous agitation, (after dark, mind ye—ghosts never stalk in daylight,) each bush, rock, stump, and corner of a fence, will produce enough to freeze the warm blood in your bodies in the shaking of a table-cloth. Yet these are but the ghosts of your own fancies, my brethren. Whenever you discover one of them, walk boldly up to it—offer to shake hands with it—say How d'ye do? what's the news from your place?—and if you don't go back satisfied that there was more REALITY in the 'critter' than you ever imagined, and that you had made superfine fools of yourselves, you may stop my little supply of happiness here, and cut off my only hope of a heaven hereafter. I tell you—and you'd better believe it—that there is no intercourse, in any way, manner or shape, between the living and the dead. There is a wide gulf that separates them, across which there is no communicating—not even by the lightning telegraph.

Those mysterious knockings at Rochester, my hearers, are not produced by visitors from the land of spirits. They are, in my opinion, nothing more nor less than Canada knocking at the door of the Union for admission. But this is a world of knocks and knockings. We knock about, knock down, and knock up, in it. There is one knock, however, to which we must all knock under, at last—that is Death's knock at the door of the heart. That rap of his cannot be mistaken ; therefore, when HE tunks, be prepared to budge without a murmur. So mote it be!

NIGHT: ITS INFLUENCE ON THE PASSIONS.

TEXT.—Oh, fly with me ! 'tis passion's hour ;
 The world is gone to sleep ;
 And nothing wakes in brake or bower
 But those who love and weep :
 This is the golden time and weather,
 When songs and sighs go out together,
 And minstrels pledge the rosy wine
 To lutelike this, and lips like thine !

MY HEARERS : although night furnishes food for melancholy, it also brings with it fodder for fancy. Have you not, many a time and oft, sat and CHAWED the end of imagination, upon a warm summer's evening, when the moonbeams danced on the

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waters, slept on the bank, quicksilvered the trees, and cut various other romantic carlicues, not absolutely necessary to be mentioned? I know you have: and have you not felt, at passion's witching hour, sensations, remarkable—unaccountable—such as never lay in the power of daylight to produce? Whence they come, or what the cause, is more than I, or any other philosopher, can determine to a certainty; but we all should know that moonshine possesses a vast power over mankind at large, and young lovers specially.

My friends: the author of our text, it seems, would wish somebody to fly with him, 'on such a night,' when 'the moon made everything as light as a cork.' There can be no reasonable doubt in the world that he felt inclined to fly; but the question is, could he carry out (up) his wishes? My humble opinion is, that if he undertook it, he would succeed just about as well as the nigger did who unperched himself from an apple tree with a couple of goose's wings in his paws. It being passion's hour, the pinions of one's spirit plume themselves for an extensive flight, which is accomplished, generally, in a little less than three-quarters of a thought; but when the proprietor of our text asks another to fly with him, the only conclusion that I can draw, or pull out, is, that he is endeavoring to

come a game—and yet one in which there is a poor look for success on his part.

My dear friends : the next portion of our text speaks of the world having gone to sleep. Yes, the world has gone to sleep—with one eye; the other is wide open. The eye that looks out from China is always wide awake, while the American optic is soundly sealed with the soporific preparation of Somnus. Our two hemispheres can never be allowed to sleep both at once—one must be on the watch while the other enjoys its rest; but I will leave Nature to look after these things : she is one of those straight-up-and-down old women that sees everything is correct, without making the slightest fuss.

Our text informs us, too, my friends, that nothing is awake in 'brake or bower, but those who love and weep.' I know very well that bats and owls are about, at these times, and have their eyes wide open ; but whether they love and weep, or love without weeping, is a question that remains to be decided by somebody who pretends to know more than he can well manage. The inventor of the text to my present discourse also admits us into the idea that a moonlight night is a 'golden time.' It has somewhat of a silvery look, we all know ; but, as for a golden appearance, it is neither east HERE, nor shed THERE; yet, 'the poet's

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eye, in fine frenzy rolling,' sometimes discovers that which we, plain prose mortals, possess not the faculty to see—and we are just as well off as though we were favored with the privilege.

My hearers: night is indeed the time 'when songs and sighs go out together.' No sponger has the sun put on his red cap and gone to bed, than a mysterious influence is felt in the human bosom which no one understands, and for which none pretends to account. The brain gives itself up to reflection—the sweet waters of the soul spout forth from the fountain of love and sympathy—a rich cream rises upon the milk of human kindness; and, in spite of ourselves, we feel inclined towards charity, mercy, benevolence and love. We hardly know whether it were better to sing or sigh—so we do a little at both. We sing to 'drive dull care away,' and sigh to think that our singing is but of little avail. But this nocturnal sighing is, most generally, in consequence of wounds inflicted by the arrows of that little curly-headed rascal, Cupid. Brethren, beware of him!—also of moonshine and an evening atmosphere. So mote it be!

ON MAKING AN EFFORT.

TEXT.—If bad be your prospects, don't sit still and
cry,
But jump up and say to yourself—'I WILL TRY.'

MY HEARERS: the above text—as the man said of his fiddle—was made out of my own head. Perhaps he and I are wooden-headed contemporaries; but whether he be dead or alive—whether the sap still circulates in his wooden caput or not, is nothing to me; no jealousy shall exist, on my part, as to who has produced the better article—I acknowledge mine bad, and know that his could not have been much better. Nevertheless, I intend the text (and the sermon as well) shall go down, without the aid of an onion or ingenious eloquence. It is as homely as the toad that has a jewel in his head, and everyway forbidding in make as the chesnut burr which contains as sweet and wholesome a nut as Nature ever knew how to manufacture. Yes, friends, in this rough text of mine is to be found any quantity of the seeds of wisdom and instruction; but, if you don't shell them out for yourself, somebody else will take them, or they will remain upon the parent tree till dropped by the frosts to be rotted upon the ground.

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can do till you TRY. Make a decided effort; and, like a young robin, when first sent from its nest, you will accomplish a great deal more than you ever expected. Don't sit crying and chirping, like said juvenile fledgling, but make a start for some high tree of pop(u)larity, and you will fly over more hedges, bushes, ditches and swamps than you would possibly have dreamed of at the outset. Now, in my case : some years ago my ambitious spirit took wing for the highest pinnacle upon the temple of Fame. Though I didn't reach the desired elevation, you find me here perched in a pulpit—and that is better than accomplishing nothing! which I certainly should have effected had I not made a squat, given a hop, spread my wings, and flapped away, like a sea-gull in the face of a northeaster. Aspire, my young brethren, to be the president of a college, and I will warrant that you shall, at least, be qualified for the guidance and command of a country school, where you will be

The monarch of all, great and small—
Your right none shall dare to dispute;
From the centre all round to the wall,
You'll be lord of the fool and the brute.

My dear friends: when your prospects are beclouded, and the Future looks as gloomy as a goose pasture in August, don't sit down and allow dread despondency to take entire possession of your spirits.

Never come to the conclusion that you possess not the power to do this or that, but rouse up and say 'I'LL TRY.' With the steam of perseverance and a decided determination, you will work wonders—perhaps to your own utter astonishment. Place confidence in yourselves—have faith like a grain of mustard seed; and, if you don't actually remove mountains, you will demolish molehills, which seemed like mountains in your way. Off with your coats, ye lazy, mildewed, moth-eaten sons of sloth, and TRY to do something. Spit upon your hands—lay hold of the rope of Faith—let Hope give you a boost—and you will climb farther up towards honorable distinction, prosperity, happiness and heaven, by many hundreds of feet, than you could ever get by crying for help from your selfish brother mortals. Remember that Hercules will never assist those who do not try to help themselves. Not a bit of it. He is not quite so green.

My hearers: he that seeketh shall find, as has been written of old; and he that trieth shall accomplish more than was ever dreamed of in his philosophy, as ought to have been written years ago, when Moses and Aaron were schoolmates. If there is anybody in this non-understandable world that deserves whipping up and made to do, it is he who throws himself flat upon his back at every slight unfavorable turn of the

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wind and tide of fortune, and whines 'I CAN'T.' Oh, for a lash, to make such fellows jump higher than sturgeons on the North River. Let this be your motto: 'Whatever man has done, man may do.' Place your goal as far ahead as you can see with a forty-double-and-twisted-power telescope—keep pulling for it, like a camel for water over the sandy deserts of Arabia; and, my word for it, you shall have the satisfaction of knowing, in the end, that if you haven't got ALL that you wanted, you have attained more than you could have reasonably expected. So mote it be!

THE VALUE OF LEARNING.

TEXT.—When land is gone, and money spent,
Then learning is most excellent.

MY HEARERS: you might infer, perhaps, from the tenor of our text, that land moves off—cuts its stick—absquatulates; but it is no such thing. There may happen occasionally a little slide of a sand-bank; or the sinking of an island; or land may be inundated by a flood; yet it never goes far. It is you, who, by indiscretion, extravagance, or misfortune are compelled to leave your lands—not your lands you. They are exactly, generally speaking, where they

were, and there will they ever remain; and still you have the effrontery to say they are gone, have left you, 'without just cause or provocation!' As well might Adam and Eve have said, when kicked out of Eden, that Paradise had left them for no fault of theirs. O, ye silly boobies! know ye that you may inherit land; but, to keep it, you must be as industrious as ants, and vigilant as roosters.

My hearers: money is moving stuff, hard to hold. It slips from between the thumb and finger like a watermelon-seed—travels without legs, and flies without wings. Strive your best to hold fast to the filthy lucre. Though it be called 'the root of all evil,' cling to it, and it will prove a faithful friend in the time of need. No matter how honest, how righteous, or how pious a man may be, if he lack the 'one thing needful,' he will be shunned as though he were infected with the small-pox. Do, brethren, endeavor to have a few pennies in your pockets, at all times, over and above your honest debts, for the sake of your own dear selves; and, for the sake of mine, put as much as you can possibly afford in the hat every Sunday. I won't mind if you contribute a little more than your circumstances will permit; but I advise you not to do it. I tell you of a truthful proverb: 'Money makes the mare to go,' and the preacher, too; but look out for yourselves

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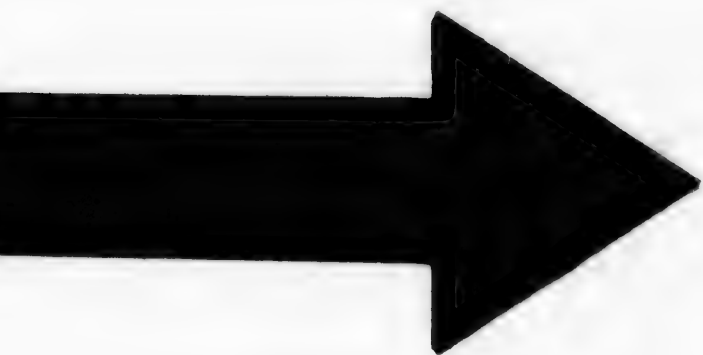
first, and the preacher afterwards. Your administer of moral truths is of very little consequence, unless you look out for A No.

1. Take care of yourselves.

My hearers: after you have bidden good-bye to your land—when your bank bills are all wafted away, and your dollars have all rolled for ever from your sight—what could you do then without a little learning—a small amount of education, just enough to swear by? I suppose you would say, now, I will spiralize my way to California, that heavenly land of Ophir, where Solomon obtained the marvellous amount of gold required to build his wondrous temple—where the virgin article clings to rocks in huge masses to be knocked only by a sledge-hammer—where it rolls down the hills in lumps as much larger than pieces of chalk, as fragments of chalk are larger than crumbs of cheese—where the rivulets, instead of running over vulgar pebbles, are paved with pearls, rubies, sapphires and emeralds. Yes, I know you would say, I will forthwith proceed to 'the land of Ophir,' and there make a fortune at a jump. But, brethren, I am inclined to believe that this land is the Paradise mentioned in the second chapter of Genesis, where it reads:

10. And a river went out of Eden to water the garden: and from thence it was parted, and became into four heads.





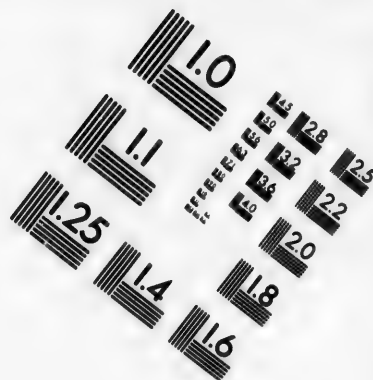
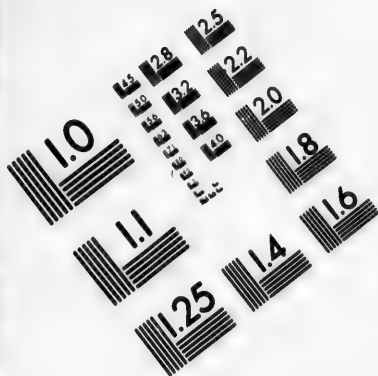
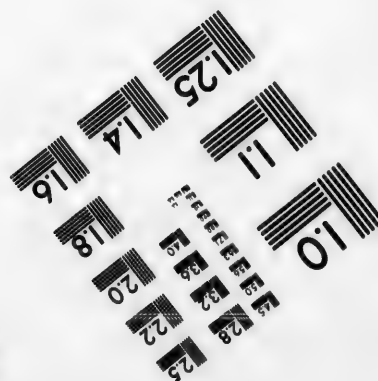
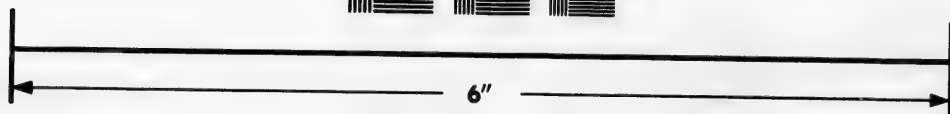
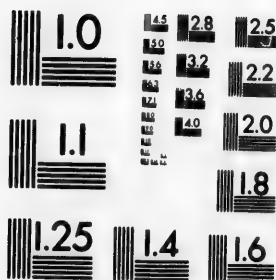


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11. The name of the first is Pison: that is it which compasseth the whole land of Havilah, where THERE IS gold.

12. And the gold of that land is good: there is bdellium and onyx-stone.

But bear in mind, brethren, that although the gold of that land was good, it proved to be of no earthly use to our first parents. They were compelled, after all, to work for a living; and so all of you who are so crazy-set for this new El Dorado will find, eventually, that you must dig for potatoes as well as for gold.

My hearers: dig in the mines of wisdom and knowledge. There treasures lie buried beyond the comprehension of all common mortals. Dig diligently, constantly and perseveringly, and you will discover more gold, pearls and diamonds than of which there is promised in scripture. A little learning is better than gold, at times. Get that, and you acquire much—without it, you are doomed and damned. But, friends, take hold of the plough—apply the spade—do anything rather than dig gold in California. Get wisdom, as I have said before—get that, and you are safe. So mote it be!

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TIME, TIDE AND THE PRINTING PRESS.

TEXT.—That Time and Tide, and eke the Printing Press,
For no man wait, most truly has been said.

MY HEARERS: the world keeps moving, and we are compelled to move with it, despite our most desperate inclinations to wait a bit. Time takes us along with the rapidity of a locomotive upon an eastern railroad. There is no such thing as pausing by the wayside—no allowing us a few minutes to admire scenery, pick cherries, or to gather gooseberries as we journey. No—the wheels of Time are ever in motion. Rapidly, O, rapidly, do we onward glide through the ever-varying scenes of life! The Past soon becomes enveloped in the mists of partial oblivion—the Present quickly dissolves and melts into the Past—and the Future is every moment being transformed into the Present. That Time waits for no man, or woman, either, you all should know. This swift-winged messenger of Death speeds upon his hasty errand, without regard to the wants, needs, or necessities of mankind. Upon its rapid car, with what astonishing velocity is Infancy borne, over Dreamhood, to the bloom-paradise of Youth!—from Youth to the

green territory of Manhood!—from Manhood to the barren, but not altogether blossomless, regions of Age!—and, from Age to that country about which you nor I, my brethren, can know nothing for a certainty until we are transported thither to see and judge for ourselves! You will all soon reach the goal, or rather the place of embarkation for another and, I trust, a happier world: but don't be too sure of its being a happier one—it may, perhaps, turn out like Patrick's slaughtered pig—not so good as he expected, and he always thought so. Therefore, prepare yourselves to make it good unto you. Cease swearing; stop cheating; renounce hypocrisy; restrain evil passions; discard the devil; say your prayers; do as much good as you can; love everybody—your enemies included—the fair sex in particular. By so doing, Time will take you smoothly and gently over the rough, corduroy road that leads to the grave, and you will entertain no fears of an awful Future—no more than I apprehend a ten sixpence being found in the contribution box, which will shortly be passed about.

My friends: who can stay the Tide that ebbs and flows as regularly as the pendulum that swings? or say unto it, with any effect, 'Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther—and be darned to ye?' No one. Tides are moved by the moon, and the help

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of the Almighty ; and, allow me to ask you, can you swerve the course of Nature ? Not a jot. When the tide is ready to ebb, it WILL recede, without reference to the launching of a ship, or the setting sailing of a schooner. Consequently, you must take the opportunity of a favorable tide, and never expect that the tide is to wait a moment for you ; because, if you do, you are sure to be left behind, like a late passenger of a steamboat. As my friend Shakspeare says, ' There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.' We know this very well ; but how many are there of you, my brethren, who get a little too late for the flood, and are, therefore, obliged to fish upon the ebb ! The consequence is, that you catch nothing but toad-fish, gudgeons, and all such worthless trash ; whereas, had you thrown your hook out while the young flood of fortune was setting in, you might have caught more gold and silver fishes than you would well know how to keep, or how of which to dispose. But if you think, my dear friends, that the tide is going to wait for you, on any occasion, you are just about as much deceived as was the expiring drunkard, who declared that Death would not dirty his fingers with him in his present state, but wait till he was sober, and could meet him like a gentleman.

My dear friends: the Printing Press, as

well as time and tide wait for no man, It is the distributor of intelligence to all, at home and abroad. Therefore, if you have any communications to make, hurry them up hot and hasty, like buckwheat cakes at any of our cheap eating-houses; otherwise the small modicum of your vast knowledge which you are desirous of contributing to the world, may be left behind to moulder in oblivion. The Printing Press **MUST** move at its appointed time; and I would have you all to know that the **SUNDAY MERCURY PRESS**, which does me the honor of printing my sermons, is ever upon the move, and none can stop it. The Sunday Mercury is a paper conducted with genius, talent, journeymen, and a clever apprentice. Subscribe to it, and I will subscribe to every rational requirement of yours, besides giving you a push towards temporal and everlasting happiness. So mote it be!

GREENNESS OF MORTAL FLESH.

TEXT.—The rose is red—the violet's blue—
The grass is green—and so are you.

MY HEARERS: in Flora's beautiful empire, we find roses of every hue—from snowy white to the brightest damask—even as we mortals vary in complexion from chalk to charcoal; yet when a rose pictured upon our

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mind, it is always painted red; and, when we speak of a man or woman, imagination presents us with a portrait comely and fair to behold. But the violet—whether cradled and smiling, in some warm valley of the south, or crying upon a cold mountain top at the north—is for ever blue—blue as the unclouded sky above us. Yes, it is always blue—‘blue as a razor’—though never intoxicated, except seemingly with delight. That grass is green, I need not tell you, notwithstanding there are portions of the furze and fur of the animal called Earth that wear a yellow, faded and dingy appearance. But why Nature puts green blood into grass, and red into beets, I leave you to find out the best way you can.

My dear friends: with all your fancied whiteness and ripeness, you are as green as grass that grows in the shade—as verdant as leeks. You are but flesh; and the Good Book says that all flesh is grass, to be lopped down, sooner or later, by that old man-mower, Time, who cuts a mighty, big swath as he goes. Methinks I hear him now whetting his fatal scythe for some one in this congregation:—CLINK-CLANK CLINK-CLANK! Oh, how ominous the sound to an apprehensive ear! Perhaps it is meant for you, old white Clover-head—for you, Mr. Meadow-grass—or even for you, young Timothy! It makes no odds to Time; you are all grass, and green, no matter how

old—and you will each alike make acceptable fodder for Death.

My friends: how green is youth! What verdure crowns the head of a boy of eighteen! The basement of his heart is carpeted with the lichens of innocence, while from its upper story windows look out and laugh the opening flowers of self-importance and worldly ambition. Mark the country blade. He comes to this great city of sin, semi-godliness, seduction and roguery, to 'see the sights.' He is as fresh as a toadstool and full of sap as the maples of his own native Vermont. Like a silly fish, he bites at almost any alluring bait, unsuspectful of the barbed hook concealed within—listens to the song of the syren to his sorrow—allows himself to be taken in and done for by pocketbook droppers, watch stuffers, mock auctioneers, and thimble riggers—and then gets home the best way he can; there to relate the sad history of his 'wrongs' to the green grasshoppers around him, that never hopped out of sight of the ancestral sheep-pen. Oh, adolescence! thy greenness is refreshing to sore eyes; but hasten not to mature too rapidly, lest thou becomest rotten ere thou ripenest.

My brethren: you who call yourselves men, in the full prime and vigor of life: you, who make it your boasts that you are too well acquainted with the traps and snares of the world to be caught with chaff

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—let me tell you that you often exhibit a verdancy that would do honor to the barefooted boy that throws 'horse-feet' to a couple of old hens on Barren Island; and it is owing to a wicked cupidity—a mercenary ambition—the love of money. You stock-gamble—you barter—you risk your all upon the chances of a throw; and how often does it turn out that you, poor, simple—can I say unfortunate—devils are obliged to turn your faces homeward without even two coppers in your pockets to jingle for pretension's sake. Full-grown greenhorns! remember the fable of the dog and the shadow: how the greedy animal dropped his bone in the water to secure a mate to it, and then had to go home MINUS BONUS, as they say in Latin—mortified in feeling, and sheepish in looks. However, greenness is antediluvian: it is coeval with the world: it is in man's nature, and no chemical nor moral process has ever been discovered by which it can be wholly extracted. Was not mother Eve green when she allowed herself to be tempted by the old serpent to eat of a sour, bitter, wormy, good-for-nothing crab-apple, under the belief that it was as sweet and delicious a pippin as ever graced an orchard? And was not father Adam rather verdant to place implicit confidence in a woman who had been deceived by the arch-enemy of mankind? Most assuredly—as brother Temple would remark.

My hearers: men not frequently arrive at a 'green old age.' Yes, they often reach the years of threescore and ten with all their greenness as fresh upon them as when they first started upon life's boisterous career. But it is not for me to blame. You are just as Heaven has made you; and far be it from me to undertake an improvement upon what the hand Divine has moulded according to his will. I would not point that finger of scorn at you—which, by the way, has got a rag on it—for an interest in Backhempstead Lighthouse. All I hope of you is, that you will try so to conduct yourselves during your allotted time upon earth that Old Nick shan't have it to say, at last that he has more green monsters in his net than he knows how to dispose of, under any circumstance. So mote it be!

FUTURE EVENTS.

TEXT.—There's a fount about to stream,
 There's a light about to beam,
 There's a warm about to glow,
 There's a flower about to blow.

MY HEARERS: what the poet meant when he informs us that there is a fount about to stream, is more than I can tell for a certainty. It cannot be that he has referred to our Bowling Green fountain; for when

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that streams again, you may expect never-failing waters to flow from a pile of bricks by the sidewalk, or perpetual springs of charity to burst forth from the petrified heart of a miser. I suppose, however, he was about to have a set-to with some one, and that a crimson stream would soon be sure to flow, either from his antagonist's, or from his own beautiful proboscis.

My friends: the author of our text further assures us that there is a light about to beam. We all know that a right-hander plumply planted in one's peepers will cause the recipient to see stars: his brain will be brilliantly illuminated for a moment, and all his naturally-quiet and well-behaved ideas will keep up a jolly row in the attic sanctum of the soul, till the stars that he saw are extinguished in the effulgence of returning reason. Did your heads never come in sudden and violent contact, my friends, with a harder substance, (say a soft-plastered wall,) and you saw all the planets, the asteroids, the satellites, the constellations, the great bear, the little bear, the monkey and the elephant, in the twinkling of a bootjack? If so, then you may possibly understand the meaning of the second line of our text.

My dear friends: when you commence a pugilistic encounter, you feel that there is a warmth about to glow. Yes, though the weather be cold enough to freeze the father

of salamanders, as soon as your ebenezer begins to rise, you feel as warm as the lower joint of a stove-pipe. Then you are ready to do mischief—to either flax out your opponent, or give nature special fits in the undertaking. This fighting is warm work, while it lasts. By some it is considered good exercise, because it tends to solidify the fat, harden the constitution and all the amendments, to strengthen the muscles, and the claws, too, if any have been eaten at breakfast or dinner; but, for my part, sooner than resort to anything of the kind for exercise, honor or glory, I would get on all-fours and buck with a six-year old bellwether.

By the flower that is about to blow, is meant the blue blossom that generally appears somewhere in the neighborhood of the eye soon after the commencement of hostilities, and remains in bloom long after the spurious laurels that may have been gathered for the brow are faded and gone. It is a modest flower, but wanting in sweet fragrance—not planted by the hand of Providence—but by a mortal fist, without charge for services.

Now, my hearers, let us look at the text in a literal light. 'There's a fount about to stream.' This means that, since Winter has abdicated his throne and vamosed, every river and stream now held in bondage will burst its chains, kick off its icy shackles,

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and speed on its way laughing, singing, rejoicing in the genial light of liberty, and reflecting the joyous rays of heaven from its peaceful bosom, like a Dutch-oven at the door of a tin-shop. Such is what is understood by the fount about to stream; or, it is possible, it might have reference to a new fire engine building at the time.

'There's a light about to beam;' and this light, my friends, is soon to be seen in the bewitching smile of the lovely virgin, Spring, Anon, and she will be here to kiss and nurse the infant flowerets, now awaking from a decently-long nap, and lifting up their little hands in praise to the Omnipotent—or else hollering for help—I don't know which. Yes, here is a better light about to beam upon us, and plenty of it. Those cloud-shutters, that now so darken the windows of the sky, must be thrown open, and a cloud of sunshine come down upon us like ten thousand bricks, but with a gentler force and a warmer welcome. Then how delightful it will be to see everything starting from the ground, as if by the power of some magic wand! Yes, everything will then come up and bask, dance and flourish in the life-renewing vernal light: violets, cowslips, artichokes, dandelions, skunk's-cabbage, clover, timothy, toadstools, woodchucks, tumble-bugs, ants, dead cats and dogs, and all that now lie buried not deeper than two feet below the surface.

'There's a warmth about to glow;' so prepare ye, with straw hats and summer toggery, to meet it. There is a perspiring time a-coming to give you a foretaste of what you may have to sip at hereafter, in a climate as much hotter than this as this is hotter than the north of Greenland. Well, let it come—I hope it will sweat some of your old musty sins out of you, and make room for fresh ones, more refined, and more in accordance with the fashions of the day and the customs of the age.

As regards the 'flower about to bloom,' I don't know which among ten thousand to designate; we'll call it the JEXTIPHALANTHROPOSAGOS, or 'the full-budded Betsy,' and let it pass. It is of no great consequence, any way.

In a metaphorical sense, my friends, the 'fount about to stream' is the fountain of Virtue, that, hereafter, is to be kept playing all the while, to beautify the park o' society and purify the moral atmosphere of the world. It will be opened as soon as Church-street and the Five Points are prepared to appreciate its beauties and benefits.

'The light about to beam' is the blaze of Truth, that has been smothered for ages by the smoke and ashes of Error: but it is soon to burst forth and illuminate the whole earth, from pole to pole—from the benighted Indies of the East to the equally dark Oregon of the West—thanks to the

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lightning telegraph and the patent system of preaching. And then a warmth will begin to glow—the warmth of universal friendship and love; and a flower will be about to blow that shall hold its brightness and freshness for ever. It is the flower of practical Religion, which whispers to us of honesty in all our business transactions, and of gratitude for every heaven-bestowed blessing and favor; which tells us to pull our neighbor's hair no longer than we would like to have our own pulled; and, above all, to pay what you owe to the tailor, the hatter, the shoemaker, the butcher, the printer, and the PREACHER. So mote it be!

A BRIEF DISCOURSE.

Delivered before the half-civilized inhabitants of Barren Island, on the twenty-first day of January, in the year of the World, according to Moses, five thousand eight hundred and fifty-three.

BARREN ISLANDERS: to what state you belong is a mere matter of surmise to yourselves, to the world, and to me; but I can tell you what state you are in, just at present. You are in a state of ignorance, destitution, wretchedness and woe. You don't live, but somehow manage to keep, upon such scripture-forbidden creatures as

hard clams, horse-feet, sea-gulls, shitepokes, cranes, bitterns, and owls, without knowing anything about the comforts of religion, roast beef, christianity, and nice chicken fricasces. I know that you dig money here in abundance, buried by such notorious pirates upon the high seas as Gibbs and Wansley, and others, who have long ago gone, penniless, to settle with their Creditor and Creator in a world unknown to mortals: but what use is money to you, unless it can procure you the common necessities of life? Robinson Crusoe, (you may not have heard of him,) when cast upon a desolate island like yours, found himself in possession of a bag of gold. 'Worthless trash!' said he, 'how gladly would I exchange thee all for a bite of bread and cheese, a drink of cider, and a pipe of tobacco!' Here you are, solitary and alone, shut out from the world, and millions of miles from God. The ice prevents your getting to Cennarsia, to Rockaway, or to Coney Island, to obtain the wherewithal necessary to the body's welfare; and I don't see how you can possibly contrive to get to heaven at all. Yours is truly a barren, God-forsaken island. The tree of christianity can get no root here in the sand; whatever moral seeds may here be sown stand no more chance of germinating than gravel stones in the gizzard of a guinea-hen. Your moral perceptions are as blunt as the end

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of a crowbar, and your ideas of things in general are as stunted as those dwarfish cedars that surround you. Churches, chapels and school-houses, can have here but a sandy foundation, at the best—the Bible, with you, is an exotic, and you know no more about the ten commandments than I do concerning the whereabouts of the ten lost tribes of Israel. The same sun shines upon you as upon us—at night you are overcanopied by the same starry firmament, and the impartial moon sheds the same beams upon your sheep-pen-looking shanties as upon our magnificent mansions. Still you grope in moral and intellectual darkness. You want the lamp of learning to see how you are situated, and a good deal of gospelling to get you upon the right track. I am aware that you are comparatively free from vice; but you may thank your wretchedness for that, as vice is best maintained among the wealthiest and most fashionable of communities. You are honest, because dishonesty is sanctioned. If one of you has a carter's crow all nicely cooked for dinner, and it is stolen just as the appetite and the spirit say 'Come,' you forgive the thief, and watch for an opportunity to reciprocate, knowing that you will be forgiven in return, and no questions asked.

Natives of Barren Island: Though you are a rough-looking set, and your numbers be few, still you are no less valuable on such

account. The hand Divine that moulded you, also manufactured me, consequently I am your brother, and as a brother I advise you to quit drinking potato whisky and eating fish-hawks—to put bonnets upon the heads of your wives, and shoes upon the feet of your children: in short, to make up your minds to emigrate into a more enlightened land as soon as the sweet damsel Spring is seen to peep from the window of the warm, sunny south. You must transplant yourselves into our great Gotham, and take with you every dollar that you have had the good fortune to dig up. We don't want your money—oh, no! but we wish you to exchange it for what will enrich the mind, do justice to the stomach, and respectably clothe the body. You must know that money, like manure, is of no earthly use until it is spread. So speed to New York—disseminate there your lucre—learn the ways, manners and customs of its inhabitants, and you will become so improved, in the course of a few years, that you won't know yourselves from a regiment of school-masters.

Outside barbarians! Perhaps, upon the whole, you had better stay where you are; for, in old Manhattan, we have refinement so completely refined that it is perfectly rotten—religion reduced to politics—virtue crowned with thorns and spit upon, and vice garlanded with the flowers of wealth

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and fashion, but which are wholly withrine fragrance, and destined soon to deerve, Therefore, Barren Islanders, I advise ycy to remain in your present position, espens ally as I have just learned that an elegair hotel is to be erected close by yonder clump of frightened cedars in the course of the ensuing spring. Then you will have a new spirit poured out upon you—your ideas of matters and things in general will be ex- alted: you will learn to eat what is eatable, and drink what is drinkable. You will put clean shirts upon your moral characters, new frocks upon your women, and the rod of correction upon your children. Further- more, I have no doubt that, in the course of a few years, your now barren, desolate and mosquito-breeding island will be made to bloom like a Paradise. So mote it be !

ON SHADOWS.

TEXT—Shadow oft the wedded life ;
 Every boy must have a wife ;
 Every maiden will be wed,
 Eager heart and simple head,
 Sure of happiness complete ;
 What a shadow ! what deceit !
 When the nuptial link is tied,
 Shadow husband ! shadow bride !

MY HEARERS: what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue ! This exclamation

acdd and wrinkly; and is, therefore, the you'e worthy of our considerate regard. am are nothing but shadows in pursuit of yondows; the Deity is the substance, and eae the sun that causes them. When that is set, the individual shadows are seen no more upon the dial of the earth; but all is one universal shade. But life itself is a mere shadow;—a walking shadow, according to Shakspeare—a fleeting shadow, according to somebody else; and, according to some other one, it is but the shade of a shadow. Yes, friends, truly did the fishmonger remark when he said 'Life is a shad! O, how it flies!'—down the stream of time, in the fall of the year, to the eternal ocean.

My friends: what is called wedded life often proves to be a delusive shadow to those who enter upon it expecting to experience the joys of everlasting happiness—to know all about heaven at once, and how angels feel on an average: who think they are about to enjoy the bliss of a perpetual Paradise, where not a caregnat stings, not a flea-trouble bites, and not a sorrow-worm spiralizes its way into the core of delight—where they can lay off in lavender, and have nothing to do but to sport with the golden-backed insect moments as they dance jovially by—where the rose blossoms thornless; where the wheat is gathered chaffless; where pleasure is stingless, and where snakes

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are harmless—where they foolishly imagine they can thrive and grow fat upon love, kisses and moonshine! and where Fancy converts hovels into mansions and pig-pens into palaces. But how shadowy are all their dreams! When they get where they want to be, the lovely ideal departs like the beauties of a distant landscape, and nought but the cold real remains. Ay, when they have reached the what-looked-to-be Paradise, they find it but a common pasture, after all, where they must pick and pull for a living, as well as other mortals. To their astonishment, they discover that they are in the same old world as before—cursed by the same cares—annoyed by the same anxieties—and deluded by the same hopes. They soon ascertain that poetry, love and nonsense may answer very well for a lunch, but beef, pork and potatoes, or something equally substantial, are necessary for dinner. The most they can say is, that they are mildly happy—that the stream of life flows more placidly than before—that my old man is satisfied, and my old woman is contented.

Every boy must have a wife, says our text. True—every boy must have a wife, nowadays, before he is old enough to know what he is to do with her. He must have a wife because pa has one; and because the furze upon his chin and a couple of pockets in his coat behind proclaim a man—and he

knows that 'it is not good for MAN to be alone.' He marries him a wife, my friends; and, in three weeks after, he looks and feels him to be but the shadow of his former self. Vain shadow!

'Every maiden will be wed'—if she can. No sooner has time trotted her into her teens, and she has shed her short frock, than she begins to think about matrimony; and the more she thinks about it, the more she feels—she don't know how—as if she would kind o' like, but can't tell why. Still she dreams of beaux, Cupids, doves, darts, sentimental moonlights, and all such fancy goods. Her pretty little heart flutters in its prison like a butterfly in a bushel basket. She sighs for something—'tis nothing of any consequence; for someboby—'tis nobody in particular. At last her fond affections are clinched, double-riveted to an object in trousers and stiff shirt collar—she is fast; and, as for making her let go, you might as well undertake to whistle a grape-vine from a white oak. Have him she must, and have him she will, be he as poor as the grandfather of poverty, as ignorant as a Hottentot, and as odd-looking as a blue pig with a saffron-colored tail. Poor creature! with 'eager heart and simple head,' she rushes forward to the goal, not only hoping, but actually believing, that she will there meet with happiness unadulter-

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ated with the vile ingredients that make up
the compound of every maidenly joy. What
a shadow! what deceit!

My hearers: our text intimates that when
a he and she of us mortals are put to work
together in Hymen's double harness, it is
'shadow husband! shadow bride!' This
may be all very correct in a metaphorical
sense; but, if the Quaker giant and giant-
ess at Barnum's Museum are to be consid-
ered shadows, heaven forfend that they
should ever fall upon me, or upon my pul-
pit! If there is any such thing as solid con-
nubial happiness, they must enjoy it in its
most solidified state. They are the tallest
shadows in breeches and petticoats that
ever crossed my astonished vision. Yet
shadows they ARE, as is everything else in
this shadowy world. Love, honor, ambition,
glory, wealth and fame are but so many
mere shadows—intangible, fleeting, van-
ishing. And the multitude of multitudes
upon earth—behold! 'they come like sha-
dows, so depart!' So mote it be!

As I have now finished my shadowy dis-
course, I give you all leave to go quietly
home. Hence! dispel, disperse, vain sha-
dows!

RESTLESS MORTALS.

TEXT.—In vain I search creation o'er,
 My spirit finds no rest ;
 The whole creation is too poor,
 Too mean to make me blest.

MY HEARERS: Heaven has put restless spirits into our bodies, that we may not be satisfied with remaining in the same old spot for ever: that we may go forward, seek out new inventions, embark in new enterprises, establish new theories, and become more enlightened, greater, wiser, and, consequently, wickeder; but, if we allow our uneasy spirits to wing their way over the world in search of the pure gold of happiness in big chunks, they will return to the ark tired and disappointed; for it can only be found in small particles, and mixed with sorrowful sand. Now, my little soul is naturally as uneasy in its cage as a partridge in a hencoop, or a dog in the kitchen of his new master; but, by dint of scolding and cuffing of ears, I compel it to go and lie quietly down in some corner of my heart, and make it appear as though it takes the world and women-folks easy, whether it does or not. I have sailed in the balloon-ship Fancy, over two-thirds, at least, of creation, and I can't find that happiness is to be discovered in greater abundance in one place than another. There-

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fore, I bid my fidgety soul be easy; and if it finds it impossible to be wholly easy, I order it to be as easy as it can, for I am determined not to be annoyed by it.

My friends: you, no doubt, find it a pretty hard task to keep the spirit contented at home—about as hard, I suspect as making a hen set when she doesn't feel in the humor for it. Verily, the spirit is too willing to gad abroad, and the flesh imagines itself too weak to prevent it; but I don't believe that the flesh is always so weak as it pretends to be. It might do un-supposable things, if it only tried. But no, you had rather go with it, through swamps, marshes, thickets and grave-yards, in vain pursuit of the jack-o'-lantern, perfect blessedness! O, you silly fools! do you know what you chase? It is a phosphorescent nothing, that never has been, and never can be, grasped by mortals; and the swifter you run for it, the sooner you get tired, or find yourselves crotch-deep in the mud and mire of disappointment. Travel where you will—from Gog to Magog—from one end of the earth to the other—from Spitzbergen to Patagonia—from Oregon to the East Indies—from Connecticut to California, and you will find, after all, that the world is too poor, too contemptibly mean, to make you blest. You will come to the calm conclusion that as much happiness

can be enjoyed at home as elsewhere, only you didn't find it out exactly in season.

My hearers: I know very well what you imagine will procure you bliss by the hog's-head: it is that wretched, filthy stuff called money. This it is that keeps your souls in a flutter, and sets you jumping like a lot of chained monkeys at the sight of a string of fresh fish. You think if you only possessed a certain heap of this lucre, you would lie off in lavender—make mouths at care—say How are ye? to sorrow—laugh at time, and feel as happy as an oyster in June. O, yes! if you only had enough of the trash, I admit you might feel satisfied, and, of course, contented; but, in such cases, more requires more, (according to Daboll and the devil,) the last more requires most, most wants more yet; and so on, to the end of everlasting. There is no such thing as enough in worldly riches. As well might the sow be supposed to get enough of wallowing in the mire, as for a mortal to be satisfied with rolling in the carrion of wealth. So false are your ideas of the means to obtain happiness, that you would, if you could, coax angels from the skies to rob them of the jewels in their diadems. I have not the least doubt of it.

My dear friends: I will tell you how to enjoy as much bliss as heaven can afford to humans. Be contented with what you have, no matter how poor it is, till you

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 ter. Be thankful for every crumb that
 falls from the table of Providence, and live
 in the constant expectation of having the
 luck to pitch upon a whole loaf. Have
 patience to put up with present troubles,
 and console yourselves with the idea that
 your situations are paradises compared
 with some others. When you have enough
 to eat to satisfy hunger—enough to drink
 to quench thirst—enough to wear to keep
 you decent and comfortable—just enough
 of what is vulgarly called 'tin' to procure
 you a few luxuries: when you owe no
 one, and no one owes you, not even a
 grudge—then, if you are not happy, all the
 gold in the universe can never make you
 so. A man, much wiser than I, once said,
 Give me neither poverty nor riches; and I
 look upon him as the greatest philosopher
 that the world ever produced. All he want-
 ed was CONTENT, sufficient bread and
 cheese, and a clean shirt. Take a pattern
 after him, O ye discontented mortals, who
 vainly imagine that bliss alone is to be
 found in the palaces of wealth and opu-
 lence.

My hearers: if you consider all creation
 too poor to afford you a pennyworth of
 pure blessedness, you must pray to become
 reconciled with its poverty. Grease your
 prayers with faith, and send them up in
 earnestness, hot from the soul's oven. This

manufacturing cold petitions with the lips, while the heart continually cries Gammon, is no more use than talking Choctaw to a Chinaman. Heaven understands no such gibberish; it only knows the pure, simple language of the spirit—the soul's vernacular. So, when you pray, do it in as simple a manner as possible, but with red-hot earnestness, and your souls will find rest wherever you are—while nibbling at a crust in poverty-hollow, or half-starving in California while endeavoring to transmogrify a bag of gold-dust into an Indian-pudding. So mote it be.

HOW TO PASS THE HOLIDAYS.

TEXT.—Welcome, welcome again to thy wits,

This is a holiday;

We'll have no plots nor melancholy fits,
But merrily pass the time away.

They are mad that are sad;

Be ruled by me,

And never were two so merry as
we.

The kitchen shall catch cold no more,
We'll have no key on the buttery door,
'T he fiddlers shall sing,

The house shall ring,

And the world shall see

What a merry couple we will be.

With these good things before our sights,
Grant us, good Lord, good appetites.

My HEARERS: here we are, with heel just
off at Christmas and toe upon New Year's

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—up to our middles in the merriments of the holidays. Now let us enjoy them, for both the stomach's and the heart's sake—for the good of both body and soul. Away with melancholy; shut pan upon all unpleasant recollections; let the past be undisturbed, and the future rest in peace. Let us have no gloomy thoughts—no moody fits—nor allow care to kick up a row among the social and festive joys of the present. The wearied and toil-worn mind calls for relaxation once in a twelve-month, at least; and, in order that it may obtain it, you must first get its lord and master, the belly, into a good humor. Therefore, spare not the turkey, neither the wine, nor the ale, nor the cake; for these be they that please the inner man, and induce him to grant a holiday to his hard-working servant, the mind; at which the heart is made to dance, and the face of the outer gentleman to glow with gladness.

My dear friends: wear no sad nor sour looks about these days. Christmas and New Year's come but once while mother Earth performs her annual journey round old father Sol: and if, during these visits, you won't take the pains to festoon the heart with evergreen wreaths, dotted with the Eternal Golden Flowers of Joy, and crook the corners of your mouths a little upward for the occasion, you had better creep into a hollow tree, or burrow up and

lie dormant, like woodchucks, for the winter. There is a time for all things, says the Book of Truth; and now is the time to drink, eat, sing, fiddle, dance, and be merry—old folks, young folks, middle-aged, and all. If your pecuniary pouch is in too collapsed a state to admit of your participating in the pleasures of the ball-room, the theatre, the banquet, and the other usual festivities of the season abroad, sit by your own fireside—warm your toes and your stomachs—be of good cheer yourselves, and make cheerful the little circle around you. See that the kitchen catches cold no more for the present; throw away the key to the pantry door; rejoice with the children at the kind, generous visit of good old Tanta Claus; bring out the apples, the nuts, the cakes and the cider; call in the fiddler, and let the world hear, if it can't see, how happy and gay you can be if you only set yourselves about it—that you are determined to rub up and polish the year's rusty chain, if you have to take a piece of your shirt for the want of a rag to do it with.

My friends: if we live long enough, old wrinkles must deform the pretty features of us all; but, when they do come, let them come with mirth and laughter, and not with grief and anxiety: they will wear the better for it. In fact, there is nothing like habitual merriment to lengthen out a

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man's days to the period at which these honorable corrugations are commonly developed. So be cheerful at all times, if possible; te-hee and haw-haw as much as you can, 'in spite of wind and weather,' and be right merry, during the holiday season, at any rate. Laughter clears the cobwebs away that the spiders of care are so apt to spin in the corners of one's heart; and there is nothing in this world that sickness and death are so shy of as a jovial soul. But, brethren, to keep the heart, soul and mind in good trim, I tell you, the capricious wants of the stomach must be attended to. If these be neglected, the heart grows cold and clammy—the mind morose and peevish—the brain muddied—and your features are either blank as a piece of pasteboard, or melancholy as a portrait upon a tombstone. When the stomach cries for food, feed it; when it is dry, give it drink; and when it is cold, see that you warm it; it can scarcely be too warm to suit the other members of the corporeal family. Yes, keep it comfortably warm, and well fed, and those laborers—the legs, arms and hands—will not be slow in doing their duty, while the heart is as blithesome as a singing-bird, and the ideas as busy as bees gathering honey from the flowers of June. I won't say, with some philosophers, that a man's brains are mostly deposited in his belly, or that his intel-

lectual faculties are situated among the rubbish of the stomach; but I do most strenuously contend that one's thoughts, ideas, mental endeavors, peace and contentment of mind are controlled by these two important organs—the latter especially. When that is not in proper tune, all the rest of the machinery—both mental and physical—is out of kilter. When that ANIMAL—the stomach—is properly provided for, the bristles upon the human disposition lie down as sleek as feathers upon the breast of a duck; the heart looks through the windows of the eyes, laughing for joy; rosy smiles burst into bloom all the way from brow to chin; and the whole individual can't help exhibiting outward signs of delight, because of the comfort within. Therefore, brethren, attend well to the ANIMAL, in order that the INTELLECTUAL, the MORAL, and the IDEAL, may be pleased and stimulated to praiseworthy deeds. Some of you have stomachs naturally as cold as a potato-hole left open in winter. Your very looks, manners and address betray the fact; for they, too, are icy as the mountains of Greenland. Now, I advise all such to tuck under their jackets as much of the good stuff of the season as there is room for, conveniently: but be careful, at the same time, not to overload the aforesaid ANIMAL: for, be it recollected, it is not a beast of very heavy burden.

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Furthermore, I advise you—whose presence is enough to freeze a warm social knot in the most comfortable of apartments—as Paul advised Timothy, i. e., during the remainder of the holidays, to ‘take a little wine for the stomach’s sake, and make yourselves agreeable. I agree with friend Shakspeare, that it is better to let the liver heat with wine, than the heart cool with mortifying groans. This creeping into the jaundice by denying the stomach, and withholding all encouragement to action from the liver, and thereby becoming as fretful and peevish as porcupines, shows a woful want of wisdom, to make the best of it. It won’t do—it won’t do, brethren! In this sunlit, social and sociable world, you must keep up the cheer, some way or another, or poke out of it—and that not long after shortly. ‘Assist nature,’ as brother Brandreth says. Fire up—raise sufficient steam to keep the mortal machinery in operation; and, meanwhile, see that the gudgeons are well greased with the fat of the land—otherwise it must rest, and come to a dead stand-still; and so remain, beyond the possibility of ever receiving another start upon earth.

My hearers: now you are surrounded by a host of accessories, comforts and luxuries: and, with all these good things before you, may heaven grant you good appetites! If you can’t enjoy the pleasures of the table,

you can no more enjoy the other (and perhaps more rational) pleasures of the world than a snake can walk a slack wire on the tip of its tail. I pray that you all may have

The power and will
To eat your fill—

that you may be lively, social and gay for the rest of this festive season. After which, you may stuff or stare—be glad or sad—for aught I care; but, for your own sakes, try to keep the heart in a merry mood till Christmas comes again. So mote it be!

ON SNUFFING.

TEXT—Knows he that never took a pinch,
Nosey, the pleasure thence that flows?
Knows he the titillating joy
Which MY nose knows!
O, Nose! I am as proud of thee
As any mountain of ITS snows:
I gaze on thee, and feel the joy
A ROMAN KNOWS!

MY HEARERS: I have, as you all well know, denounced that 'vile weed,' tobacco, because its indulgence is so apt to lead to disgusting excesses. Yet there is nothing in its nature baneful to health, if used, and not abused; but, on the contrary, it rather conduces to longevity; for, if some one will only take the pains to ascertain the fact, it

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will be found that the majority of those who live to remarkable ages have been notorious, if not inveterate, partakers of the weed, in some shape or other—pipe-smoking in their good old days, especially. True, tobacco contains poison: so does a potato, in a very great degree; but who is foolish enough to say that potatoes shall be dispossessed of the privilege of being loved and eaten, on that account? No one, of course. Remember ye, my friends, that a certain portion of poison is a necessary ingredient of the food that you eat, of the air that you breathe—and, perhaps, I may say, of every pleasure in which you are prone to indulge. In this funny world, there is a mysterious blending of good and evil—of right and wrong—and of the purifying and the poisonous—which, taken in proper combined state, is 'all for the best.' At any rate, no more harm can be feared therefrom than from the commingling of the deadly, the innocuous, and the exhilarating gases, of which our purest atmosphere is composed.

My friends: what I have particularly to say about tobacco is this: The use of it is agreeable to yourselves, but RATHER offensive to others. If you chew, or CHAW, (or in any language you CHOOSE,) you must salivate, in a greater or less degree: and who can endure an excess of ptyalism, even in a kitchen? Spitting is one of the most

contemptible habits that ever hooked itself upon humanity. I say CONTEMPTIBLE; for what can possibly be a stronger exhibition of contempt that a squirt of saliva towards your most respected person? Now, for my part, I would about as lief a body spit UPON me as AT me; and he might as soon eject his juice in my face as upon my boots; for, know ye, that my boots have a certain amount of respect for themselves, as well as my fizzleog. And now, to give you my sincere belief: no man can be admitted into the principal parlor of heaven, who, perforce of habit, spits as he goes, and might accidentally spit upon the vestal drapery of an angel.

My hearers: I have no doubt that much pleasure is derived from 'snuffing;' but my nose knows it not. This titillation occasioned by a pinch cannot be otherwise than agreeable; and then the sneeze—if you are so fortunate as to be favored with one—is not that delightful? What pleasure can be enjoyed this side of heaven to exceed a powerful sneeze? But the worst of it is, if you become addicted to tickling the nostrils with powdered tobacco, the nose gets obstinate, and refuses to sneeze. What is the consequence?—you persevere in goading this poor, innocent member, all to no purpose. Sneeze he won't, and sneeze you can't make him. And then how horribly it affects your speech! Instead of distinctly

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saying SHILLING, you merely utter SHIL'N, and, for plain English PUDDING, you can only get out something that sounds like PUD'N.

Now, my friends, if you are determined to use tobacco in any way, manner, or shape, do it, as everything else should be done, in moderation, or DON'T YOU DO IT AT ALL. So mote it be!

THE BLISS OF CHILDHOOD.

TEXT.—So glad a life was never, love,
 As that which childhood leads,
 Before it learns to sever, love,
 The roses from the weeds;
 Then, to be very duteous, love,
 Is all it has to do,
 And every flower is beauteous, love,
 And every folly true.

MY HEARERS: It is interesting, if not profitable, to sit and think for a while upon the vicissitudes of life: to look back, with Memory's eye, upon the Past: to dwell for a few moments, upon the Present, and to speculate upon the Future.

The Past delights us with its amaranthine blossoms, and teases us with an occasional thorn. Many, O, many, are the posies that paint the heath of remembrance, and garish to loveliness the arena of bygone days. They bloom on, untouched by the hoar

frosts of time, and preserve their pristine beauty even when surrounded by the snows of Life's cold and cheerless December. But some flowers have faded and died, and thorns, sharp as needles, have sprung up in their places. If they do not wound the heart, they prick the fingers and tear the calico of Retrospection, as she draggles her skirt among them; nevertheless, when she comes home and thinks upon the matter, she is rather pleased than otherwise with the amount of her ramblings. I will tell you where the pricklers grow. When Memory visits the tombs of the friends and play-companions of our youth, she there finds piercing thorns. At the place where we let slip golden opportunities, and silvery chances, are planted briars that scratch reflection and annoy the mind; and the monuments of Sin, Error and Folly are surrounded with nettles that sting the feet of Recollection till they dance the oddest of jigs, hornpipes, and fandangoes.

The Present is altogether an unsatisfactory affair. It furnishes sweet music; but its melody falls unheeded upon the ear, and its harmony is but jarring discord to our uneasy souls. It is garlanded with roses; but we perceive not their beauty, nor enjoy a sense of their fragrance—we care no more for them than for so many toadstools. It offers us joy by the jugful, but we won't take pains to pull the stopper out. It sets

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before us a big platter of pleasure; but we choose to gnaw a knuckle-bone of care, or sop our hard crusts in the drippings of hope. If there be any reality, my friends, to the present, it is seldom or never realized by us mysterious mortals, who are everlastingly looking over the fence for the same flowers that are being crushed beneath our boots.

The Future, brethren, is always either illumined with the bright rays of hope, or overcast with the dark clouds of despair—more generally it presents the former aspect. And here allow me to give you a thin paring of advice, all ye who see bugaboos in the dim distance, and would cut 'cross lots of eternity: 'Hope on, hope ever!'—That's the motto for any two-legged creature that pretends to the ownership of a thinking-machine. God guides the beasts, but upon YOUR necks he throws the reins, and leaves you to go to glory, or to grass—just as you see fit. You have the power, to a certain extent, to make yourselves comfortable or miserable at every stage, scaffold or omnibus of life: and why don't you make yourselves easy—as easy as you can? Because you like to coax misery to yourselves for the comfort of fretting, worrying, and making others around you as miserable as yourselves. As Silver-brass says—and says with more poetry than truth, and not much of either—You catch the itch to

enjoy the delightful fun and exquisite pleasure of scratching.

My friends: perhaps you may think my text to be infected with some contagious disease, that I keep so far out of its neighborhood. I will approximate a little—who's afraid? There are more or less buds to be picked, and flowers to be plucked, in every season of man's existence, and at every moment of his life—except when he is asleep and has the nightmare; but it is Childhood only that gathers them in big bunches. Manhood gathers grapes from thistles; but two-thirds of them are sour enough to make a pig sing a song of Jeremiah, and pitch upon the highest octave in the unwritten music of hog-dom. Old Age—unlike, and yet like, Childhood—finds beautiful blossoms at the portal of the tomb, as once they were found blooming by the cradle when life was fresh and new. But oh, my friends! if you ever sucked pure joy, pleasure and happiness through a straw, as it were, it was when you were young colts, calves, lambs, puppies, chickens, ducks, or goslings—whichever you might have been! Then the moments seemed to sport and dilly-dally by the wayside, like the golden-mailed insects and versicolored butterflies—the hours slipped as smoothly along as though they were greased for the occasion—Time trod softly, noiselessly, in his stocking-feet, as if fearful lest he should

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awake the infant, Care, so quietly sleeping in the happy bosom of childhood—the year, that appears to man but a brief hour, seemed an eighth of eternity, and as full of delights as it appeared long. Oh, those blissful, dreamy days of youth! they never will again throw their silken mantle upon us poor, wayworn and path-weary pilgrims!

My hearers: the ignorance of Childhood constitutes its chiefest bliss. It knows nought of the troubles, trials and disappointments that are to beset it in after years: it has not learned to sever the roses from the weeds; but every blossom is pretty, beautiful, lovely—be it the noxious stinkweed, expanding its corolla by the barnyard, or the innocent violet modestly peeping from out its grass-hidden home. All it has to do is to be duteous and have its face washed; and it doesn't trouble itself much about these so long as it is happy, gay and independent. With it every folly is true, every fancy a fact, and every shadow a substance. Like 'the poor Indian,' it sees God's likeness in the thunder-heads, and hears the whisperings of angels in the warm summer breeze. Its spirit opens to itself a paradise, and revels therein, never thinking, alas! that it must one day be driven out into a wilderness of anxieties, to delve and to toil—to earn its bread by the sweat of its brow—eat it in sorrow, and call life a humbug, at last! So mote it be!

ON STARVING LOVE TO FEED PRIDE.

TEXT.—To such a place remove our camp
As will no siege abide :
I hate a fool who starves her love
Only to feed her pride.

MY HEARERS: every one of us, in this unsatisfactory sphere, seems to entertain a fault-finding wonder as to 'why heaven has made us as we are?' The only answer to this is, Heaven, Nature, God, Creator—or whatever name you choose to apply—has made us as we are, for the good reason that we couldn't have been put into a better shape to afford scope for our mental and physical faculties. Yet thousands and thousands there are who find fault with themselves, or rather with the One who devised, planned and put them together. They are not satisfied with being THEMSELVES, but they must be SOMEBODYELSE; still—strange as the anomaly may appear—no one seems really willing to swap himself for the best live mortal upon earth. Ask one of the juvenile feminine gender whether she had rather be a boy than a girl, she will answer: 'I'D RATHER BE A GAL.' And vice versa with the other sex. Still, all we frail mortals are more or less inclined to assume airs—to affect to be what we are not. Our vanity must be

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clothed in gorgeous and costly array, and our pride must be pampered to the expense of sober judgement.

My dear friends: I'd just as lief say it as not, and I will say it, if I get my ears boxed and my hair pulled, that women are more artificial and affected than men. Well, it is all right, I suppose, that they should be. They don't do the courting, and are not allowed the liberty of making the first advances; consequently, they must contrive to attract. I never could see, though, how any great capital could ever be made out of ridiculous enormities of Fashion. Some young ladies not only starve their love to feed their pride, but they must also starve and torture their poor bodies out of all rhyme and reason. Some won't taste of coffee, lest it should be the means of accumulating too much adipose about the ribs, and making them measure an inch more than is desirable round the waists. They use no butter, for fear of a pimple upon their pretty noses; nor partake of a particle of meat, under a horrid apprehension of incurring a muddy complexion. But, mark the consequences: they soon become weakly, nervous, fidgetty and old-maidish—their skins get as yellow as a cucumber gone to seed—their eyes have no more lustre than blue beans in a withered pod—and their whole systems get so shattered, at last, that they will hardly

stand the shock of a severe compliment. What then must they do? Why, endeavor to make up, by artificial means, for what Nature could have done (and a great deal better) had she been allowed her own way. They take physic, to prop up their broken constitutions, and apply paints, washes, chalks and cosmetics, to recover their pristine bloom and youthful beauty. Young bachelors! don't have anything to do with one of these. They are counterfeit goods—spurious articles; and, after you have had them upon your hands for a while, you will come to the conclusion that you have 'seen the elephant,' to your sorrow.

My hearers: once in a while you come across one 'who starves her love to feed her pride;' but what that pride is, it is difficult to tell. It varies under different circumstances. She won't mention her love, nor open the doors of her heart to allow it the liberty to come out and soar upon butterfly wings through the bland atmosphere of frankness and freedom. No! she lets concealment, like a worm in an apple-core, feed upon her damaged cheek. And all this through pride, vanity, foolishness, or something of the sort! Pshaw! all you girls who want husbands, and can't get on without 'em, speak out, and don't be afraid. You will thus get them quicker, and better ones too, than by pursuing any vanity-feeling, pride-pampered, or make-believe-bash-

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ful course. Go ahead—make known your wants—publish your preference—and you shall each be rewarded with a husband who says his prayers daily, chews tobacco, looks after his household, and takes delight in being considered a domestic animal. So mote it be!

INFORMATIONS AND FAVOURS GAINED FROM THE LOWEST.

TEXT.—And, if thou pitiest Tambulance the Great,
Old woman, tell us what o'clock it be!

MY HEARERS: how true it is, that the greatest of mortals are sometimes compelled to ask small but important favors of the very lowest! I know that, while travelling lately to preach to the inhabitants of Wind-whistle Island, I was obliged to beg a bite of bread and cheese and a squash-shell of water of an old women, whose brown hut sat like a toad in the woods by the roadside. Was not that a picture of Greatness leaning upon the staff of humility, and receiving crumbs from the hands of Poverty? It was nothing less. And, when I am compelled to solicit you to put an occasional sixpence, instead of all pennies, on the plate for the good cause, do I not let myself down from my exalted position, a few pence at least? I do all that. And, when any of us ministers ask for a dismissal, to go

somewhere else and feed upon fatter salaries, is it not a great condescension on our parts? Most certainly it is. Did not Elisha the Prophet, while abiding among the rocks in the gloomy wilderness, call upon the crows to bring him a mouthful of meat? Look at the great Diogenes, while basking in his tub, asking the little Alexander to do him the favor to stand out of his sunshine. You must be aware, my friends, that any hungry saint would much rather dine with a sinner upon a good haunch of venison, than with an angel, and get nothing but bean soup and bean bread. So, you see, the rich require favor of the poor—the great of the small—and the righteous of the wicked.

My friends: there is no ninny so wholly dry and sapless, but a drop or two of the honey of information may sometimes be extracted from him. Don't let your pride and vanity make you ashamed to ask small matters of which you happen to be ignorant; for, just as likely as not, yonder urchin with a check apron, white head, dirty face, and bread and molasses, is capable of giving you just the information you require. If you think you can make the world believe that you know everything already, and your storehouse is crammed full to the ridge-pole, let me tell you, you labor (or idle) under a mighty big mistake. The world is not such a credulous fool as that.

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Why, you vain, conceited ig-no-ra-mus-ES!—you can go to school to a spider, to a bumble-bee, or to a pismire, and be taught more in one hour than you ever learned in all your lives! You won't inquire, then, for fear folks will suppose you are ignorant johnnyhorses! You wouldn't ask an old woman what time o' day it was by the shadow of her mop handle, lest she should suspect you hadn't a watch in your pocket! Well, if you won't ask, you shall not receive; if you won't seek, you shall not find; and, if you won't knock at the door of information, you may wander outside in the darkness of ignorance—guided by the bug-lamps of instinct, and the lights of self-conceit—and making more stumbles and blunders than a blind horse among ditches and sand-pits. So mote it be!

SEVEN YEARS.

TEXT.—Seven years in childhood's sport and play,
 Seven years in school from day to day,
 Seven years at trade or college life,
 Seven years to find a place and wife,
 Seven years to pleasure's follies given,
 Seven years by business hardly driven,
 Seven years for fame, a wild goose chase,
 Seven years for wealth, a bootless race,
 Seven years for hoarding for your heir,
 Seven years in weakness spent in care,
 Then die and go—you know not where.

MY HEARERS: SEVEN, as you all know, is a magic number; at any rate, it has more to do with remarkable events, wars, epochs, incidents, historical facts and modern occurrences, than any other number in Daboll's arithmetic. Strange, isn't it, how 'matters and things' go by sevens? In reading of the olden times, we notice the 'seven wonders of the world'—'seven sleepers'—'seven devils'—'seven days of famine, and seven days of plenty'—'seven candlesticks'—'seven seals'—'seven heavens'—the seven of the clean beasts that Noah took in out of the rain—the seven—but, without travelling into the mud and mire of the past, let us take a squint at the sevens observable at the present day. We have the seven days of the week—the seven stars (minus the one that strayed away and got lost when it was a stripling)—the seven

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bristles that constitute the whiskers of a cat—and the seven buttons that I always wear upon my waistcoat. But I must keep in sight of my text.

'Seven years in childhood's sport and play.' Short as they really are, these seven years seem the longest of any in life. The distance from the first of January to the latter extremity of December, appears to the child that has never had its head scorched by over half a dozen summers, immeasurably great—almost like a little for ever; but talk to it of SEVEN years, and its conception of time grows dusky, and experiences a sunset at once. I recollect that when I was a little spindle-shanked brat, not old enough to understand and manage the machinery of a pair of breeches, a week seemed to be a dog's age—a month a small everlasting, and a year an immense detached portion of eternity. I thought that forty years would be as long as I ought, or should, want to live; for if ever I were to get tired traveling on the old turnpike to the City of the Dead, it would be then. Forty long, long years! Patience, you are made of good timber, thought I. Yet I was as happy as the years were long. Yes, brethren, I never cared how time passed, so long as he didn't knock me down and ride over me. I was troubled some with worms; but the worm of care had not eaten its way into my bosom. Flowers bloomed for me all winter—if not

in the meadows and by the roadside, they flourished in the region of my heart like pussley about a pig-pen. Though the days were ever so cloudy, a streak of sunshine constantly illumined my interior. Though the weather was heavy as lead, my spirits were as light as feathers. In short, there was a little fountain of joy within me that never ceased flowing, except when I stubbed my toes, got my ears pulled, or was denied a lump of sugar; and then it stopped only for a moment: it immediately began spouting again, as beautiful, joyous and merry as ever. Such was my childhood, my friends, and similar was yours.

'Seven years in school from day to day.' That's about the time required to use up the spelling-book, get the mastery of the monosyllables and the polysyllables—take liberties with the grammar—correct the geography, and subdue the arithmetic. This period, though manifested with gnattish anxieties, is rather dull and monotonous: there is too much of a sameness about it, as the dog said of churning. It is get up in the morning, take your dinner basket and trudge to where the ointment of knowledge is rubbed upon all alike (and sometimes birched in) with an impartial hand—go through the same old tune of yesterday, of spelling, reading and writing; disturbing nouns, verbs and adverbs, and causing figures to lie that have never lied before;

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then bolt your bread and butter and red apple at noon, and hasten to wear out your shoes and the largest portion of your pantaloons by sliding on the ice—go in for the afternoon—same cold, intellectual soup as in the morning—trot home towards evening with a noddle half filled with the chips and fragments of learning, and a stomach emptier than the bladder of conceit. Then day after day you perform the identical cider-mill circuit, with little to give variety, save an occasional truanting, purchased at the expense of an uncharitable flagellation. If our schoolboy days, my brethren, are milk-and-waterish from their sameness, they lay the foundation for an appetite to relish more solid mental food in after years. They open our eyes, that we may see to go safely through a world of sin, temptation, deceit, dishonesty, and corruption, barely whitewashed with pretended piety; and, furthermore, they enable us to get money without back-breaking, and to cheat as sleekly, smoothly and successfully, as the smartest of our neighbors.

'Seven years at trade or college life.' This epoch takes the boy to twenty-one—the empire of manhood. He has whittled his bench to a skeleton in the school-house, served his apprenticeship, and is now his own lord and master—he is to begin the world for himself. He disdains to be called a boy, and lacks the boldness to look upon

himself as a man. He is in a 'transition state,' like the pin-feathered gosling just stepping upon the threshold of goosehood. He exerts every effort to persuade a little hair to garnish his cheek and chin—applies oil, raw egg, potato poultices, and good Peter only knows what else, for the promotion of a respectable growth. When he gets it, then he is a man to a live certainty, and must begin to look about 'to find A PLACE AND A WIFE.' It is easier for him to get possession of a wife than a place; yet he might hunt and smell about for more than seven years and catch a Tartarean after all. A good wife is a great comfort—a heavenly blessing—a first-rate affair; but a poor one is a source of greater uneasiness than were a shirt made of hemp and briar bushes. A wife should have mildness in her eyes, smiles upon her lips, and a heart full of love and tenderness. She should have a temper as smooth as the skin upon her face—a natural inclination for neatness, order and arrangement in her household affairs—an instinct for brushing cobwebs out of the corners of the kitchen, and chasing spiders to perdition. She should delight in darning stockings, sewing on buttons where they are wanted, and possess a passion for patching dilapidated pantaloons. In short, she should ever make it her study how she can best please her 'old man'—not forgetting herself, of

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course. I will take it for granted that she is good-looking; for who ever saw a wife with prettiness in her nature that didn't show a portion of it in her features? Such a one is worth serving seven years for—as they did in the days of Isaac and Abraham—if she is worth setting up with for a single night.

Then, my friends, there are 'seven years to pleasure's follies given'—from twenty-eight to thirty-five; that is just about enough of time's small change to spend for fun, frolic and careless enjoyment. Then, or never, man makes up his mind to drive his business, or let his business drive him. If he is not in a fair way at forty-two to get his share of the world's spoils, he might as well hang up his fiddle, and be content to dig his way through life as best he may.

The 'seven years for fame' are encouraging, discouraging, perplexing, pleasing, tormenting, teasing and disappointing—a regular wild-geese chase. The pursuer thinks every moment he is about to catch the bird, and so keeps on thinking till he tires himself out, and lies down to rest beneath the blanket of obscurity.

My hearers: after the following seven years for increasing whatever wealth may be yours—after the next seven for hoarding it carefully up for the encouragement of vice and laziness in your progeny—after the next

seven years spent in weakness, whimsicalness, childishness and care, you toddle out of the world, and go—nobody knows where, only those who have gone before you. It must be an extensive place to hold the billions that have already proceeded thither; the millions that are daily taking their departure, and the billions that are yet to go. But we shall all know something about it when Time shall have given a few flaps more with his already wearied wings; so, let us prepare our lamps of hope and faith to guide us through the darkness that envelops the deep valley of death. So mote it be!

LIFE'S NARROW BOUNDS.

TEXT.—Short bounds of life are set to mortal man.

MY HEARERS: the term **SHORT**, as applied to human life, is limited to no precise latitude. Life is short at the longest: if we were to average a thousand years each in this perishing sphere, instead of thirty or forty, as is now the case, we should then consider life as short as a morning snooze—and, probably, not half so sweet. So life is most miserably short, when placed in juxtaposition with eternity—shorter than a rabbit's tail compared with the alvine extremity of a sea serpent. When I think of the briefness of existence, it puts me in mind of

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the shortest day in winter: man hardly gets up in the morning, puts on his breeches, washes his face, combs his hair, takes a look in the glass, and turns around, before it is time to go to bed again. So Infancy scarcely casts its clouts ere it finds itself arrayed in the proud attire of manhood, soon to assume the sober vestments of age, and quickly to don the pale habiliments of the grave. Thus man springs up like SPARROW-GRASS, hops about like a JUMPER-GRASS, and lies down and dies like a JOHN-NY-HORSE—as is written in the first chapter of Jerethusaleh.

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My friends: most folks are overtaken and seized by Death, others rashly and foolishly fling themselves into the jaws of Death, while others run away, abscond, absquatulate from Life, as though it were a hard task-master. Those who are overtaken and seized by Death are entitled to doing their best to avoid so fatal a calamity: those who bravely, but inconsiderately, rush within the reach of the Grim Monster, I look upon as being half-heroic and half-foolish: and those who run away from Life—commit suicide—I consider as consummate cowards. So awfully afraid are they of existence, that—like a man in the fifth story of a building encompassed by fire—they throw themselves out of the world's window, and down they go 'all smash' upon the pavement of perdition. This tak-

ing a sudden jump into eternity, like a frog into a mud-puddle, is doing business with too much of a jerk to suit my superannuated ideas of life, death and immortality. **LIVE WHILE YOU LIVE; BUT LIVE TO LENGTHEN LIFE,** is my motto. Adopt it as your own—plaster it upon your hearts—solder it fast to your sentiments—putty it to your principles—and, like the old oaks of the mountain, your trunks may become sapless with age, but your leaves of life will still be green.

My hearers: the bounds set to the life of mortal man are truly short—about the same as those set for elephants, turtles and geese: nevertheless, we may well tickle ourselves with the idea that we outlive the major part of animation. There is an insect that is born and fulfils its destiny in the brief space of a single hour. [What an existence for anything possessed of vitality, and susceptible of pain and pleasure!] Crows live ten years—rabbits, ten—dogs, in the country, reach fifteen or twenty; but, in the cities, they are made into sausages ere they arrive at seven; and cats, with their nine lives—reckoning seven years to an existence—can't brag much over man concerning their remarkable longevity. But our days have latterly been reduced to a very narrow space, for some providential reason or other, which it wouldn't appear modest in me to inquire

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into at present. I suppose, however, that if we were allowed to live longer than we do, there wouldn't be room for other folks to live. 'Come up to the bar, take a drink, fall back and make room for the rest,' seems to me to be the grand regulations, relative to life, as well as to taking toddy.

My dear friends : what is life? It is the twin brother of Nothing—a shade of a shadow—an empty dream—a mere name. We persuade ourselves that we live, and are satisfied; but to whom shall it be left to say that we are not laboring under a mighty delusion? No matter—'Vot's the hodds so long as we are 'appy!' as the Cockney would say. That's it—so long as we can enjoy ourselves, it is all right. We must eat, drink, make love, and be merry; and if, in the end, we find that life has been short, we can console ourselves with the idea that its sweetness has more than equalled its brevity. So mote it be!

FALSE COURAGE.

TEXT.—O, how courageous, valiant men!
How chicken-hearted too!
You'd fight a giant—yet you dare
Not truth and right pursue.

MY HEARERS : I don't know why it is, but you don't often find the flowers of both phy-

sical and moral courage flourishing upon the same bush of humanity. Now, you are ready and anxious to go into a bloody war, with all the grit and greediness of a bulldog, because it is a popular one; but did the dear people proclaim against it, you would set Right, Wrong, Justice and Equity aside, and keep on digging your potatoes in peace, with an imaginary prospect of glory to come. You talk about having the pluck to pitch into a panther! Why, you haven't courage enough to cast an insinuation at a mosquito. You are wanting in the very rudiments of courage. In nine times out of ten, you lack the courage to tell a simple truth; so you sneak round the corners, and hide yourselves under the fence of falsehood. What is your courage?

You haven't the courage to take a tiger by the teeth, when you know that precaution, in such a case, is 'the better part of valor.'

You are wanting in courage when you flee from the goddess of Truth, and seek for protection beneath the folds of Self-interest.

You dare not pursue the right path when the wrong is considered the most popular one.

You dare not bid defiance to the Devil, and cut your way single-handed to God and everlasting glory.

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You don't possess the courage to treat with considerate contempt a challenge to fight a duel. No, you are frightened into a fight, if you fall, the earth hides you, and the fragrance of your virtues is wafted away for ever upon the winds of forgetfulness: if you live, you live to rue the hour that you engaged in the deed.

You haven't the courage to oppose Fashion in her freaks and follies. You may whine at them for a while: but, eventually, you yield by inches, and, finally, are found kissing her heel.

You haven't the courage, half of you, who call yourselves **BOYS MATURED**, to pop the question at once, and bring to **TERMS** a fond, affectionate, loving **FOE**, who is an enemy to your single enjoyments and arrays herself in hostile attitude against your bacheloric blisses.

You haven't the courage to stay away from a fashionable church, and pray in your own closets.

You haven't the courage to face a man in the street to whom you owe a few dollars, and say to him blandly, 'My dear friend. I believe you have a lock of my hair; and I trust you will keep it, for old acquaintance sake, till fortune favors me with sufficient **PEWTER** to pay you off according to your deserts.'

My dear friends: I give a very short sermon this morning, but in it are contained

seeds which, if properly planted, will produce an hundred fold—relating to your happiness here, and your hopes of an hereafter. So mote it be!

ON MADNESS.

TEXT.—Some grow mad by studying much to know;
But who grows mad by studying good to grow?

MY HEARERS: one Festus of old told the sober St. Paul that he was beside himself—that much learning had made him mad; but the good Saint, in reply to Mr. Festus, assured him that he was not mad, but spake the words of truth and soberness. I can't crowd it into my narrow belief that Paul's mental machinery was any ways out of kilter; yet the fact of his asserting its soundness does not prove it to have been undamaged; for who ever knew a crazy man that did not proclaim, and actually believe, himself to be as sane as you or I? Paul, however, knew what he was about: no much learning ever drove him to distraction. He was always too calm, sober and philosophical to permit such a thing. An old friend of mine, Alexander Pope, Esq., seems to disagree with Capt. Festus in regard to much learning making a body mad. He shelters the opinion that a little learning

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kicks up more of a fuss among the intellectual faculties than a great deal of the article. 'It is your shallow draughts from the goblet of lore,' he used to say, 'that intoxicate the brain; take a big pull at it—one of the old fashioned swigs—or let it alone.' I perfectly agree with friend Pope in respect to imbibing the liquor of learning.

My friends: much study (not learning) sometimes gets the brain organ out of tune; but there is little danger of your noddles ever becoming deranged by excessive commendable studiousness; you are more likely to go mad by vainly endeavoring to study out ways and means to make money and get a living without work—such are your sordid desires and poudrettical inclinations. I wonder what Nature was thinking about when she cast them, with all the purer ingredients, into the mould of humanity! But my brother fools—those who call themselves philosophers—are too apt to undertake the investigation of matters as much beyond the reach of human comprehension as the moon is above the reach of a squirt-gun, and about the how and the wherefore of which the Creator of the universe intended them to know no more than the blind mole knows about astronomy. There are simple mysteries which no mortal can solve; and yet, brethren, you will confuse the order and arrangement of your upper stories in attempting to unravel them. You never

can understand how a tree grows—how the invisible wind can have strength sufficient to wrestle with the giant forest trees, and lay them flat on their backs in less than half of a wag of a woman's tongue—what keeps the earth, sun, moon and stars for ever rolling; and why, like us, poor, perishing lumps of locomotive, they don't grow the worse for wear—what makes the magnetic needle point to the north, and the finger of Hope upwards—how lightning can travel thousands of miles upon the telegraphic wire, in just no time at all—why a pig carries a straw in his mouth before rain—and how it happens that you are so 'fearfully and wonderfully made.' These things you never can unriddle; nevertheless, you will keep digging at them, studying at (not into) them, till finally your thinkers become wearied by being overtasked, and refuse to perform their functions with anything like their wonted regularity. You have studied hard, and learned nothing after all. One man goes crazy because he can't comprehend who teaches the spider how to spin and to weave, while his daughters can be taught neither the one nor the other; another, because it is impossible for him to know how the hornet and the wasp can make good brown paper without ever having learned the trade; a third, because the mason-bee understands the making of mortar without the least in-

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struction; and a fourth, because the honey-bee is familiar with the principles of geometry and architectures without the knowledge of books or having gone abroad for information. I once knew a lunatic, my brethren, who in his partially-lucid moments declared that what 'knocked his brains into PI' was the endeavor to find out the beginning of God—how the world could have been made out of nothing—and why the devil couldn't have been created a gentleman instead of a scoundrel, since the cost of the raw material was precisely the same, and the manufacture attended with no greater trouble nor expense. These mysterious matters, my dear friends, should never bother you: what you can't unriddle, learn to let alone: that's the way I do when I look at a crab going it sidewise upon an overland journey to the sea-shore.

My dear friends: it is impossible for you to acquire any great amount of madness by endeavoring to grow good; notwithstanding people generally will look upon you as NON COMPOS if you try to be good by doing good in this fashionably-wicked world. Pay no attention to what Mrs. Grimes or Mrs. Grundy may say, but administer the soothing syrup of sympathy to the sick—pour out at least half a glass of pity for the unfortunate—give as much aid and comfort to the poor and needy as you can righteously afford—be charitable,

benevolent and kind to all your fellow beings—leave politics to the hungry fishers for office: the management of the wind and weather to Nature, and preaching to me; and, if you are ever sent to a mad-house, it will be because you are too sober, rational and sensible to keep company with the common multitude of lunatics at large. So mote it be!

PLAIN PREACHING.

TEXT.—On Bible stilts I don't affect to stalk,
Nor lard with Scriptures my familiar talk:
For man may pious texts repeat,
And yet religion have no inward seat.

MY HEARERS: I suppose you have found out, by this time, that I never meddle much with the Bible in my homespun discourses—never poach upon the possession of gospel preachers; but, upon my own hook, perfectly free and independent, giving the truth, the whole truth, and sometimes (to be liberal) more than the truth—uninfluenced by favor, unswayed by motive, and undeterred by fear. This is the way I do—I, myself, Dow, Jr., P. P., Patent Preacher, and F. R. S., First Rate Sermonizer. I never lard with scripture my plain, familiar talk; because I don't think myself qualified to the task of explaining the hidden meanings contained in the book of myster-

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ies. While others 'holler' upon religion, I hammer upon morality—and I do believe that, take it in and out, altogether, and every way, morality operates more beneficially upon society than religion. Because why—about half the religion, nowadays, is as impure as the water of a goose-pond—a counterfeit mess of stuff, unfit for the redemption of a Bedouin Arab: whereas, morality is more palpable, and admits of no disguise. It is plain, unassuming and unchanging—the saltpetre that saves a man's reputation, and the brine in which his earthly happiness is pickled.

My friends: in my sermons, I, most generally, mean what I say. I tell you to live virtuously, because I believe you will be the happier for it; to live honestly, and you will get through the world smoothly; live prudently, and you will be prepared for all the little unexpectancies of life, that seem to rise from the ground, like moths and millers in the dusk of evening: live temperately, and probably neither Death nor the Devil will catch you napping at the half-way house upon the high road of existence.

My hearers: endeavor to be contented with your situations till the time arrives for bettering them. Uneasiness wastes the body and undermines the health; and the soul must easily fret itself out of house and home.

If you were all to govern yourselves, the world would need but little governing. But man is a hog, anyhow—he will neither be coaxed nor driven, and yet he wants somebody to look after him. Yes, and woman is a hogess.

Learn to bear disappointments cheerfully. What has happened can't be altered; a bad-fitting coat may be, however—ay, the coat may be altered, but the FACT of the tailor having made a mistake can never be helped.

Try hard to promote the happiness of others.

If you succeed, your own happiness will be put up several notches. It always gives me pleasure to see even a dog tickled.

Have a sacred regard for truth and honesty: a fond regard for each other; a generous regard for the different principles and opinions of mankind; and a particular regard for the fair sex. Live as you ought to live, and take good care not to die 'as the fool dieth.' So mote it be!

The lady who sent me the billet-doux commencing with 'What is that thing we call a kiss?' &c., is solicited to send me another equally as rich.

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THE THREAD OF NATURE.

TEXT—My thread is small, my thread is fine,
 But he must be
 A stronger than thee
 Who can break this thread of mine.

MY HEARERS : the thread of mystery is a fine one indeed; and yet it is so strong that neither a Hercules in sinew, nor a giant in wisdom, can snap it. There are thousands and thousands of mysterious cobwebs, clustering about the dark corners of this world, which seem as if they might be as easily brushed away as the spider-nets of a night; but, when you give them a brush with the broom of philosophy, they are still THERE.

My hearers: the thread of Nature is very delicately drawn, but none can rend it in twain, nor rub off a particle of the mysterious furze that encompasses it. Why a young duck, as soon as it shakes its shell from its hindermost, should take to the water, is a mystery. How new-born babes should know enough to draw at the lactescent fountain, and how the milk should happen there exactly in time to meet the demand, is a mystery. How tadpoles (incipient frogs) contrive to get rid of their tails, what become of their discarded extremities, and how their little pin-punctured mouths longitudinate to such awful capa-

ciousness as they exhibit in after years, is a mystery. Why women naturally prefer the company of men, and men that of women, is a mystery. Why the tendrils of the hop-vine curl to the left, and why ladies, in walking, look over the left shoulder to examine a dress behind them, is a mystery. How the invisible filaments of the moon fasten thunder bolts upon, and drag about the waters of the wondrous deep; what power causes the magnetic needle to point, like a finger, to the pole; and why humans, with all their wisdom and intelligence, should have bestial propensities, is all a mystery.

My dear friends: the thread of Nature is somewhat tangled, as well as strong; and the more you pick at it, the tighter the knots appear to become drawn. You can neither unravel nor snap it—nor make it different from what it is, any more than you can alter the rays of the everlasting sun, or tarnish the eternal lustre of truth. Society may assume an outward artificial aspect; and yet Nature must and will take its course. Your teeth were made to masticate both vegetable and animal food; and Nature never will allow more than a few notionalists to live upon 'greens' entirely. The God of Nature has created you male and female for a purpose too apparent to need explanation; and let Shakers, monks, hermits, old maids and bachelors say what

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they may, it is your DUTY to get married, and thereby accomplish one of the most important ends for which you were sent into the world. Eat when you are hungry—drink when you are dry—sleep when you are sleepy—rest when you are weary—sing when you are merry—out with the truth before it can have time to turn to a lie—and kiss whenever you can. In short, follow the simple dictates of Nature in everything, and you will find far more happiness, and meet with fewer ills and difficulties, than by arraying yourselves in opposition to her ways—which are not to be barked at. So mote it be!

NOTHING IMPOSSIBLE.

TEXT.—E'en guides may sometimes miss their way,
 Deceived by sore mischances;
 And righteous men be led astray
 By change of circumstances.
 The truest balance sometimes fails,
 E'en when 'tis best adjusted,
 And strong temptation may prevail
 'Gainst those whom most we've trusted.

MY HEARERS: the best miss it, sometimes—I know I do myself. Practising at pistol-shooting the other day, at my friend's, Mr. Ottignon, I had the heart to endeavour to hit the heart of one whom they call a 'man;' but I missed it. Trying again, however, I had the fortune to effect my cruel purpose;

and yet, moreover, whereas, nevertheless, as he hadn't the courtesy to fall, I looked upon him as 'no gentleman,' but a 'HARD character,' and one with whom neither words nor dealings were of any avail. With all my self-reliance and natural confidence, I not only missed my WAY for once, but got hold of the wrong customer entirely. I can 'teach the young idea HOW to SHOOT,' a good deal better than I can do the shooting for it. If it only does as I SAY, it will do well enough; but if it always does as I DO, the mark will sometimes be missed. Even guides may sometimes miss their way, rightly says my text. If you expect me, or any other poor but honest preacher, to guide you along a dark and dubious world like this without getting into an occasional moral mudhole, you put your expectations where they will be likely to get damaged. We can't always go right if we would; and, if we could, I doubt whether a hundredth of us would—for it is human to err and go astray. So then man's nature must be changed before he can follow strictly the path of propriety, without deviating to the right or to the left. When his God shall give him instinct instead of reason for his guide, he will walk straight—but not until then.

My friends: that virtuous men may be led astray by change of circumstances, is a melancholy fact. When a man becomes poor, and gets hard up, with big owl-eyed

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starvation staring at him from a short distance, he will turn off and go devil-ward in spite of all pious pushings in the contrary. Righteousness and roast beef are luxuries that he can't afford; and so he serves Satan for something to season and make palatable the cold porridge of poverty. There is no knowing, my friends, what we might do if our circumstances were unfortunately to change. Destitution will sin for a sixpence, and Hunger and Thirst will keep themselves where they can get a chance, without regard to right or wrong.

My friends: attempt to go as straight as you will, you are all certain, at times, to step off the moral track. Even pastors and bishops do things that heaven don't like to look at; and there is no one living in this little round world but whose soul is more or less bespotted with petty sins and insignificant iniquities. The truest balance may fail, no matter how well it be adjusted; and a few intoxicating drops may sometimes find their way accidentally into the soda of temperance. Some temptations are strong—very strong. If they can't draw an omnibus half a mile, they are strong enough to snap the stoutest halter of resolution ever twisted by the human will. Oh, it is most amazing hard to resist some of the temptations that beset us as we journey through life! If the spirit wrestle with them, there is danger of its getting the worst of it. But I would have you,

my friends, give them a try in all cases; for there is no telling what MIGHT be done, since Samson slew the Philistines. So mote it be!

GOOD DEEDS SHINE.

TEXT.—How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

My HEARERS: you must make all due allowance for my homely discourses, when I tell you that I never bestow a pre-thought upon them. When the period arrives for putting them out, I jump up and HOLLER, as near to the mark as I can bring the poor faculties to bear. If I hit it I feel proud, and if I miss it I content myself with the idea that it is the lot of humanity to err at times, as the drunken man said when he mistook the pig-pen for his bed-room. But, to my text. No man, my friends, lights a candle and puts it in his pocket, nor under a bushel; but he lets it shine, that all may see and be seen by it. A little candle throws its beams a good way, and devours darkness equal to a million times its magnitude. It is seen from a long distance, and is an object of attraction, if not admiration, to mankind generally, as well as to moths and millers. So, verily, even so, shines a good deed amid the darkness of a wicked world—glowing, the will-o'-the-wisp, by the putrid pools

of iniquity, and over the dead marshes of immortality.

My friends: a good deed will stick out, with an inclination to spread, like the tail of a peacock. It is bound to shine, for a certainty; and the more it is surrounded by vices, follies, crimes and ungodly deeds, the greater is its lustre, and the more strongly is it admired. Good deeds are noticed and praised, even by the most depraved: their brightness is attractive, and their savor is sweet; but evil actions, like crushed rotten eggs, stink in the nostrils of all—from the highest angel in heaven down to the lowest robber of a hen-roost. Good deeds **COMMAND** the respect of the world—no matter to whom belongs the paternity, whether he wear a white skin, or exhibit the sooty habiliments of the Ethiopian. So Virtue shines, in the murky atmosphere of vice, like a little candle—like the star of evening peeping through a crevice in the clouds—like the fair round moon at midnight—ay, like the eternal sun in the heavens, dispensing light, cheerfulness and joy to all.

My dear friends: what are good deeds? They are these: visiting the fatherless in their afflictions—those foundlings, who have been dropped by the wayside, like a duck's egg by a mudhole—giving them comfort and a few coppers, to cheer and assist them upon their lonely and helpless career; visiting, too, the widows in their melancholy

moments—gently stroking them with the hand of sympathy, and doing your prettiest, not only to reconcile them to their solitary situations, but to give them hopes of a husband to come: looking after the orphans, whose clambering minds need assistance and care, to prevent their young tendrils from clinging to poisonous and dangerous objects. These are all good deeds; but better still for you is to keep yourselves clear of the grease-spots of the world: pay all you honestly owe to your God and to your fellow creatures: take no unjust advantage of any man: assist any one, friend or foe, in his hour of trouble: be, at all times, charitable, benevolent, open, frank and honest—and the lustre that will surround you will as much outshine the light of a little candle, as the noonday sun surpasses the feeble, phosphorescent glow emanating from the tail-end of a lightning-bug. So mote it be!

LIES, INNOCENT, AND WICKED.

TEXT—Ye have no cause to fear—be bolde,
 For he may here lie uncontrouled,
 And ye in this have good advantage,
 For lyeing is your common usage,

MY HEARERS: telling a lie, with a bold, brazen face, and sticking to it—or propping it up with a multitude of minor lies—some-

times helps a man on wonderfully in this world: but, in his passage to the next, there is no question but they will be a dead weight upon him. They will so. And as for any of you, my listeners, ever thinking to get to heaven with a load of lies upon your consciences, you might as soon contemplate swimming through Hell-Gate with a grindstone in each hand. Nevertheless, it is generally supposed that you can carry them to the edge of your graves, and there shake them off with a good repentant shake—scatter them to the four winds of heaven—even as a dog scattereth the mud when he shaketh by the duck puddle. Verily, it is so; else none can be saved—for none liveth and lieth not. Lies are necessary evils. God never would have allowed the Devil to plant so many lies in the soil of man's moral nature, and permitted them to flourish so extensively, were they not for some useful purpose. When judiciously managed, they are a great help to a body, and will admit of a leetle teenty mite of justification at any rate. Yes, friends, we all lie—everybody, from the worst to the best, lies. Even Truth herself lies; and it is no shadow lying of hers, either—for, is it not written that 'Truth lies at the bottom of a well?' Ay—and the man lied that wrote it.

My friends: if you happen unguardedly, foolishly—I may say innocently—to get a small spot upon your virtue, it were better

by all means to plaster a white lie over it, and be more careful for the future, than to own up and be for ever contaminated in the unforgiving eyes of a relentless world. If you accidentally upset another man's porridge when his back is turned, say 'Twan't I,' and stick to it, because confessing the truth wouldn't replace the porridge, and might produce a shedding of claret. Cain lied when he said he didn't know what had become of his murdered brother; but, as it was uttered in self-defence, no particular notice was taken of it. Peter lied to screen himself from the imputation of being in what he supposed to be bad company: yet Peter was not damned. But Annanias and Sapphira desecrated the truth through a wicked design; and they were struck dead in consequence. Served 'em right. And now, since the world is given to lying, and lying (as says my text) is a common usage, every one must lie more or less, occasionally, to keep up his end. But, before you lie, brethren, make up your minds to go into it strong; for a little callow fib stands but a small chance among the big, bouncing whoppers that are let loose now-a-days. As my friend Pope might have said, but didn't:

A little lying is a dangerous thing—
Go your whole length, or never make a spring.

My dear friends: Heaven and I give you

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liberty to lie just as much as you please, if you don't injure any one by it. If you send forth a falsehood purposely for the sake of getting from another what is rightfully his own—or to breed disturbance in the little family of Peace—or to soil the fair fame of a fellow creature—or to cast even a fly-speck upon the snowy vesture of Virtue—or to ruffle a single feather in the plume of Friendship—why, then, I say, you deserve to be kicked to death by grasshoppers, and hell made seven times hotter for your reception. A wicked, wilful, venomous, malicious, malignant lie is the most abhorrible and poisonous serpent that ever crawled among the grass, weeds and flowers of the moral world. It is capable of doing more injury than a mad bull in Broadway; because the latter may only upset a few old men and women who lack the legs to get out of the way—but the former can ruin the best of reputations, demolish the strongest of characters, get an innocent man hung, and play the very TROIS in general! The inventor of such an infamous artificialhood is worthy of a severer castigation than I can give; but verily I say unto you, that all such shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone. So mote it be!

LIFE'S SUNNY SPOTS.

TEXT.—Though, call you life a gloomy waste,
It still hath sunny spots.

MY HEARERS: after looking intently awhile at heaven, through the telescope manufactured by Hope, Faith & Co., and then suddenly casting the eye over the country that Mortality must traverse, it certainly looks like a dull, gloomy and dreary waste. It is like turning directly from the dazzling sunshine into a dusky cellar—all is darkness for the moment—dark as an African congregation in a thunder-storm; but it soon grows lighter, and we gradually discover that we are not in such infernal and everlasting darkness after all. It is an undeniable fact that the brightness of heaven casts a silvery sheen and a golden glow upon this leaden, terrestrial mass; yet, if we gaze long upon celestial splendors, our optics become too dimmed to behold with distinctness the bright and the beautiful belonging to earth. Life hath many sunny spots, and you can easily see them, if you be not purblind with the dazzlings of a more magnificent world to come. It isn't as barren as a sheep-pasture in a drought, ALL the way from Dan to Beersheba, anyhow you can make it: from man's ingress to his mortal exit, he doesn't have to continually face and buck up to northeasters, like the March ram

in the almanac : life isn't one long, cloudy day, look upon it in the most unfavorable aspects you choose. In our darkest hours of trouble and despondency, sunshine will sometimes burst upon us as suddenly as a bottle of ginger-pop. There are many golden threads that might be woven in the woof of human existence, if man would only take the pains to pick them up. Alack ! it is too true, that many of the beautiful flowers that grace the margin of life's stream are left to bloom unnoticed—to wither and die, after having 'wasted their sweetness upon the desert air !' But, by the great mogul of gulls ! if my brother man has a mind to be so foolish as to refuse the warm sunlight and court the cold storm, I shall consign him to the pity of that Providence, whose tender mercies seem sometimes to be bestowed, with a reckless extravagance, upon objects as unworthy of a blessing as a cockroach in a plum-pudding.

My hearers : I tell you there ARE many sunny spots in life—as sunny as the south-side of a Methodist meeting-house. To receive a kind favor from any one in this frosty, uncharitable world, is finding a sunny spot—a gladdening oasis in a dreary desert. When, in a foreign land, and surrounded by strangers, you come across a true friend, whose sympathies naturally melt and mingle with your own, like bees-wax and tallow, you find a sunny spot—a

cheering glade in a gloomy forest. Doing up courting—getting married—having a good wife or husband—making up after a quarrel—recovering from sickness—recovering damages—suddenly receiving in full from a dubious debtor—a little unexpected good luck—or a lucky escape from a threatened attack of poverty—are all sunny spots. But some spots are more sunny than others: some are as bright as a tinned roof beneath an unclouded noonday sun, while others are more like a patch of pale moonshine upon the sable garb of night. The sunniest spot that ever shone in my dull existence was the sparkling of that lovely angelic creature, Sarah Hawthorn; but, alas! she kicked the bucket one day about sunset, and left 'the world to darkness and to me.'

My hearers: there are striking lights and shades in the grand picture of life. They are thrown in to relieve it from a monotonous tameness, which we, change-seeking mortals, could hardly endure. Variety we want, and variety we must have—although we sometimes get more cayenne and mustard than is pleasing to the palate. We are satisfied with each different season as it rolls round, and why not welcome the vicissitudes of this varying sphere? Nature looks pleasant and smiling in spring, while taking the first stitches towards her summer dress—in summer she appears lovely, while elegantly attired from top to toe—

and, for my part, I admire her even when the rude embraces of autumn have mussed her hair and rumpled her drapery.

Now, my dear brethren, seek for sunny spots and you will find them; but if, like melancholy owls, you are determined to keep in the old woods of wo and misery daring the day, and only come out at night to complain of the darkness—why, then, the sooner you are O-P-H for another world, the better it will be for you, and the community at large. We don't want grumblers here to create discord in the complete orchestra of the universe, or to mar the social harmony that exists among mankind. If you think there are no sunny spots for you between here and the latter end of a natural life, I advise you to take a short cut to eternity—and bequeath your old boots to me. So mote it be!

BEAUTY OF GENTLE WORDS AND LOVING HEARTS.

TEXT.—A young rose in the summer time
Is beautiful to me,

And glorious the many stars

That glimmer on the sea;

But gentle words and loving hearts,

And hands to clasp my own,

Are better far than the brightest flowers,

Or stars that ever shone!

MY HEARERS: a young rose, growing up—

on the edge of summer, and expanding each day more and more into the circle of one's admiration, is indeed a true emblem of beauty and loveliness. There is something about it more calculated to arrest the attention, and command the love, of a wanderer in a wilderness, than any other flower that ever bloomed in garden gay, or stroye to ornament a desert drear. What this something is, I can't say: but certain it is, let a perfect stranger to the children of Flora come across a young rose in his travels, among the weeds and wild flowers of the world, and he goes up to it, and kisses it, with all confidence in its modest attractions—and he finds no POISON there. So the boy approached the skunk—patted him, and called him his pretty pet posey, because he 'stunk so sweet;' but, by and by he began to stink SWEETER still—and finally his 'breath smelt so strong of onions,' he was obliged to leave him without ceremony, consoling himself with the idea that he was nothing more nor less than a victim of misplaced confidence. But not so with the rose, my dear friends. It never does—like the blossoms of the dogwood, hemlock and buttercup—allure to injure. You go up to it, instinctively as it were, and you take a smell—and, the more you smell, the more you are delighted. There is no treachery about it. It is true, it is guarded by thorns to prevent its being too

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roughly handled—and Nature always plants a safeguard somewhere or other upon the outskirts of Beauty, Virtue and Modesty. How strong the resemblance between it and a lovely young woman! Like her, it blooms to adorn and make pleasant the apparently dull places of earth. Like her, it sheds a sweetness upon the atmosphere around, and upon, the souls of all who come near enough to receive it—no matter whether I have reference to the moral or intellectual fragrance emitted by the young lady, or to that which she procures at the shop of the perfumer. Like her, it gently inclines its head, and blushes at the earnest and admiring gaze of beholders; and as to the stem being set with thorns, I have only to remark, that I never yet rashly and imprudently grabbed at a feminine without being pricked by more pins about the back of her frock than ought to be allowed by either civil or ecclesiastical law.

My hearers: the stars are glorious, that glisten in the aerial ocean above, and glimmer upon the dark blue ocean below. They are the perennial blossoms of the skies; and when the flowers of earth are all faded and gone—when the autumnal frosts or wintry snows make the landscape look sad and drear, we look up and find that the heavens still bloom to cheer us. The stars are lovely always—glorious; but, more glorious still are gentle words and loving hearts,

and hands to kindly grasp our own with a firmness that speaks of friendship, ready made and unailing, and not that sort of article which so many manufacture for an occasion. You know, my hearers, that, without friends, the world were but a wilderness, wild and dreary, and it is for you to promote your own happiness, by warming each others' hearts by Gentle Words and Deeds of Kindness—thereby causing the young buds of friendship to blossom with as much beauty and brightness as the new-blown posies of youthful love. Do away with all envy, jealousy, malice and party strife. Have no ungentle words about politics, religion, or law—love one another (the sex especially)—get married, and live as though you considered yourselves all members of one great family—and the devil will soon have to shut up shop and give up business for want of customers. So mote it be!

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EATING, DRINKING AND THINKING

TEXT.—If a man would be dry, let him drink, drink
drink,

If a man would be wise, let him think,
think, think,

If a man would be rich, he must work,
work, work,

If he would be fat, eat pork, pork, pork.

BUT, IF

A man with ease would study, he must eat,
eat, eat,

But little at dinner, of his meat, meat,
meat,

And a youth, to be distinguished in his
art, art, art,

Must keep the girls away from his heart,
heart, heart.

MY HEARERS: to keep continually dry, always wear an oilcloth dress, carry a good umbrella, and practise rum-drinking. The first two articles, however, are only essential in protecting the outside from superabundant moisture; but the latter keeps the inside as dry as a stove-pipe. I never knew a drinker but was eternally dry—dry in all kinds of weather. He goes to bed dry, gets up dry, and keeps himself dry through the day. It's not to be wondered at; for how can he be otherwise than dry, when he keeps the blue blazes of hell constantly burning in his bosom, by pouring double-distilled damnation down his throat? In fact, my bre-

thern, the drunkard is for ever dry. The more he drinks, the drier he grows; on his death-bed he calls for 'one more drink for the last,' and then goes out of the world as thirsty as though he had lived upon salt codfish all the days of his life. I shouldn't much wonder if he called for a brandy cocktail at the Bar of Judgment; and there is no doubt but he would prefer going to Tophet to abiding in Heaven, if they only sold rum there!

My friends: if you would be wise, you must think, think, think. It's a matter of doubt to me whether flighty fools or intelligent dogs do the most thinking. You, perhaps, think you think as much as the greatest philosophers; but the deuce of it is, what do you think about, and what does it amount to? The gems of wisdom lie deeply buried, and they can be obtained only by great mental toil. You must dig for them, like a dog for a woodchuck, or you don't get them. The beginning of wisdom, said my old friend Solomon, (and he knew a thing or two,) is the fear of the Lord—to which I will add: a defiance of the devil, the doctor and the sheriff.

My hearers: if you would be rich, you must work—work like new cider. Idleness cats big holes through one's coat, jacket and trousers, and never provides means to mend them. You must **WORK** your way to wealth, or you'll never get it. By bodily

and brainy exertion, remove every obstacle that Doubt and Fear have implanted in your paths—blast, if necessary, the rock of salvation—and you will acquire riches; but look out that you do not bring a plague upon your peace, and lose your own soul at last.

My dear friends: if you would be fat, eat pork and every other kind of adipose matter; and you will get as fat as a hog, and twice as stupid. I have nothing further to say upon this point.

But if, my hearers, you would study wit, ease, and have the mind as active as a squirrel in a cage, you must be careful not to weary the stomach with an overload of meat and vegetables. The brains and the belly—chum companions. They are so identified, that whatever affects the one is sure to move the other. Fancy won't stay about the premises while a cart-load of roast beef and plum-pudding is undergoing the process of digestion: and Imagination takes wing to get out of smelling distance of the disgusting mass. To think clearly, you must eat little and stir your stumps.

My young friends: if you would make much headway in the world, and arrive at any degree of proficiency in your undertakings, you must keep the girls away from your heart. They are troublesome insects, we all know; but you mustn't let them bother you when business demands your

undivided attention. Better marry them at once—commit matrimonial suicide—than allow them to plague you for a moment. So mote it be!

ON ATTRACTION.

TEXT.—Attraction is a curious power,
That none can understand;
Its influence is everywhere,
In water, air and land.
It operates on everything—
The sea, the tide, the weather;
It brings the sexes close, smack up,
And binds them fast together.

MY HEARERS: attraction is a mysterious principle in nature, whereby one particle or substance is drawn to, or directed towards another. It bears upon the immaterial as well as the material—upon mind as well as matter—and where or how it obtains its power is yet an unsolved problem in the science of prossleology. The magnetic needle naturally points to the north star, when not swayed by some more immediate influence; and so our thoughts—when unhitched from the heavy cars of care and business, or detached from the lighter vehicles of earthly pleasure—are naturally attracted to a higher world than this.

At night, especially, the imagination is called away, to gambel in the golden sunlight, and gather the unfading flowers of the

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spirit-land. When the shades of evening darken about us, our dormant fancies begin to rise, like white-winged moths from the meadows, and revel in the starry realms of ideality. They betake themselves upwards as naturally as chickens fly up to roost. Repulsed by the gloom and melancholy that settles upon all things below, and attracted by the cheerfulness of the prospect above, they quit the dull earth, and speed to those silvery isles of the blest, that gem the dark blue ocean of heaven—there to transplant a few of the mundane roses of hope, that shall bloom with immortal freshness and beauty, when the young flowers of the heart have all faded, and the blossoms of joy are fast dropping from the garland of life. This is all the consequence of attraction, my friends. When Aurora hoists the flood-gate of the morn, and inundates half the world with a deluge of glory, attraction confines our thoughts to the earth; for then terrestrial objects wear such a serene and lovely look, and our spirits are so lively and buoyant that we feel as if we should like to stay here for ever, and dance an annual jig with old father Time, in commemoration of his happy marriage with Eternity.

My friends: you can see the effects of attraction everywhere. Children, like vegetables, are attracted upwards in growth by the sun, rain, and atmosphere, till they arrive at maturity; then the earth exerts a

counter attraction, and they gradually bow down to the dust, till finally they sink into it, and disappear for ever. The drunkard, while reeling homeward from the grogery, is attracted by both sides of the street, which accounts for his diagonal movements; and the hope of a comfortable snooze in his own domicil ahead attracts him onward. One particular side of that fashionable thoroughfare to ruin, called Broadway, possesses positive attraction, as any one may see; and that house, in which dwells an adorable and adored young damsel, contains attraction enough to draw a beau of two hundred pounds weight, half a mile out of the direct way from his boarding-house to the counting-room. There is a mysterious, mutual attraction between the sexes that my philosophy can't unravel. They seem bound to approximate by a law of nature; and human law is no more of a barrier in their way, than a brush fence is to a mad bull in fly-time, or a mud-puddle to the progress of gospel truth. You might place, my friends, a lot of girls in one part of the labyrinths of Egypt, and a parcel of fellows in another, with the most mazy and difficult windings between—blindfold and mouth-gag them all and leave them to themselves—and, my word for it, you would find them all in a heap in less than twenty minutes! Such is the marvellous power of attraction. It oper-

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ates, as my text says, upon everything—the sea, the tides, the weather; but more palpable are its workings upon the he's and she's of humanity. They will get together, as naturally as seeds of allspice floating in a barrel of hot rum. His influence upon a couple of lovers is at first gradual and almost imperceptible; but watch them, and you will find that they keep nearing each other by hitcher, with increased warmth and velocity, till at length, they are brought 'smack up' at the altar of Hymen, and fastened together for life—close rivetted, double-pegged and back-stitched—so firmly adhered to one another, that no mortal hath power to rip them asunder. Then, as they twain are one flesh, the husband has a perfect right to flog his wife as an atonement for his own sins, and she the privilege of pulling his hair for whatever errors she may commit. Surely, the married are favored with liberties and comforts which the unwedded never can enjoy!

Now, my dear friends, I want you to let those things influence you the most that are the most attractive in themselves; those are virtue, love, benevolence, morality, justice and truth. Let these be your objects of admiration through life, and you will lap up large quantities of consolation from the broad platters of peace, amid the trials and tribulation of a vexing world. So mote it be!

ILLS IN MAN'S ESTATE.

TEXT.—Though trouble springs not from the dust,
Nor sorrow from the ground,
Yet ills on ills, by heaven's decree,
In man's estate are found.
As sparks in close succession rise,
So man, the child of wo,
Is doomed to endless care and toils,
Through all his life below.

MY HEARERS: trouble, generally speaking, does not spring from the dust: and yet I have known that element to produce it in large quantities. I drive on the third avenue of a dry afternoon, with a slow horse and a FAST woman, which will attest the fact—for, to be covered with dust and indignity produces feelings that causes the ants of trouble to crawl about the heart in a most industrious manner. Carry superfluous dust upon your shoes into a parlor causes trouble to the lady of the house—and kicking up a dust at a political caucus creates trouble enough to dim the fair prospect of an election. Mosquitoes, fleas and bedbugs are troubles that try both the flesh and the spirit, which, if they don't spring from the dust, are generated by mud and filth, its first cousins. So you perceive, my friends, that troubles, and despite the text, do sometimes originate from dust; and, since it is our lot to be disturbed by them, we must endeavour to bear them

with as good a face as possible—ay, as a philosopher while submitting to a tooth-pulling operation.

My hearers: Sorrow also arises from the ground: the tares in our wheat fields cause sorrow to many—the miasmas bred by swamps are sources of sickness and sorrow to more—and the sorrows that came from the ground upon Egypt of old were a sore trial for thousands. But, my dear hearers, these are nothing to the ills sprinkled upon us from the hand of heaven. These fall so thickly around us, that to attempt to escape them were like dodging between the rain-drops of a summer shower. When I think of the multiplied, multifarious and multitudinous ills that lie in wait for us all, I can't help wondering how so many as there do contrive to reach the summit of life's hill, comparatively unscratched. Head-aches, corn-aches, tooth-aches, bel-stomach-aches, sores, wounds, bruises, gout, rheumatism, cramps, spasms, convulsions, wens, corns, cancers, consumptions, a choice variety of fevers, and hosts of other bodily complaints, render the road of existence a rough one at the best. Then inwardly we have care, that pricks the bosom with its porcupine quills—grief, that soaks and dissolves India rubber—sorrow, that flings deep and gloomy shadows along the once bright vista of memory—disappointment, that embitters the sweet cup

of anticipation—doubt, that keeps the mind in a fog, and plucks many a feather from the wings of Hope—and despair, that wraps the soul in midnight darkness, thick enough to work at with a pick axe and spade.

Such, my friends, are a few of the ills that abound in man's estate. They spring up around him as sparks in close succession rise; and no sooner is one extinguished than another makes itself distinguished. [I was attacked and almost assassinated, last night, by a ferocious bedbug; but, as he was without accessories, I eventually managed to dispatch him.] But, as I have said before, and to speak superlatively, the best way for us to do is to face them courageously—put up with their petty annoyances, and defend ourselves as well as we can from their fatal stabs. However, since we are born of woman, we must expect that our days will be few and full of trouble: for, by woman's sin came death into the world, with all its preliminary arrangements, and by her transgression, the primitive poison still circulates in the veins of her posterity. Since then, the fountain of humanity was rendered corrupt by the power of the devil and the weakness of woman, we must expect that the whole waters of our lives will be more or less muddy. Physical ills, as well as mental diseases, will attack us in dreadful array, down to the genera-

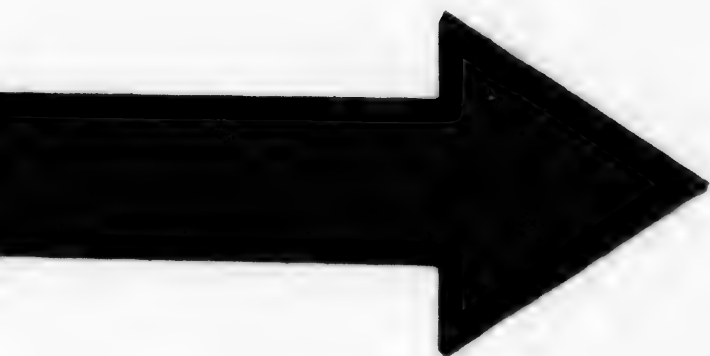
tion that shall bare its bosom to the general Judgment. Moral infirmities will continue to increase with the growth of wealth, fashion and REFINEMENT: these will beget bodily ailments; and careful ills will produce an unhealthy action of the mental and intellectual organs. Such a direfully downward progress must certainly, if continued, eventuate in the destruction of all that inhabit the earth. As for me, myself, I give up all for lost; but the saving power of Providence, and what little is left of moral saltpetre, may yet wonderfully effect a salvation—which is ardently to be hoped for, but very little expected. So mote it be!

TAKE MY ADVICE.

TEXT.—I would not have you follow me
Through mud, or on the ice;
But you, with perfect safety, friends,
Can follow my advice.

MY HEARERS: if you were always to tread directly in my footsteps, or in those of the most pious pilgrims upon earth, you would put your feet in more muddy spots, and get more dirt upon your soles, than you may at present imagine; and occasionally, too, find yourselves upon places slippery enough to upset a cat, or turn a tortoise upon his back. You have no business, brethren, to





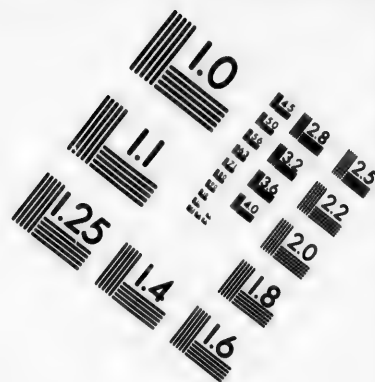
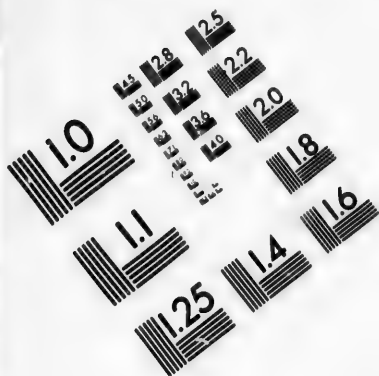
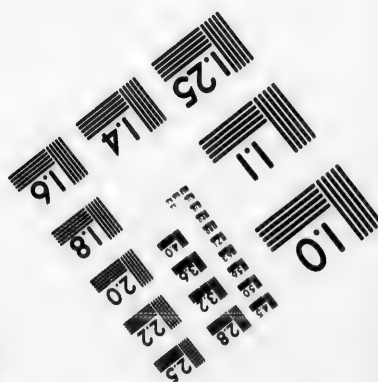
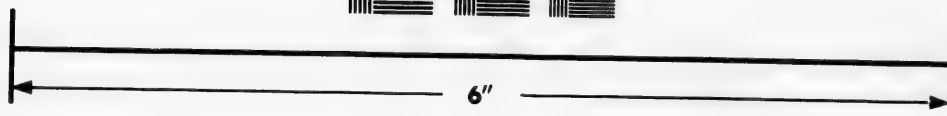
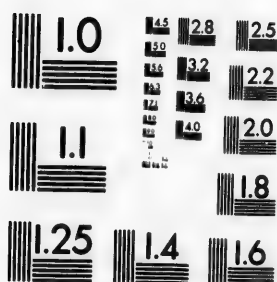


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trouble yourselves, after I have dismissed you for the Sunday, as to where I go—what I have for dinner, and whether I say grace or something else over it—how I spend the evening, and at what hour I commence courting the goddess Sleep. This is all my concern—not yours; and you have no more right to meddle with the matter than I have to inquire why certain angels had not more respect for themselves than to be seen in such a wicked city as Sodom. I lay down to you the moral law, with all the noise and earnestness of an auctioneer (as you may see by my figure-head), and give you friendly counsel, spiced with good humor, if not sugared with sincerity. Receive or reject—either way, I care no more about it than a rose or a skunk of the perfume it sheds for all.

But listen, my friends, to what I am about to say. Keep out of debt, by prudence and economy; keep out of law, by acting honestly towards one another; keep out of poverty, by sobriety and industry; get out of love as soon as possible, by marrying; and get out of the devil's reach, by getting behind my back.—He's afraid of me since I last gave him Zachy over upon Wind-whistle Island. It was a pretty tough scratch, though; for you would hardly have known, at one time, which to bet upon—the devil or Dow, Jr.

When you go a-fishing, brethren, in the

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waters of love, in the hopes of catching something to 'help make a meal,' prepare yourselves before you start in as take-in a manner as possible. Throw out a pleasing bait of deception, and you are bound to get a bite; and perhaps get bitten—in the end. Beware of ale-wives; they are not so good as they look to be—neither is a 'stir-gin'—but get something that you think you could enjoy for ever. Then, when you have entered upon the matrimonial state, your success in the piscatory way will be certain; for, whenever you go out for a shiner, just inform the fond partner of your bosom of the fact, and you are sure to—catch it. That's all about fishing.

When you pray, don't 'holler' as if heaven were hard of hearing—it sounds too much like hollow pretension; and besides, it is enough to make Providence turn a deaf ear to every earthly orison. Don't pray with too much spirit, for too much spirit is worse than too little; but if the spirit that is within you (excuse me) moveth you to pray, pray humbly (for the Excise Law) and you will be heard much sooner than by making a great bluster about it. Gently, brethren, gently in all things!

Take good care of that jewel of the soul, Reputation. When once dropped into the sea of disgrace, it is lost for ever; and you might as well whistle as to whine about it. I don't know but you who have no repu-

tations to lose are the best off; for then slander has nothing to feed upon, and you can do pretty much as you like, unscandalized, un-church-mauled, and even unnoticed—excepting, of course, violating the laws of the land and common decency.

Husbands, love your wives: wives, be affectionate to your husbands: boys, love the girls; girls, don't be afraid of the boys: old bachelors, try to get married: old maids, be ye comforted: widows, let me comfort ye.

There are two ways to skin a cat, and two ways to win a heart; two ways to put on a shirt, and two ways to make a shift; two ways to tell a story, and two ways to bestow charity; half a dozen ways to destruction, but only one way to heaven—and that way is as much lower than Theatre Alley as a sheep-pen is narrower than the Third Avenue. I fear some of you, brethren, stand as slim a chance of finding it as a poodle-dog would a fox-track.

It is said that there is 'a good time coming,' but it has sat down to rest on the road. I am afraid it will get completely fagged out before it reaches us. There has always been 'a good time coming' since Eden was an apple-orchard; and it will continue to be coming till it gets here. When that will be, Gracious Goodness and Horace Greeley only know.

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to believe things that you can't under-stand; for there are many facts shrouded in mystery. You know there is magnetism between matter and matter, but you don't know the principle of it! so there may be magnetism between mind and mind—between heaven and earth—between God and man. You can't tell why a he and a she mutually attract each other, like a couple of magnets—why the birds mate—why the flowers are created male and female—and why a mother thinks more of her own ugly brat than of the most beautiful bantling ever born by another. These are mysterious facts; but what is a greater mystery still is, that Eternity doesn't overflow with the everlasting influx of human souls. I am inclined to think that it leaks somewhere.

My hearers: manage to get on smoothly through time, and you will do well enough in eternity. So mote it be!

NOTICE.—I am requested to state that, besides the grand sacred concert at Castle Garden, this evening, there will be one also at Pinteux's, in Broadway. Best of liquors at sixpence a glass—but little smoking allowed.

Due notice will be given of the next dog fight in the Bowery.

THE EFFECTS OF PROSPERITY.

TEXT.—The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice; and you tall arching
bark
Diminished to her cock; her cock a buoy
Almost too small for sight.

MY HEARERS: as you get up in the world, how everything below appears to diminish in size and significance! Men that were before much taller in talent and stature, and higher in station than yourselves, suddenly dwindle to pigmies, to whom Tom Thumb were a monstrous giant, and upon whom you look down as so many contemptible mice, capering about without any specific aim or end. Mighty Colossuses you are, bestriding a narrow world, while we petty men walk under and between your large legs! But your greatness is more than halfimaginary—your exalted position an ideal one. Because we look small to you, you take it for granted that you look large to us; nay, that you actually are whales among minnows—eagles among ground-sparrows—that your elevated situation MUST command respect, if not reverence, from such common trash as we, whose praise, and favour you reckon as heaps of gold, but whose society you shun as so much poudrette.

My friends; it is remarkable what a

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boast the sudden possession of a few dollars can give to a chap. He immediately fancies himself raised to about six thousand feet above mankind in general; and not only do fishermen, that walk upon the beach, appear like mice to him, but also statesmen, lawyers and politicians, that are scrambling up the hill-side of notoriety. There he sits, wrapped in a warm robe of pride, lined with the silk velvet of vanity, and casting frosty frowns upon hard-fisted Honesty. Yet, notwithstanding, he feels that, at every step he takes his high hand knocks out a star in heaven, he finally comes to the conclusion that he has been treading but air, after all; and that he must find his level at last with the paltriest specimens of humanity. Dollars can't save him from Death. But he may suddenly lose his dollars when in the very zenith of his golden glory. Then down he drops, like the stick of a rocket, in darkness and unnoticed. Oh! he piteously exclaims then, as did one of old, Why was I raised the master of the world, hung in the skies, and blazing as I travelled, till all my fires were spent; and then cast downward, to be trod out by jackasses? Yes, my friends, why was he so raised by the almighty dollar half-way to heaven, to pitch headlong to earth, and lie there all splattered, like a pan of spilt pumpkin-sauce?—that is the question. Why, it was in order that he

might, in his pride, ejaculate: The world knows only two—that's Rome and I—and to convince him that it was possible for 'Rome and I' to fall together.

My hearers: because a little unexpected prosperity has enabled you to perform a grasshopper jump, do you imagine that you have soared half a mile above others, who have attained a higher eminence, without any such galvanic upstartings? No doubt of it, but you are sadly deceived. So a hen, that could reach the top of a church-spire from a ground-squat, might fancy herself a conspicuous somebody in the eye of the world; but the noble eagle, whose heavenly soarings are not the result of any adventitious circumstance, majestically sails aloft, without condescending to consider whether said hen were really an exalted somebody, or merely a miserable, self-inflated nobody. Oh! it breeds vermin in my heart, and my bosom seems to swarm with pismires, to think what ninnies you sometimes make of yourselves! You get a little money, and then go striding and stamping about with your high-heeled boots, as though kings and emperors were but clod-worms beneath your feet! You mount the political rostrum, blow off a quantity of pretended patriotic gas, and you are almost as big a man as Mr. President of the Union! You scribble a few newspaper paragraphs, and you are Sir

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Oracle of the world!—or you may write a play 'most tolerable, and not to be endured' for more than two nights, and you look back upon Shakspeare as an individual of some little talent, and a small speck of genius? O, you bladders of pride and vanity!—why don't you wear your honors—when you get them—with as much grace and humility as I do? I have, as you all know, the reputation of being the most extraordinary preacher in the world; but the world can't make me believe it. I eat my crust and drink my beer with the same careless unconcern as when I dug potatoes between Barre and Belcher-town. Were I to be raised to the highest pinnacle of popularity, I should see no pigmies below me—nothing but men and women; and the majority of them more deserving of honor and the public's sunny favors than my humble self. In short, as I ascend towards the heaven of notoriety, I can't help thinking—as thought Wolsey of yore—and so you all should think as you go up—that 'I shall fall, like a bright exhalation in the evening, and no man see me more.' So mote it be!

THE MILD DAY OF AUTUMN.

TEXT.—And now when comes the calm mild day,
 As still such days will come,
 To call the squirrel and the bee
 From out their wintry home,—
 When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,
 Though all the trees are still,
 And twinkle in the smoky light
 The waters of the rill—
 The south wind searches for the flowers
 Whose fragrance late he bore,
 And sighs to find them in the wood,
 And by the stream no more.

MY HEARERS: once more the mild, mel-
 low, golden, crimsony, bluey, purpley,
 brassy light of Autumn is shedding upon
 us. It seems as though all the bright
 glories of summer had been simmered to a
 syrup, and set before us upon one broad,
 expansive platter. The roses, daffodils,
 pinks, cowslips, violets, blue-bells, and but-
 tercups have departed as the butterfly
 beauties of a dream; but the essence of all
 their loveliness is seen glowing upon the
 sunset cloud, and in the dolphin-like dy-
 ing foliage of the forest. So, after death,
 will your virtues shine in heaven, and your
 good deeds hold a place in the memory of
 future generations, provided they are not
 too much amalgamated with the vicious
 accumulations of a filthy and avaricious
 world.

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My friends: these calm October and November days are beautiful—solemnly beautiful. They are as mild as the terminus of a christian's earthly career, and eloquent with silent language as the eyes of young Love in a deaf and dumb asylum. There is a sacred stillness in the blue-domed temple of Nature that reaches the heart, and serves as an oil of peace to its turbulent waters. The summer birds have ceased their merry songs—the zephyrs steal gently through the fading groves, and softly whisper of that decay to which all things fair are doomed—the angel of tranquillity watches at the death-bed of the frail children of Flora—a withered leaf lightly flickers down as a pall upon the bier of each fallen blossom, and a lone cricket chirps a dirge for the lovely, the loved and the lost. Though pensively, yet all is delightfully peaceful and quiet, in this sweet sabbath of the year. The waters of each distant river and rill twinkle, with a silvery sheen, in the smoky light that gauzes the vale, and yonder hills wear a placid smile as if mightily pleased with their new-donned bonnets of blue. There is very little music heard now in the forests, fields, meads and orchards. The blue-bird, bobolink, thrush, robin and martin have ceased to tune their merry pipes, and now pause to consider upon the thought-breeding change that has so stealthily slid upon them. They don't

know what to make of it; so they are mum—but meanwhile they are making up their minds to mosey. The squirrel cocks up his bushy tail and scolds as he scampers over the green lichens that yet weave a carpet for his tiny feet—the grasshopper kicks over a dried leaf, in his last convulsive jump, and imagines that he has upset an empire—the poor belated butterfly flits about, like a restless spirit, in search of those summer enjoyments that yesterday were, but to-day are no more—a disconsolate-looking caterpillar lets himself down to the sod, with a gossamer cord, and, with a twist and a wriggle, bids good-bye for ever to the pleasures of the pear-tree—the last harsh murmurs of the Katydid grate horribly upon ‘the dull ear of night’—the nocturnal concerts of Mons. Froggie are over for the season—an old bachelor of a woodpecker runs up a bill for his grub, and says nothing to nobody—emblematical bats dart about in the dusky twilight—solemn owls give their monotonous hoo-hoes at the midnight hour, as if in ridiculing mockery of the fleeting meteors that preach volumes of the evanescence and transitory nature of all that is bright and beautiful. And the South-wind comes, as my text intimates, upon a fruitless search for the flowers, whose fair cheeks he was wont to kiss: he wanders over every field, roams through every garden, looks by the margin

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of each stream, and sighs to find them con-
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flourish among the hair and on the hats of
our fashionable belles; but the living fresh-
ness and delightful fragrance are wanting
—and, consequently, he cares no more
about them than a honey-bee for the arti-
ficial roses that bloom upon the pallid
cheek of vice.

My hearers: amid all this autumnal
stillness, you can scarcely help reflecting
upon what you are, and to what you must
shortly come. You must feel that the dark,
cold winter of life will soon be here—that
hoar frosts are about to fall upon the full-
blown flowers of the heart—and that the
tree of manhood will quickly cast its green
foliage to the ground; but, ere that foliage
shall fail, I trust it will assume a golden
hue, that shall grow brighter at last, in the
warm, mellow light of heavenly hope and
faith. So mote it be!

PHILOSOPHICAL QUESTIONS.

TEXT.—Why doth the violet spring
Unseen by human eye?
Why do the radiant seasons bring
Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?
Why do our fond hearts cling
To things that die?

MY HEARERS: as to the first question, Why

doth the violet spring unseen by human eye?, I can only answer, in vulgar phraseology, 'It's a way it's got'—or, more properly speaking, it is owing to the mysterious ways of Nature, which neither you nor I can any easier unriddle than an arithmetician can untangle a spider's web according to the rules of algebra. There is many a flower, as my friend Grey says, that is born to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desert air, like sweet Ellen Thompson who lives in the vale. If you travel all over this curiously-contrived globe of ours, you will find that, upon the most barren heath, in the gloomiest of solitudes, and in the untracked wilderness, every here and there a little flower is lifting its lonely head, and pouring out, as it were, its perfumed soul in praises to the God that made it. And so it is with those lovely flowers that adorn the great circle of humanity—the damsels. You will find some of the most beautiful of this special floral family budding, blooming, fading, and going to seed, by the country road-side, untouched, unplucked, and unsmelt of: whereas, were they planted and reared in the hotbeds and greenhouses of a city like Gotham, they would not only be admired by thousands, but soon gathered by the hand of Hymen, and their stems inserted in the vase of matrimony. It matters not whether a young damsel have wealth or

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internal attractions; so long as she has beauty, and flourishes among men, hundreds will do her homage, and bend the knee in worship of her charms. Man, my brethren, is a perfect Daguerreotype apparatus. His optics are the lenses, and his heart is the plate upon which the portrait is represented; and when, in the light of love, the picture of a pretty girl is received thereon, he can no more obliterate the enchanting image than a shadow can be scoured from a wall with soap-suds, sand and a corn-cob.

My dear friends: 'The dark unfathomed caves of ocean' contain many a brilliant gem that is for ever lost to the world. So it is with the gems of genius. Many and many of them lie buried in the vale of obscurity, which no one digs for, and not having the power to assist themselves, they remain valueless in the bowels of the earth. Most of you have a genius for something; but, in consequence of obstreperous fortune, you are kept under, and stand no more chance of exhibiting your brilliancy than the sun that happens to rise upon a rainy day. By proper encouragement, even a boot black is bound to shine in his profession; and I do say that a painter of wheelbarrows may become, with a little public fostering, a painter of portraits, and rank himself among the first artists of the day, as thought the monkey when he dipped his tail in a paint-pot.

My dear friends: the second division of my discourse inquires, 'Why do the radiant seasons bring sweet thoughts that quickly fly?' We are at a loss to conjecture exactly how all this is; and yet we do know that we welcome every approaching season with joy and gladness. In spring, we are delighted with the returning tokens of life and animation. The early notes of the sweet warblers of the groves inspire our souls, and seem to awaken us to a new and youthful existence. The summer comes to us covered with bloom and beauty—autumn infuses a calmness into our bosoms, that quickly gathers upon the surface, like cream upon a placid pan of milk—and winter, with all its icy coldness, is as warmly received as a whiskey toddy with the thermometer down to zero.

My hearers: the text which I have chosen ends with this interrogation, 'Why do our fond hearts cling to things that die?' Is it because there is nothing beautiful and lovely upon earth but is subject to decay; and the affection of the heart, like tendrils, must lean to some particular object, inasmuch as they were never intended to flourish alone. The ivy often is found to cling to old and sapless trunks—pea-vines seem to hug with a peculiar fondness whatever objects are within their reach—lovers are just as liable to lean upon broken staves as

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tience, faith and fortitude—and you all, my
friends, are more naturally inclined to place
your affections upon the perishing things
of earth, than to even form a liking for
that which has power to secure the soul's
eternal salvation. Heaven being a foreign
country, some of its products are well
worth paying the duty upon them; and if
you think you can get along without them,
you will find in the end that you have
gained nothing more nor less than a re-
markably heavy loss. As far, however, as
I am personally concerned, my dearly-be-
loved brethren, you may all go to the devil:
but, for your own sakes, act honestly, wise-
ly, righteously and considerately, that you
may be well prepared for that awful and
uncertain hereafter that awaits us all. So
mote it be!

MAN NOT MADE TO MOURN.

TEXT.—There is a voice which haunts me still,
Where'er on earth I be—
In lonely vale, on lofty hill,
And on the distant sea:
I hear it in the silent night,
And at the break of morn;
And aye it crieth—dark or light—
Man was not made to mourn!

MY HEARERS: what do you suppose this
still, small voice, is, that haunts me where-

ever I go—excepting it be through some of the mudholes of misery of Gotham? Why it is Nature whispering with a calm smile upon her phiz, that man was not made to mourn, notwithstanding the Bard of Ploughshare's sentiments on the all-important subject. No, brethren, man was made to laugh, love, enjoy himself, and dig potatoes, to the glory of the Creator. Yet how many lazy, mildewed mortals there are, who sit down in the shade of melancholy to mourn over misfortunes of their own breeding! There they sit; and sit, and sit; looking at all that is bright and lovely with a yellow, jaundiced vision—nursing despair, and determined on being for ever miserable; and as for enticing them into habits of industry, with a promise of a happy compensation, you might as soon think of getting a barrel of old cider to work by placing a dollar at the bung-hole. Mourn they must—mourn they will; and this, too, in a country like ours!—where there is so much elbow-room for ambition—where all a man has to do is to take courage and a shovel, and dig his way to honor and wealth—and where, by the aid of faith and a few Irishmen, such almighty big mountains can be moved! Oh! it is a sin and a shame that man should mourn, where there is nothing under the curtain of heaven to prevent his laughing, singing, dancing and being as merry as a cricket in the chimney-corner!

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My dear friends: all nature proclaims that nothing was made to mourn. The bright-faced sun—the calm, silvery moon, and the glittering stars—all sing together of this grand truth in one unceasing song, and echoing earth answers to their sweet strains. If the world were intended for a house of mourning, every flower would be painted black—every bird would be a crow or a black-bird—everybody would be born a negro—the ocean would be a vast ink-pot—a black veil be drawn over the face of the heaven—and an everlasting string of crape hung around the borders of creation. When I look abroad and see how bright and cheerful is the general aspect of things—how Earth exults in her joyous spring-time—how glorious in the pride of her summerhood—and how calmly, smilingly beautiful in her autumnal decay—I am bound to the conclusion that nothing upon God's green-cushioned footstool was ever intended to mourn. It is natural for us sometimes to indulge in dull, mush-and-milky meditation, and to encourage cold and blood-curdling fancies, or listen fearfully to the tread of some harbinger of evil, whose footsteps fall with a rustling sound among our sere flowers of hope, like those of the angel of Death among the frost-faded leaves of November; but I do assert, from the nether extremity of my heart, that man was no more made to go prowling

and mourning through the world, than a canary bird was created to sing at a Methodist meeting.

My dear friends: it is 'man's inhumanity to man,' and man's inhumanity to himself, that cause so much mourning. The dreadful carnage of war causes thousands to mourn the loss of sires, sons, relatives and friends, who immolate themselves upon their country's altar, but whose valiant lives are worth more than all the wealth in the mines of Mexico. Millions groan under the iron hand of oppression; and as many more under the incubus of laziness, who moan and sigh to think that dollars don't roll at their feet, and that the sun of prosperity won't shine in their dark den of sluggishness. Let war be avoided as far as possible—palsied be the oppressor's arm—and flea-besieged be he, I say, who is too lazy to move when he finds a nest of young mice in his hair, and spiders weaving their webs over his shirt-bosom. I tell you again, my brethren, you were never made to stand still and moan, like a mountain pine in the hollow midnight wind. You were intended to push ahead and keep stirring, like a busy barkeeper: to be jolly, gay, lively—always in as good spirits as a fly in a bottle of old Jamaica: to laugh at care, snap your fingers at sorrow: and to whistle when beset by the myriads of petty ills that so constantly are seeking to annoy mankind. So mote it be!

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A ROUGH WORLD: A SAD LIFE.

TEXT.—The world is rough and dreary,
And life is sad and weary.

MY HEARERS: there is no use in talking about getting along smoothly all the way through this world; for such a thing is impossible for man, monkey, or mouse. The places that seem the smoothest are the slipperiest: and when you think you are sliding along so very pretty and safe, you may be brought to a horizontal in the twinkling of a bed-post. Whoso standeth, let him take heed lest he fall, and whoso rideth, let him look out (in these revolutionary times) lest he be thrown. That the natural world is rough, we all know. It hath its mountains, hills, swamps and marshes, and man can't smooth them, let him do his best, or his nastiest; and as for the social world, it is as rough as the back of a hedgehog, unless you can make it smooth by hypocritical polishing, gilding, or silver-washing. But all this won't wear—the base metal will show itself almost too prematurely for self-satisfaction. The world we live in is a rough one, anyhow. By its revolutions we are jolted and jostled about, like passengers over a corduroy road in Ohio. Every turn upon its axis knocks men, matters and things out of their proper places: and I have known

even KINGS to be tumbled from their thrones, as if by some sudden jerk of Nature.

My friends: this world is not only a rough, but a dreary one. It is a vast wilderness, in which we mortals are doomed to wander in doubt, trouble, care and uncertainty. It is true that busy Fancy brings us many a banquet of beautiful flowers, and that Imagination sometimes converts a goose-pasture into a perfect paradise; but, alas! how untimely seems to fall the frosts of stern Reality! In a moment, every ideal blossom is withered—the most promising buds of hope are blighted, and the world is a wild and dreary waste again. Thank God, however, that, although we are surrounded by gloomy woods and forbidden forests, we can always look up and catch glimpses of heaven. Yes, brethren, there is a light kept burning above, to cheer our pathway to the tomb—to assist us over the rough and slippery places of earth, and to enable us to see our way clear to the ferry between Time and Eternity. When a mortal first sets out upon the journey of existence, he says to himself that the world must afford him a glorious treat; but, when tired, care-worn and weary, he lays himself down for a comfortable nap in the grave, he gapes, stretches, sighs and feebly exclaims: 'It is a glorious humbug, after all!' Verily, friends, this orb of ours

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is a dark, rough and dreary one; and, if you won't harbor the hope of a better, you may go to Beelzebub in despair—and I will give you a posterior shove to facilitate your progress.

My dear friends: that life is sad and weary, may be accounted for by reasons too numerous to enumerate. If you don't have any work to do, you get dull, lazy, peevish, cross and miserable: if you have merely enough to occupy your time, you think it a terrible drudge—that you are burdened with more than any other jackass can bear; and, if you happen to find yourselves in easy circumstances, you imagine it *HARD* work to look after them. 'Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn,' truly remarked my friend, the Bard of Ploughshare; and yet man's inhumanity to himself is the cause of a vast deal more mischief. As brother Beadle says he won't do nothing, if he can't help it, but bellow for assistance; and let fortune favor him with millions, still he is as mercenary and miserable as ever. He may live poor, but die rich; and this reminds me of a passage in scripture, which says, that it is easier for an elephant to crawl into a woodchuck's hole than a rich man to smuggle any of his earthly effects into heaven. Life, though, to all is more or less wearisome. Time flaps its leaden wings, like a sea-gull over discontented

waters—days crawl away with a snail-like pace notwithstanding years roll round in rapid succession. Yet there are other matters that make life weary. The thread of love contains many an ugly knot—and, as for professed friendship, the less said about it the better. You must all try to make the world as smooth as possible, and render life as easy as circumstances will permit. So mote it be!

‘SICH IS LIFE.’

TEXT—Up hill, down hill,
 Trouble and strife :
 Slide along, dig along,
 ‘SICH is life.’

MY HEARERS: savages go through life easily enough, without any hard grunting, sweating, or swearing. They are just about so, at all times—contented, sure to have a living, and, consequently, happy; but we, civilized sons of sin, care and sorrow, have to fight against our fellow kind for a fopence to get us food. We have to twist and turn—make our way among the crowd—stick our elbows into the ribs of others—and, perhaps, knock down a dozen or two to get decently through the world. **SICH IS LIFE!** Brutes have a living prepared for them—the table of Nature is bountifully spread before them, and all they have

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to do is to eat, drink, sleep, and be satisfied; but man, having brains to contrive, and hands to execute, has to make a living, and not be satisfied at that. He is never satisfied, nor woman either. Give me so much, says he, and I will ask no more; but, when he gets it, his avaricious appetite is as insatiate as ever. You can no more supply to satisfaction the mammoth capaciousness of human desire than you can fill the bottomless pit by the dropping in of pebble-stones. The future doesn't always deceive us; but the deuce of it is, we are too apt to find fault with the fulfilment of what our most ardent hopes had promised. 'Taint good enough, after all! say we, with a snuff and a snivel; give us something better. And so, at last, we go whining to our graves, exclaiming *Vanity! vanity!*—all is deception! double-distilled deception! Man's existence is a beautiful humbug! '*Sich is life!*'

My friends: it is up hill and down hill with us in this RE-probationary sphere. Every one of us seems to be kicked about as if we were each a foot-ball for the fates. Through a hypocritical courtesy, we don't exactly put the blame upon Providence, but lay it to our own ill-luck, and be d—d to it. '*Sich is life!*' And yet when, upon the ebb tide of prosperity, man finds his rick bark cast back into dangerously-troublesome waters, he foolishly imagines

that all the winds of heaven have conspired against him; and, rather than resort to the paddle of perseverance, he gives up for lost, and says, There's no use in trying, for 'sich is life!' On the other hand, an unfortunate philosopher, in tattered vest and forlorn financial condition, doesn't altogether give way to despair, and patiently contents himself with the idea that 'sich is life;' and that, in the process of mundane mutations, there is 'a good time coming,' which, some day or other, it will be his good fortune to experience.

My worthy friends: how many there are who, having to dig through the world, and finding it hard digging at the best, will not philosophically consider that, 'sich is life;' but they must rail at everybody and everything. They distractedly imagine that all of mankind are set against them; and their only prayer is, that they may have an opportunity of sending word to the devil, and all the royal family of hell, to receive the scoundrels with the respect due to their rascally deserts; These fellows had better go there themselves—and in sufficient season to introduce the rest of the company.

My hearers: there are certain truisms, which need no ghost from the grave to tell us about, and establish. He that hath no money hath few friends, and the fur upon the friendship of these few is hardly worth

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gathering. The moneyless must expect to be pushed about, rode over and trodden upon—for 'sich is life!' The dandified puppy, with features of brass, brains of frog-jelly, and a heart made of putty and beeswax—submits to the scoffs and jeers of boys; is barked at by dogs; 'be dem'd' if he knows how it is; but—'sich is life!' He that tells the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, nowadays, is pelted with the brickbats of persecution by moralists, religionists, politicians, and the people at large, for 'sich is life!' ECCE SIGNUM, LIGNUM VITÆ!

My hearers: imagine, as did my friend Shakespere, a locomotive shadow; a poor player, that frets his brief hour upon a stage, and then is heard no more—and consider that 'sich is life;' a tale told by an idiot, [Shakespere] full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. But learn to live well; keep the stomach well supplied with roast beef, the heart with true religion, and the head from all foolish fancies—and verily you shall be rewarded in a life to come, which, at the worst, can't help but be better than the miserable sublunary existence allotted to us here below. So mote it be!

ON FEAR.

TEXT—Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should
fear.

MY HEARERS: I suppose it is all very well that a few kernels of fear are implanted in our natures, to warn us of danger, and guide us from harm; but to manure and nourish them till they grow up and become monstrous trees of terror, is the quintessence of foolishness. The dumb creation are supplied with just enough timidity necessary for self-preservation. At the least sight or sound of danger, they prick up their ears, alter the position of their tails, and are off. Then they think no more about it: they continue to gather their grub in peace and quietness—as cool and unconcerned about the past or future as a cucumber that flourishes upon its green vine to-day, and is cut up into thin slices to-morrow. But we, more intellectual beings—men of mind—men of sense and cents—men of dollars and dollorous men—men of capital and capital men—yes, WE, with all our vaunted courage, are poor, miserable victims of CONTINUAL fear. We are not so much afraid of any immediate damage—not so easily scared at any suspicious-looking object within the pale of the present. No, what frightens us the

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most are those bugaboos that stare upon us with their wild goggle-eyes from out the dark holes of the future. Those make us pause, tremble, wriggle and squirm, as though all our to-morrows were overrun with devouring ogres. Oh, how monstrously weak are we male mortals, with all our beard and muscle!—how cowardly with all our courage!—how foolish with all our wisdom! Woman, as says my friend Shakespere, is naturally born to fear: so is poultry generally. But woman—though she flutter, fuss and faint at a sudden surprise—has, after all, more true fortitude, real grit, genuine spunk and bona fide courage in her composition than Nature ever thought of mixing in the material of man. Did any one of my congregation ever pick up a furzy chicken lagging at the heels of its maternal ancestor? If so, he has suddenly found himself favored with a considerable quantity of old hen about his face and eyes. So it is with woman at certain times, and under certain circumstances. If you maliciously meddle with whatever she loves, you must have a tug and a tussle with her; and wo be unto you! For the accomplishment of any desirable purpose, she will scale a pig-pen, and wade through a goose-pond without even lifting her petticoat; and, when her indignation is once fairly up, she won't turn her back upon the devil himself. I know what woman

is—my lamented aunt Thuey was a pure specimen of the wood, with a bit of the bark off—just enough to show the grain.

My hearers: why do you fear? and what do you fear? You fear, because you are mortal, and must die some day or other. If you had been so manufactured as to endure to all eternity, or even half of it, evil apprehensions would never have found lodgings in the chamber of your hearts. Some of you are so fearful that you shan't live out half of your days, that you sit up nearly all night, to make up for what you may be cast short of in the end; while others blow their brains out, lest Death should come and order them to march, in double quick time. Just so obstinate are some asses. Fools! know you not that death will come when it will come, and not before? There should be no such thing in man as fear of leaving this world, when he knows he was put here to have the pleasure of being bothered with it but for a short time. When you move out of it, you will only go to, where millions of greater, wiser and better mortals than you have gone, and whither thousands are going daily. Fear not—if you don't have a merry time of it, it won't be for the want of company, and 'choice spirits.' But what else, besides the grim and grinning monster, do you fear? I will tell you.

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ly enough to eat, you are afraid the time may come when you will have nothing at all—not even a crust of hope to gnaw at.

When you are worth two millions of dollars, your soul shakes with fear lest, ere you kick the bucket, you become reduced to a million and a half.

When it rains pottage, you dare not hold your dish out for fear you may catch a hop-toad.

You are afraid to speak the truth lest you be thought eccentric.

You are afraid of omens, apparitions, ghosts and shadows.

When you have climbed high up the ladder of fame, you are afraid a round may give way, and let you drop to the place whence you started.

When you are single, you are afraid to pass that bourne from whence no bachelor returns, lest a few thorns be found in the ever-blooming hymenial paradise.

You dare not practise all you preach (as I do), for fear you may lose an occasional sixpence by it.

You dare not confess your sins outside of a church, for fear people may think you are joking.

You dare not put two shillings in the hat, when it goes round, for fear I shall be able to have lamb and peas for dinner to-morrow, as well as you.

Verily, man is as weak as a child, and

timid as a kangaroo, of which he is but a longer-legged species. He has to 'work out his salvation with fear and trembling;' and frequently fails to accomplish it at last. He has a hard job of it, indeed; and I hope that after he shall have worried and shaken himself off of this probationary sphere, he will go to a world where there are no hobgoblins, spooks and scarecrows to frighten him out of his shirt and senses. So mote it be!

'DRIVE ON!'

TEXT.—Drive on your horses!

MY HEARERS: the spirit of the age is DRIVE AHEAD, if you upset your wagon and spill your milk—keep up with the popular crowd, and leave the old slow, careful coaches in the lurch. 'Get out of the way, old Dan Tucker!' is all the go nowadays, musically, morally and mechanically speaking. A flood is upon us that is fast washing all the works of the old music-masters into the dead sea of oblivion. The old, heavy drama is too slow a coach altogether for the present day. A lighter and faster one we must have—a regular trotting concern. Poor Shakspeare! his house is sold, and has stepped out. His taper shines with a sickly glare in the misty moonlight of the past—a mere glowworm upon a dark

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and distant moor. Alas! I am afraid 'he was not for a time, but for all day;' and it is now about to be all day with him. But, good-bye, Bill: I must drive on my horses, or take the dust of unpopularity.

My friends, we are a fast people, and live in a fast age. Perhaps you may say we are only riding down hill on a hand sled: the more we increase in velocity, the sooner we shall reach the bottom, and then have to get back again the best way we can. Shouldn't wonder! shouldn't wonder! No, by thunder! no by thunder!—the way is comparatively level, and the road is clear. All we have to do is to keep up the steam, and push ahead—PROPEL. When I speak of keeping up the steam, brethren, I do not mean that you shall fire up with that liquid damnation which feeds the flames of hell, for thereby you may burst your boilers; but I have reference to maintaining that ambitious spirit of rapid progression to which neither the everlasting mountains nor the eternal hills can set any bounds. Ours is already a great country, but we want to make it a big country. No pent-up Blackwell's Island shall contract our powers; but the whole boundless continent must belong to us. Republicanism, with his new big boots, is bound to travel—and no power on earth shall say, Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther. Emperors, kings, princes, and

potentates ! get out of the way, for we are coming with our fast horses ! Clear the track for young America ! We intend honestly to vote ourselves farms ; but, if voting don't get them, by General Jupiter Jackson, we'll take them, whether or no ! Shall we lumber along the road, and allow other nations to pass us with a whiz ? No—never. Our horses ARE fast, and we must give the world an awing specimen of their speed. Take care, then, by Basil ! we are running a race with Britain for Cuba ; and, if you don't look out, you may get injured. We must progress—advance—expatiate—till two-thirds of the globe is ours ; and then if we are compelled to stop by some unforeseen circumstance, what will be the consequence ? Why, we shall fall to fighting among ourselves and be brought back to the borders of primitive insignificance. I speak the words of truth and soberness ; and I care not which endorse my sentiments—the hosts of heaven, or the legions of hell.

My friends : the world plays a grab game, and every man must look out for his handful. For my part, I take my time, and cheerfully accept of what Providence assigns me. But don't be guided by me, a poor pensioner of heaven—a pauper dependent upon chance. Drive on your horses ; keep ahead, if possible, and let ' the devil take the hindermost.' So mote it be !

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MAN A SHADOW—LIFE A DREAM.

TEXT.—For man a shadow only is,
And life is but a dream.

MY HEARERS: did it ever occur to your stagnant minds that you are nothing more than mere shadows?—intangible, without substance, and (I might say) without subsistence? Well, you are 'nothing else,' at any rate. One thing is certain: you

'Come like shadows, so depart;'

and whence you come, or whither you go, is known only to that great Shadow of which you are but a feeble shade. Pretty-looking shadows, though, some of you are, I must say!—weigh two hundred and fifty, and annihilate a pound of pork at each repast! If such are mere visions—'airy nothings'—I should like to know what you would think of cousin Abraham, who is so tall, slim, feeble that he dare not stoop to pick up a pin without first putting a couple of brickbats in his coat pockets to preserve an equilibrium. He is thin as blotting paper, and never trusts himself to stand long out-doors without putting one foot upon the other to prevent the wind from blowing him away. But, my dear friends, in a metaphorical sense, we are nothing but shadows, after all: visible for a moment, and then invisible for ever! 'What

shadows are we !' (exclaimed the wise Shadow,) 'and what shadows we pursue!'—meaning that the women are also shadows, and that we men are in the habit of running after them : and verily there be much truth in the observation.

My friends : what is life but a dream ?—an empty dream ; as empty as a contribution box of a Saturday. We imagine we live, and move, and have a being ; but how is this FACT to be determined ? There is no way of ascertaining it to a certainty. You go to bed at night—you sleep—you dream. That dream appears to you to be a reality ; but you awake in the morning and find it all a delusion ; and so, on the morn of the Resurrection, you will probably find out that you have been but dreaming all through this sublunary existence. Well, friends, if you ever thought of it, all our greatest delights and principal pleasures lie wrapped in silken dreams. It is the anticipation, and not the possession, that yields us bliss. It is the ideality—not the reality. Some folks say, however, that there is greater pleasure in eating a nice beef steak when you are hungry, than in anticipating it ; but I am inclined to doubt that FACT. Eating takes away a body's appetite, and makes him feel dull—as dull as a hatchet used for splitting kindling wood upon a hearth stone : but to dream about indulging in gastronomic pleasures

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is quite another thing. 'It makes me feel good to think of it,' says John; 'it is better than partaking.' John is right: hope, that is not hopeless, is sweeter than honey. All is in the imagination. You acquire riches, and become possessed of whatever the heart, head, or fancy may order; and yet such won't set a broken limb, nor 'administer to a mind diseased;' nor do anything further than affording pleasant, and, at the same time uneasy dreams. There is no reality in riches: a comfortable cot conduces to as much contentment as a stately mansion—and a LEETLE more too. As for purchasing happiness, in this world, with the RHINO—the CHINK—or the ACTUAL—you might as soon think of winning a woman's affections at a raffle. All our joys, pleasures and blisses claim residence only in the dreamy mind. If that be ill at rest, no gold, silver, nor tickling under the ribs can make a man cheerful and happy. It is the Unreal—not the Real that gives zest to existence.

My hearers: life is nothing more nor less than an empty dream. We imagine—we speculate—we fancy—we hope, and are ever dwelling in the ethereal atmosphere of ideality. 'Man never is but always to be blest,' says my friend Pope; and I have a pewter sixpence saved for him who first acknowledges, with his hand upon the Book, that he is contented with the REAL.

Now, all you married folks know that your happiest hours were those spent in courtship—when you were allowed to take only a smell at a glorious fodder, without even nibbling at a spear. So it is with every earthly enjoyment : we prize at a distance ; but when once in our possession, it isn't half so fat as we thought it was. And so it is with this basewood world. We dream through it that there is a better still to come—one made of pure mahogany, and so manufactured as to endure for ever : which I hope will be the case : for heaven knows that the one we live in isn't fit for the abode of a half-cultivated ourang-outang. So mote it be!

CLACKING WOMEN.

TEXT.—O ! steep my feet in boiling oil,
Or put me on the rack ;
But save me, while I tarry here,
From yonder woman's clack !

MY HEARERS : perhaps we male mortals ought not, generally speaking, to brag MUCH about our faculties for restraining that 'unruly member' called the tongue ; but I do think that women have no good reason to say ANYTHING—for, if we are incompetent, in a certain degree, women most certainly are, in a very uncertain degree. Their tongues are reeds shaken by

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the wind—splinters upon a chesnut rail that keep up a buzzing and a jarring so long as there is a breath to move them. The least breeze of passion that springs up in their bosoms, sets their mill-clacks in operation ; and, as for stopping them, you might as well fire a pop-gun against thunder, or blow a hand-bellows against a hurricane. They will talk, like a poll-parrot, merely for the sake of the noise, and, (giving them credit for no evil intention,) they persevere in jabbering, without once reflecting that, what is music to them may be murder to others. Oh ! woman, woman ! wherefore art thou gifted with such gigantic powers of gab ! Thou wouldst have been an angel, hadst thou an angel's whisper.

My hearers : I have been speaking of women as a whole. As regards their noisy loquaciousness, there are many beautiful exceptions. I know some whose words have fine fur, instead of dog-hair, upon them—whose tones are as soft and musical as the mild breathings of the *Æolian* harp—to whom it is soothing to listen, and whose society is as sunshine to a storm-beaten flower. But, oh ! make my bed under a tinned roof during a night of incessant hail ; place forty tomeats at my window, all in 'full feather' (fur, I should have said) for a row ; bid me deliver an impressive discourse in a grist-mill ; soak my

corns in a boiling solution of potash ; bore my ears with a two-inch auger, or a congressional speech upon the tariff ; compel me to endure the infliction of a fashionable opera ; grate loaf sugar by my side while I am preparing a sermon on Sunday ; put me on the rack, if you choose—do anything you like, if you will only save me from the everlasting clack of that woman, whose MILDEST tones are enough to harrow up a man's soul, [Shakspeare !] freeze his warm blood, and make each particular hair—whiskers, moustaches, and imperial included—to stand on 'eend' like bristles upon the back of a pup-worried boar-pig !

My hearers : I am afraid that if I say much more about the GENTLER sex, my soul, next week, will be as full of regrets as an old cot is of bedbugs in August : nevertheless, I am bound to preach the truth to-day, although the devil may tell me to-morrow that I ought to be ashamed of myself for so doing. But, when you see my nose projecting from this old pulpit, know ye that I care not for the fear of man, the favor of woman, nor the scoffs of Satan. I let out the truth, link by link, and, if I am thought to libel my brother man or my sister woman, let heaven be my judge—the twelve apostles, now above, constitute a jury—and I'll accept of anything for counsel other than a New York lawyer—I can't go THAT. In sooth, there is no use

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in trying to lessen the noise of a talkative woman's tongue by applying the oil of praise; for, the more you grease it by flattery, the faster and louder it runs. Say not a word; put putty in your ears, and it may tire itself out.

But, my dear friends, we ought not to be too severe upon the sisterhood. Heaven has made them as they are. Their imperfection is no fault of theirs, but an unwardable misfortune.

Nature made man the strongest,
 But woman's tongue the longest.

And now, in conclusion, my dear brethren, if you will but count your errors, and add to the sum total all your actual faults, you will find that the account is to be given to the credit of the feminine gender. Bear and forbear—overlook trifles—forgive all errors on the part of the last and the loveliest of God's works—and say as I do: 'Woman, with all thy faults, I love thee STILL!' So mote it be!

NOBILITY OF BLOOD.

TEXT,—

Nobility of blood
 Is but a glittering and fallacious good:
 The nobleman is he whose noble mind
 Is filled with inbred worth, unborrowed from
 his kind.

MY HEARERS: is there any such thing as

nobility of blood? No. The vital fluid that filled the veins of our first father, Adam, and our first mother, Eve, is analytically the same as that which keeps emperors, kings and lords alive, or what now moistens yonder little carno-carbonic lump of mortality—I mean that negro baby in the gallery. The blood of a man and that of a monkey are materially the same; but in the intellectual organization we find a vast difference. No one upon this mysterious earthly soil—which sometimes produces very small potatoes from mammoth seed—can lay claim to primordial nobility; and to say that this or that is not worthy of a hodman's recognition because of obscure origin, is to undergo the diamond on account of its being dug from among the scurf and dandruff that cover the cuticle of mother Earth, or to detract the blooming rose because it sprang from muck and manure. The King of Heaven himself (our Lord and Saviour) was born in a stable, cradled in a manger, and wrapped in the commonest of swaddles. Begat by a carpenter—[hold up a second, let me wipe my spectacles; I am not sure about that]—but, at any rate, he was born of an humble maid, and played among the chips and shavings that fell from the adze and plane of one who was said to have been his sire, but whom he NEVER CALLED 'FATHER.' Yes, with all his humility, he was the

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greatest of the great, and the mightiest among the mighty. His Father, as he said, was in heaven; and so you can say to any one who boasts of his nobility: Beyond the skies is your Father and my Father, who thinks more of us than we do of each other, and provides for us both with an impartial hand. Now, how much better are you than I? Did we not spring from the same source? Are we not made of the same material? Do we not tread the same soil—breathe the same atmosphere? And shall we not both be put to bed with a shovel at last? Ve-ri-ly! If you imagine that from your noble dust nothing less than amaranthine flowers will start, and nothing more than ephemeral toadstools from my plebeian ashes—why, then you are laboring under (as my respected female friend, Mrs. Partington, would say) a false and artificial delusion. No, Lord Noble—I, or any other nigger, am just as good as you—so long as good behaviour holds out. When that caves in, you get the advantage of me.

My dear friends: your own acts must immortalize your names; as for relying upon ancestral fame, as well might a pigmy lay claim to strength and stature because his grand-dad was a giant. An honest, upright man—(the poet's sentiment and mine assimilate)—is the purest specimen of nobility that ever graced the clod; and

care not whence he sprang—whether from the loins of an autocrat, or from the womb of the commonest wench in christendom. In short, my dear brethren, this is a subject that will admit of no further expatiation. All you have to do is, to prove yourself noble by noble deeds, and you will pull yourselves up to a degree of eminence that never monarch yet attained by inherent worth. So mote it be!

RIDING DIFFERENT STEEDS.

TEXT.—Across the fields and o'er the tide
On Fancy's airy horse I ride.

MY HEARERS: I have ridden many a hard horse in my day, and night too, but the hardest one that ever I strode, was a trip-hammer in a blacksmith's shop, PROPELLED by water power and the deviltry of a son of Vulcan. The animal was not set suddenly a-going while I was astride, moralizing, philosophizing, scrutinizing and preaching against all vices—forgery in paticular, and all forgers generally. That WAS a hard horse to ride. I could neither stop the beast, nor get off; so I held on, like hope to a christian, till the gate was shut, and my poor body released from its uncomfortable position. I declare, such a jerking up and down brought all my 'milk of human

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kindness' to a curdle in less than two-thirds of a moment. My practical piety was broken into fragments not bigger than cherry-pits; and, had I known how to swear, I certainly should have indulged according to the most modern and improved style. But, after gradually cooling off, I sat myself down and calmly reflected upon the various hobbies, horses and donkeys that men ride through the world—and this sermon is the result.

My friends: the horse most generally ridden by us mortals is the stud of fancy, 'Across the fields and o'er the tide,' away we go, upon our winged Pegasus, as though heaven were but a few miles ahead, and hell close behind. While searching for pleasures and treasures in the realms of imagination, we suddenly bethink ourselves of something for dinner. So we are compelled to put foot out of stirrup, and seek sustenance from the common soil, like any other grub-worm. Some airy steeds are very fiery and fractious; and none but a mad poet would trust himself upon their backs. There are some poets, though, who apparently would take delight in riding a streak of lightning all about creation. They would like to rush from world to world, and perform the whole circuit of eternity, in about two minutes and forty-four seconds. It is said that witches will ride through the air upon broomsticks,

amid thunder-storms and tempests most terrible; but I don't believe the devil himself would venture to straddle on the wild fancies of our modern poet. If he did he were a fool.

My friends: in religious matters, people ride donkeys. They don't care about travelling too fast. 'Slow and sure' is their motto. They don't care about reaching salvation too soon; and as for their favorite endless torment, the later they get there the better it suits them. They are all 'bound for the kingdom,' however—the kingdom of heaven, and a gold currency. Each mounts his mule, or jackass, and off they start on so many different tracks. Every one is going the wrong way, according to another's notion, and every one is right, according to his own notion. Well, they all reach heaven after a while. Perhaps Methodist Jenkins gets in first—he having a little the fastest nag—he has only time to take off his hat, wipe his forehead and blow his nose, before along comes Baptist Brown. 'How are you, Jenkins?' 'How d'ye do, Brown?—a little behind time—better late than never—but who'd a-thought o' seeing you here, though!' Then rides in Protestant Episcopal Montgomery, Esq., as dignified as a wooden Columbus, and most mightily astonished is he to find Catholic Murphy alighted at his heels. After which, in close succession,

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where! When they have all got in and are
snugly and comfortably seated, each one
tells the story of his journey. One had a
rough road, but a short one—another was
favored with mild and cheering sunshine—
another encountered continual storms.
But each one's donkey was the best—the
road was the best—everything was the
best—only the little sly sixpence contrived
some way to creep out of the vest pocket;
and no one has money enough to stand
treat. 'It is easier for a camel,' &c., 'than
for a rich man,' &c.

My dear friends: in politics there are so
many different horses ridden, just now,
that I must take another occasion to par-
ticularize. If somebody, though, (I won't
say who he is,) don't come off with a sorer
seat than I did when I used to ride horse
to plough, you may cut my salary down to
chips and shavings. So mote it be!

ON BREVITY.

TEXT.—Brevity is the soul of wit.
Be brief, good sir—thy sentences are long and dull.

MY HEARERS: this discourse will puzzle
you, after you have heard it, to tell what

it all amounts to, like a good many others. The story of life is a short one; and it need not take a lifetime to tell it. We come into the world, grow up, get married, propagate, and push off. Where we come from, what we are put here for, and where we go to at last, is as much of a mystery as what becomes of a froglet's tail when it drops off; or whither swallows take their flight when the summer is over. These little feathered spirits of the air return again in spring; but for man's departed spirit, alas! it knows no return! The beautiful flowers—how soon they fade, wither and die! They visit us no more; but, in a little while, we behold their orphan children blooming upon their sepulchres—even as we mortals flourish, for a time, upon the sod that hides the dust of our ancestors, and then sink, to make new soil and new potatoes for our offspring.

My friends: I will tell you of some truths. By a natural necessity, there must be slaves, of various degrees, all the world over. Now, you know, as well as I, that when you meddle with slavery, it is always at a distance, geographically speaking. You have no slaves at home. Not a slave, nor slaves—at least, you know of none! I will 'holler' to you my opinion upon slavery. I hold it to be most decidedly a moral wrong. No acknowledged human **SHOULD** be kept in bondage, to be used, abused,

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bought and sold like a brute. But, my friends, what has morality to do with legality? 'Circumstances alter cases:' this is an axiom as musty as my old bible. Might is not always right—any Hottentot is aware of that: but that might MAKES right, according to conventional usage, we all know. Your servants are not allowed equal privileges with yourselves. Suppose I tell you this is morally wrong; your only answer under heaven is—they are DOMESTICS. The slaveholder's answer is the same, with the exception that HIS slaves are NEGROES, and by nature inferior to domestics wearing a white skin. 'Cursed is Ham,' says the Book of books—'he shall be a servant of servants.' So Ham is—Southern Ham especially; and Northern Mutton is but a trifle better conditioned. Now, it is wrong in the eyes of heaven for you to treat servants as though they were but connecting links between your august selves and your hogs. Most decidedly it is; but, I ask you, will it not be equally as wrong for a parcel of law-makers to compel you to place your 'help' (that's your term) at your first table, to give them to drink what you drink, to eat what you eat, and to clothe them even as you are clothed? The only difference between white, limited, and absolute black slavery is, that the subject of the latter are bound to 'hoe de corn, plant de cotton,' whether or no, and make

themselves contented: whereas those of the former have the LIBERTY to go and better themselves, if they can. But, friends, you know very well that four-fifths of them are COMPELLED, by circumstances, to stay where they are, with wretched pay and worse treatment, till they are kicked out of doors. Then, who cares, should they be driven to beggary? Not a living Josey.

I preach thus plainly, my hearers, upon a delicate topic, because everybody, at present, appears to be interested—including my old circuit horse. Those friends of mine, the Barnburners, are wide awake upon the subject—my inveterate enemies, the Hunkers, are getting excited—my brothers, the abololitionists, are chock full of southern hatred, ginger and soda water—my unfortunate accomplices in political rascality, the Clay-men, are hopping about like peas upon a hot shovel—and my respected fellow Taylor folks are up in arms. I want to see slavery done away with EVERYWHERE: to have people love and respect one another more than they do, and entertain a higher regard for individual rights generally. If I can bring about a more desirable state of things than at present exists, by gentle coaxing or persuasive eloquence, I'll do it; but I confess that I lack both the moral and physical courage to go into a neighbor's house and meddle with his domestic arrangements. So mote it be!

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BE JOVIAL.

TEXT.—With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles
come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man whose blood is warm
within
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes?—and creep into the
jaundice
By being peevish?

MY HEARERS: wake up! Don't sit sleep-
ing with your eyes open. I know the wea-
ther is warm, and the spirit within you is
weary; but you must shake off all lassi-
tude, and keep the inward man in good
humor, if you prize health above the value
of a smooth shilling, and would live to see
old wrinkles drawing their latitudinal lines
across your venerable brows. This is an
artificial as well as a natural world; and
you must sometimes resort to artificial
means for the well-being of your corporeal
system. The greatest medicine in the
world—next to calomel and jalap—is mirth
and laughter. If, by nature, or from cir-
cumstances, you lack in mirthfulness, the
best advice I can give you is to take or do
something to MAKE you merry—find food
for laughter, somehow or somewhere. But
recollect, my friends, that moderation is
the word. You must keep in sight of cer-

tain reasonable bounds. There is no propriety, happiness, nor religion, in going the length of a frog-leap further.

My friends: I say, with my old, esteemed brother, Shakspeare: 'Let my liver (and lights, too, if necessary) rather heat with wine than my heart grow cold and clammy with mortifying groans.' Heavy hearts and gloomy imaginings have put more people to bed beneath the sod than did ever an enlarged liver—whether caused by red pepper, black pepper, mustard, wine, brandy, or immoderate laughter. I mean this, brethren, as a philosophical truth, which even the doctor, the devil, or any other wise-thinking individual can gainsay. Why should a man, whose blood is warm within—whose heart is made to beat to the tune of 'Old Dan Tucker'—whose whole existence depends upon motion and activity, inside and out—the complicated machinery of whose mind is kept in steady operation only by stimulating food, stimulating drink, and a proper exercise of the body—I say, why should such a being sit, like his grandsire in the window of a phrenologist, made of plaster-of-paris? Give me an automaton clown to a street organ in performance: he does something to make children laugh, to say the least.

My dear friends: when I see a stupid, lazy, melancholy dolt, monopolizing even two feet of room upon this valuable ter-

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restrial ball, I feel as if I wanted to take him by the coat-collar and shake up his sympathies—arouse his dormant energies, and make him do something, either to the benefit or the detriment of those around him—I wouldn't care which; for out of evil cometh good. An occasional roaring and tearing tempest is better than a continual calm; and the bounding billowy ocean is sublimer and more interesting to behold than a sluggish, scum-covered horse-pond. This sleeping while awake, and creeping into the yellow jaundice with peevishness, is enough to make a spectator feel mouldy about the diaphragm, and fear lest he become a stale fish in the market himself.

My worthy friends: man's life is a play—a drama: the earth his theatre; the stage the city, or that part of the country in which he lives. He is bound to play his part; and, to play it well, he must first see that his mind and spirits are in perfect trim; if they are not, he might as well undertake to climb a greased liberty-pole with cowhide boots and buckskin mittens on as to think of making a creditable performance. No! he must get himself right, somehow; but as to the how of that how, how am I supposed to know better than the actor himself? He must be governed by his own feelings and habits. The state of the mind is everything—and a little

spilled over. Keep THAT right, and YOU are right—right as the odd-numbered pages of a book. To do this, you must exercise—exercise the body, exercise the stomach, and exercise the brain. Then you must take change—change your money, (and always have enough of it,) change your food, change your clothes, change your location for a day or so, (especially in the summer,) and, consequently, you will get a change of air. Attend to all these changes, and, though they may be a little disagreeable for the time, you will find that you have experienced no bad changes in the end. They will reinvigorate and renew you. They will keep you as bright as new tin-ware to the last; and I shouldn't be surprised if, in your old age, with death staring you in the face, you laughed more heartily than I did, one night last week, when I looked upon a man who raised a club to defend himself from an empty pair of breeches, upon Barren Island. So mote it be!

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MOONLIGHT, LOVE AND MUSIC.

TEXT.—How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this
bank!

Here will we sit, and let the sounds of
music

Creep in our ears.

* * * * *

In such a night

Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

MY HEARERS: what is there more beautiful in the arrangement of Nature than a mild, unclouded moonlight evening in midsummer—especially in the country? That liquid radiance, shed upon all things below, is the rich, yellow cream of beauty itself—the quintessence of all that can be called lovely after sunset—almost too rich and glorious to be supposed to emanate from such an oyster-balloon-looking concern as is that globe lamp which old father Nox hangs in the high chamber of heaven to light the holy stars to bed. Yet some of our moons are bunkum—first-rate, as is everything American. I doubt whether Italy, Greece or Ireland can boast of bigger, brighter and lovelier orbs than we, the people of these thirty-one independent United States, are blest with. Talk about Saturn with his seven moons!—he can't begin to shine, after dark, with mother Earth, whose pathway is lit by a solitary

celestial lantern. Seven moons!—what wasteful extravagance!—what wretched economy, when one good one, like ours, might answer every purpose! If I had been Nature herself, I should have given a certain number of planets to every sun, and a single satellite to every planet. Why, brethren, I would as soon do my soul up in a dirty rag and throw it to damnation, as to show partiality in the distribution of 'light to all.'

My hearers: we ought, nevertheless, to be satisfied with the fair, round moon, that lends such a pleasing, witching (although rather melancholy) smile upon this dull, terrestrial sphere. See how it silvers the waves of yonder nervous, trembling, quivering bay!—how brilliantly it mercurializes each brooklet, river and lake!—how beautifully it bronzes the wide-spreading landscape—every bush, tree and brown old barn! How sweetly its mild lustre reposes upon this bank! Here will we sit, and let the sounds of midnight music creep into our ears. What do we hear?—hark! a persevering whippoorwill re-reiterates his castigating sentiments in song most tiresome to mortal ear: the grass cricket keeps up a monotonous tir-reh-h: the little feminine froglet, from a neighboring marsh, attempts an octave above the compass of her voice, while a big overgrown masculine at her side, with his chin resting upon a lily-

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pad, puts in the tum-tums, boo-ker-chings, with a baseness, precision, patience and perseverance worthy of the highest admiration. Then, too, as we sit upon the moon-silvered bank, let us listen, with the ears of imagination, to the silent music of the spheres. Don't their sweet sacred psalmodies raise the feathers upon the back of Fancy! Don't they cause her pinions to expand—spread themselves—and take flight into the eternal regions of space, the ethereal domains of Nothing, and the happy, everlasting home of Nobody! Yes, my friends, moonshine at midnight, raises our thoughts to the skies, as in a balloon. It lets the soul loose from its carnal prison—separates it from all earthly dross, and lets it ascend, like a feather up a stove-pipe, to commune with its sister spirits in an atmosphere of purity, love and peace. Oh! moonlight evenings are the ones to put yeast into a youthful imagination, and to lighten the leaden fancies of the time-worn. They will cause dull weeds upon the half-sterile soil of age to resemble the fairest of flowers. They add a fresh furbish and new gloss to soiled and threadbare memories. They encircle the heart with a halo of romance, and line one's bosom, for the time, with the soft, fine fur of friendly feeling. You may call it all moonshine, if you please, but there is something in it more potent than common folks imagine.

My hearers: in such a night, says my text, did pretty Jessica—like a little naughty shrew, as she was—slander her love, and he forgave it her. Of course he did. How could he have done otherwise in such a night?—in *SUCH* a night, when quiet, serene, heavenly Nature whispered only of love, friendship and forgiveness? And now my friends, if you would have your souls softened—your ideal faculties expanded—your fancies strengthened in their heavenward flights—go ‘out by the light of the moon’ with one who fondly holds a place in your bosom, rent free, and meditate, confabulate, hesitate, ejaculate, ponderate, and make love, at any rate. Go! as I bid you; and if you don’t find that this world has lunar influences, and at the same time you don’t experience the funny but mysterious sensations of animal magnetism, why, then I’ll give up preaching and go to congress—or some other place equally as bad. So mote it be!

DISCOURSE TO THE WIND-WHISTLE ISLANDERS.

The following is a translation of a sermon that I preached, last Sunday, to the aborigines of Wind-whistle Island. I took no text, but ‘hollered’ to them from a hollow tree, spontaneously, extemporaneously, and most outrageously.

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not to have called them MY native brethren,
because mine have all white faces]—I come
among you, not to bring special glad tid-
ings, for you are not prepared to appreciate
them; but to tell you how unhappy you
are in this your primitive and penniless
condition. You are a most miserable set
of semi-somethings, called human beings,
but hardly worthy of the appellation. The
moral drapery of your souls is as scant,
course and uncouth as your physical tog-
gery, and that is ugly enough to make a
dead dog bark. It is true, O, Wind-whis-
tlers, that you eat, drink, make love, dance
and sing, and imagine that you are happy;
but your happiness is all a flagree of fancy.
How is it possible that you can be happy
when you have no bible—no missionaries
—no money—no politicians among you?
What I mean by politicians is, men who
have got nothing, and are willing to sacri-
fice ALL for the civil welfare of your bushy
but glorious little island—to have it go-
verned according to the great principles
long ago 'laid down' by General Jackson,
and lately 'taken up' and 'carried out' to
Mexico by the illustrious Polk. Would you
know a bible from a brickbat or a card of
gingerbread, if I were to throw you one? I
thought I had one in my coat pocket, but
that's my powder flask. No, I know you
wouldn't; but it's of no consequence whe-
ther you would or not, for you can't read

any more than the wind that fumbles over the leaves in the book of nature. Did you ever hear of heaven? It's a great country, but you have not got there yet, and I'm afraid you never will: you won't, certainly, unless you first know there is such a place, and make some sort of preparations to get there. Well, heaven, O ye poor, benighted and belated Wind-whistlers, is up there! What you see overhead that looks like my blue cotton umbrella, here, when spread out, is heaven. You live under the centre of it, and are the farthest off, while we, civilized and enlightened beings, dwell round the edges—where the golden skies commingle with earth, and where perpetual peace and happiness prevail.

Ye moneyless and miserable inhabitants of Wind-whistle-Island! Far off to the west, where the setting sun throws a flood of purple and crimson glory upon the clouds, stands the great city of Gotham. I come from there. I come to show you the vast difference between that place and this. There, we have heaps of money; and, consequently, are contented and happy—you have none; and, therefore, are wretched and miserable. There, we all are honest: we never lie, cheat, nor take advantage of one another—and so we are prosperous. Virtue, with us, is so common that it attracts no attention from the angels, who visit us daily with sunshine on

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their wings; while, on the other hand, vice is so extremely rare, that when a particle of it is found, Satan looks out of his hole and gapes with wonder! We have no cares nor anxieties to trouble us. We take no thought as to what we shall eat, what we shall wear, or how withal we shall be clothed—only fashion and respect requires that we shall eat the best we can get, and wear the finest we can afford. Your women remain rough and unfinished, as rude Nature formed them—ours are screwed up here, and stuffed out there, to make them look like something worth loving. You let your wives ramble about out of doors in all kinds of weather; plant corn and dig potatoes, while you are off a-fishing—whereas, ours are kept as pets and ornaments for the parlor. It's a wonder your children don't die off like November chickens, you take so little care of them. Our young ones are cooped up, and nourished with careful tenderness: we give them medicine to prevent their getting sick, and, as a matter of course, they live to a good old age.

Wind-whistlers: you are an unhappy and degraded people. To be blest, you must become civilized. You want, in the first place, MONEY; for that is the root of all happiness. Then you need among you a few lawyers—several ministers of the gospel, of different persuasions—a score of tailors, and a schoolmaster. These once

among you, and there is no fear but the devil will send you a plenty of doctors. Then you will be on the broad road to civilization, refinement and happiness. You may say that you are contented and joyous as you are; but I tell you, you are miserable—and, if you only knew it, you would feel so. I hope to let you hear the voice of wisdom emanating from this old tree again in due season. Meantime, go to your homes—talk the matter over among yourselves—and come to the conclusion that you are wretched, and mean to be made happy. So mote it be!

EARLY RETIRING AND RISING.

TEXT.—Early to bed, and early to rise,
Make a man healthy, wealthy and wise.

MY HEARERS: the text I have chosen for my present discourse is most beautifully homely; but it contains the clean kernels of truth, without husk or chaff. I believe that the God of Nature intended us to go to roost with the birds and chickens—not WITH them, in one sense of the word, but to retire to rest for the night at the same time they do. All the brute creation close their peepers at the setting of the sun, save such as see the best in the dark; and whose deeds are evil: why should man be an ex-

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ception, since he is not an owl nor a bat that sleeps through the day for the want of properly-adapted optics? I see no reason under the planet of Jupiter why you should not go to bed as soon as Evening empties her soot bag upon the earth, and get out of it at the first blush of morn. Even ten hours' sleep would do you no harm, after you got used to it; and I know that most of you are able to bear almost twice the quantity without a grunt.

My friends: by turning in early, you secure health. The brain, the stomach, the whole mental and physical system all cry aloud for rest, after a weary day of toil, care and anxiety. You may think to appease fretful Nature by attending places of amusement, balls and bar-rooms; but she is not to be cheated in any such manner. She is not to be pleased with toys nor tickled with straws; nor is she to be deceived by the silent, smooth-sliding hours. She knows the time o' night like a journeyman oyster-opener, or a waiter at Windust's, and whispers into the deaf ear of the heart 'Let's go.' But you heed not her. Very well: on the morrow, after the sun has accomplished nearly one quarter of his diurnal journey, you crawl out of bed, languid, feeble, and feverish, no appetite for breakfast, and hardly knowing your head from a hornet's nest. You may follow this up for a time, but eventually the main pillar to

the temple of health gives way, and down falls the beautiful edifice, never to be rebuilt for the want of a proper foundation. If you sacrifice your health, you lose wealth—you lose that which is more to be prized than all the gold of Ophir, California, Virginia and North California lumped together. Your looks betray you late birds wherever you go. I could tell you half a mile off by moonlight, and look through a pair of patent leather spectacles.

My dear friends: now look at the man who has been in the habit for years of putting on his nightcap at an early hour. If he isn't actually loaded down with the 'rocks,' or, in other words, the glittering dust that buyeth everything but a ticket to heaven and happiness upon earth, he is at least what is called well-to-do in the world.

With a joyous heart, and spirits as light as the down of a thistle, he goes forth to greet the young day, while the dew globulets bespangle the pastures, fields and meadows—while the air is balmy, fresh and invigorating—while the flowers are exhaling sweet fragrance in almost visible abundance—while bees, bugs and other insects are as busy as the Fourth of July—and while the feathered choristers are singing spontaneous hallelujahs, as though they must either do it or burst their gizzards. Look at that man, the early riser! The rose of health blooms upon his cheek; his eye

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sparkles with the fire and glow of youth ;
his step is as elastic as though his legs were
set with wire spiral springs, and his body
composed of India rubber. He is strong,
too ; ay, stronger than last winter's butter
—stronger than an argument—stronger
than a horse, and tougher than bull-beef.
He can outjump, outwalk, outrun and out-
live any human that never leaves his bed-
chamber till nine o'clock, I don't care where
you bring him from—whether from hardy
Greenland or from the soft, sunny clime of
the equator. He is infusible. He is not to
be fried in his own fat by the melting heat
of a midsummer's sun ; and he can bare
his bosom to the bitter northern blast, with
no more sign of a shake or a shiver than
the Bunker Hill Monument in a snow squall.

Oh, you puny, sickly, saffron-skinned
sluggards, that never see the sun rise ! You
lose a glorious sight—an exhibition that
affords more pure delight to both eye and
soul than all the shows ever presented to
mortal view, the Northern Lights and
American Museum not excepted. I can't
paint the picture. When I think of it,
discouraged Fancy drops her pencil at once,
and says it's no use. Try and get up and
take a peep for yourselves, for once in your
lives : then, if you think it a humbug, go
to bed again and snooze till the day of
judgment, for aught I care. But how do
you feel while shaking your feathers with

the sun hard upon the meridan? Rather streaked, I imagine—almost afraid to venture into the streets, for fear your shadows should laugh at you. You muster up courage to sally out. 'Shocking steamboat accident that, according to accounts in the morning papers,' says an acquaintance whom you happen to meet. 'What acc—oh—ah—yes—shocking, very shocking, indeed—good day;' and on you speed with a most nervous rapidity for fear of being further interrogated about what you ought to have known hours before. You morning sleepers! know you not that you lose by driblets the very honey of life, the quintessence of all that is bright, lovely and joyful in existence? You do. While others are alive, stirring about, securing health, accumulating wealth, happy and merry as larks, you lie as dead as so many logs, intellectually decaying, morally rotting, and corporeally consuming. Arise ye! arise ye!—shake off sloth, even as the lion shaketh the dew from his mane; go out and behold the beauties of the morn in all their glory and magnificence, and become healthier, wealthier, wiser and handsomer human beings than you are. So mote it be!

THE LASSES.

TEXT.—Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears,
 Her noblest works she classes, O :
 Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
 And then she made the lasses, O.

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MY HEARERS: Dame Nature has reason to be proud of the degree of perfection to which she brought the world when she manufactured the 'lovely dears.' They are the last and the most successful of a long-continued series of experiments in the moulding of humanity—the result of the first being nothing more nor less than the production of a stump-tailed baboon—and if not the noblest, are certainly the most polished and finished of all her works. The materials in the she sex are about the same as in the lords of creation; only finer, and freer from dross, specks, cracks and flaws. I may liken woman to a loaf of bread composed of the finest, bolted flour—light, delicate and spongy: man, to an unleavened batch of rye and Indian—heavy, coarse and clammy. But behold the fresh and blooming maiden as a being of beauty and grace! Where is there created flesh or animal form to compare with her? There are snares, as well as snarls, in her dark, flowing tresses. There is a whole alphabet of love in her bright, sparkling eyes: her marble brow, swan-like neck, and round, tapering

limbs, combine to make her an exquisite subject for the poet, painter and sculptor : and then that mouth of hers !—when the winds of passion are at rest, how much it resembles a half blown rose in a mild morning of May !—and when trans-shaped to a smile, how very like to the bow of the little naughty god Cupid ! Ah, who could ever suspect it of being a hole for pork and beans and apple dumplings ! But has not Nature evidently bestowed a vast amount of pains upon her ! Could she have done more for her by studying an extra thousand years ? No : our admiration for the workmanship displayed in the manufacture of the lasses could never be enhanced in the least, even if they were to be brought into the world with bustles on as big as bushel baskets.

My friends—Nature tried her 'prentice hand upon us men, because it being rough, coarse kind of work, she could execute with less pains and more facility ; and furthermore, she didn't care if she spoiled half a dozen or so in making—and she did succeed in spoiling a few. Without regard to what Moses says on this subject, the first man that Nature made looked tolerably well outwardly ; but she made the forehead too low, the eyebrows too level, and left the blood as cold as a sturgeon's ; yes, and she tried to make soap-stone answer for a heart. She made a murderer. Endeavouring to

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remedy these defects at the next attempt, she overshot the mark. To warm the blood, she mixed in red pepper, ginger and aquafortis; and padded the bosom with a variety of combustible materials—the consequence of which was, she produced a quarreller, wrangler, fomentator and an aspirant to power. Here was another piece of work spoiled. Being then afraid of the preponderancy of the animal passions, she put up a slight frame-work, barely covered it with dried rubbish, substituted vinegar for blood, made a heart of bass-wood, and left no room for a soul. Thus she turned loose a human being, wholly unsusceptible of rational enjoyment, dead to the pleasures of the world, and a stranger at the feast of reason. He was a miser and a thief. The result of the next experiment was a creature seemingly correct in every part; but through a multitude of unaccountable mistakes—nicely covered with putty and paint—he proved to be a hypocrite. Here dame Nature hung her head and paused, as if in a fit of discouragement; but rallying all her energies, collecting all her wisdom, exercising all her skill, and using the proper materials, she fell to work, and at length produced a HONEST MAN! This was glory enough for one day.

My hearers—Nature, rejoiced at her success, now thought she would venture upon her work—the 'lovely dears.' So, with

the fairest of sifted earth, soft soap, sentiment, and a bucketfull of tears—sweetened with the sugar of love—she went carefully, but right merrily to the task. One or two were thrown upon her hands, in consequence of being over highly tempered and furnished with a little too much tongue. Profiting by these defects, however, she soon completed a beautiful being, as lovely as the morning, as pure as the vestal snow, and against whom in her primitive state no one to this day ever dare say aught. Outwardly as fair as the lily, and inwardly extra-jeweled with virtue, she walks abroad, a living specimen of the last, the best, and the most lovely of all Nature's works. Yes, my friends, the lasses are the loveliest of all breathing objects, but amazingly susceptible of being soiled and put out of kilter for life. Oh, that man should make toys of them for a while, then use them for horses, and afterwards treat them like dogs! Her beauty should be her shield, and her weakness her weapon. In me, nevertheless, the lasses may ever expect to find a valiant protector and a constant friend, I will stick by them, stick up for them, so long as there is anything sticky in the first principles of love, admiration and respect; and if any scamp in my congregation dare oppose me, I will wollup him with such a cudgel of pastoral reproof as is not brandished by every expounder

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ON NOTING TIME.

TEXT.—The bell strikes one—we take no note of
time!

MY HEARERS: it occurs to me that Time
is shoving us on towards our last resting
place at the most rapid rate. Yesterday
I took a retrospective survey of the dis-
tance between the Present and a certain
post stuck up in the Past, and, to my ut-
ter astonishment, it measured full fourteen
years! Can it be possible, inquired I of my-
self, that what seems to be of yesterday
only should be found so astonishingly in
the rear? Yet it was so: and I have now
come to the conclusion that the Past, Pre-
sent and Future are all equally deceiving.
Put not your trust in any of them: if you
do, you will be taken in and done for, about
as 'slick' as Jonah. Wriggle yourself, bre-
thren, among the three, and make head-
way the best way you can. Fond Recol-
lection holds us by the coat-tail, and joy-
ous Anticipation pulls us by the hair, while
Reality gets us about the middle, from
whose rough grasp we are ever struggling
to escape. Somehow all we mortals seem
to want is to get ahead, reckless of econo-
mizing the little strip of time between here

and hereafter. But there is no use in being in a hurry: we shall all reach the end of life's journey sooner than is desirable—and, I am afraid, before half of us have earned a pint of gracious salt for the pickling of our precious souls.

My friends—'we take no note of time;' and a good reason why—time never gives a note; never wants to be trusted, and trusts nobody. Why, it is enough to make a weeping willow laugh to see how nicely innocent people are cheated out of hours, minutes, aye, seconds. Good souls, they think that because there is a multitude stored away for them in the Future, they can afford to squander as extravagantly as they please; but they will find out, too late I fear, that minutes are precious gems, and hours worth their circumference in gold. Time flies with the swiftness of a swallow—days, months and years glide by with the rapidity of a locomotive upon the great western railroad, and we take matters just as cool and easy as though decline, decrepitude and death were all a romance! But, let me tell you, dear friends, that there is a reality in all these, which you will but too suddenly experience. If you can't take time by the forelock, make a grab at his fetlock, and hang on like a Dutchman's dog to the tail of a mad bull. If there be anything in this world that I particularly despise, it is an indolent, lazy loafer, who

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lies down in the sunshine of self-content, and permits himself to be bitten by bugs and beset by flies, regardless of the scoffs and sneers of those who happen to be a little better dressed. Heaven knows, and perhaps hell also, that I am lazy enough to produce general stagnation throughout a neighborhood; but I must say that thousands of my fellow creatures, in this little city alone, are far less concerned for their temporal welfare than your very humble and most obsequious preacher. So little do I care about money, that while the hat is being passed round, I shall close my eyes and think up a text for the next sermon. Meanwhile, however, let me impress upon your hearts—let me instil into the minds of your children—that moments are to be prized above rubies, and hours more valuable than the richest mines of Mexico, or all the wealth of the Indies. I had the boldness, the other morning, to ask a dissipated looking young stranger how he felt. Rubbing his forehead, and stroking the anterior of his pericranium, he said he felt as if he was about to make a sudden start for hell on a hard trotting horse. Wishing him all sorts of luck, I bid him good bye. But, friends, the latter end of that young man will turn out to be a great deal sorer than he thinks. He has a hard horse to ride: nevertheless, if he sits easy upon the saddle and make the most of his time, he

may get in without breaking his neck or collapsing his pocket. Time, my friends, as has been truly remarked by one of the eastern sages, is a great deal 'shorter than it is long.' It is as much shorter than pie-crust as pie-crust is briefer than the summing-up of a district attorney in behalf of the PEPPLES; and, therefore, it behooves us all that we should stretch it to its utmost possible tension—for there is nothing like making as much as we can of the little we have. So mote it be!

BLIND FOOLISHNESS.

TEXT.—I saw a mouse within a trap,
 'Poor little thing,' said I,
 'Oh! why so foolish to go in?
 Pray tell me, mousey—why?'

MY HEARERS: mice are foolish little animals; they sacrifice their souls for a crumb of cheese, the same as you do yours for a few lumps of gold. I can cobble up an excuse, however, for the mice: it is absolute hunger that drives them to destruction; but you jump into a pit of misery for the sake of something that you WANT but don't NEED any more than a white bear needs mittens and an overcoat. Why will you?—oh!—why will you, brethren, for the sake of a shiny dollar, allow yourselves to be

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entrapped by that arch-enemy of mankind,
who goes about, according to scripture,
'seeking where he might suck somebody
in!'

My friends : in every path of life the
devil sets his traps ; and it is curious to
see the funny beasts, birds, and reptiles, he
catches. Poor penniless creatures are
driven in by necessity, and men of wealth
and apparent respectability are caught by
their own indiscretion at last. Many a priest
has he counted as game ; and it is but two
or three years since he caught a bishop by
the tail, in the state of New York ; but as
to how he escaped, thereby still hangs a
tale—most probably by a compromise.
What are the traps ? you inquire. Why,
my friends, every rum-mill, groggery and
tippling-shop (where they don't sell good
liquor) is a trap set by the devil to catch
those who are guilty of not having over
three cents in their pockets for the time
being.

My hearers : far be it from me to advise
you to go to the devil, in any emergency ;
but avoid his traps. Keep out of Wall
street, Church street, and never enter the
doors where they retail distilled damnation
—liquid hell-fire at three cents a go ; and I
wouldn't insure your souls, under a heavy
per centage, were I certain that you im-
bibed alcohol at even a shilling a nip.
Young men ! look out for the traps and

snarcs of the world, or you may have a chance to squeal when it is too late for succor. Every pleasure hath its poison, and each sweet a snare, as hath been truly said by somebody. It was 'ever thus from childhood's hour'—yea, it always has been so since Nature was a little girl and wore pantalettes. And you, ye gray-haired worshippers at the shrine of Mammon! if you allow your avaricious propensities to get and keep the better of that divine creature called Conscience, you will worry out the remainder of your days in a cage of misery and torment—in a trap-cage set by Satan and baited with a sixpence. Brethren!—one and all—don't be caught with chaff, saw-dust nor gold-dust; but pursue the even course of prudence and beauty; and should you happen to get into the mire of misfortune, Heaven, Hope, and Perseverance will as surely put you upon solid ground again as (by the looks of the weather) it will be a fair day to-morrow. So mote it be!

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ON LOVE AND FLOWERS.

TEXT.—'Young Love once in a garden strayed,
Where Philomel, his star-watch keeping,
To the lady moon his flute so played,
That flowers, oppressed with joy, hung
weeping
And fairy elves, in lily bells,
Entranced, forgot to weave their spells.'

MY HEARERS: All of my discourses, you well know, have a moral, rather than a religious nature; but in their moral, mind ye, a few seeds of religion may be picked out, just as well as not; and if you don't do it, it isn't my fault, no more than I should be to blame if you were all to go to destruction with a lot of my sermons in your pockets. Now, there is a great deal of religion, as well as morality, in love—it is good enough week-day religion for any one; but it must be pure, genuine, unadulterated love—love for everything virtuous, fair and beautiful—love the sex, love for truth, love for honesty, love for one another, and lastly, but not leastly, love for flowers. [It has not yet been decided among politicians whether love for hard cider is religion or not] Yes, my friends, you must all love flowers, or you can't have the elements of true love in your souls. If you despise flowers, you despise me, and mock my religion. I never knew a person, since I shed my swaddlings,

that looked upon flowers with cold indifference, but was morose, soggy, and perfectly destitute of love. All the tender sympathies for ever ice-bound in the frigid zone of the heart, can awaken, in such a wretch, none of those fine exquisite sensibilities which animate the lover of flowers, virtue and women, and render him an ornament to those paths in which he is destined to locomote. Love—the little boy, Love—the begotten of the Seraphim and Cherubim—was born in the midst of a beautiful garden, in dog days, and beneath the umbrage of a cooling bower. The first naturalized kick he gave was upon a bed of roses, amid the aroma of ten million different flowers, from the scentless toadstool of Down East, to the sweet-smelling zinziber of the West Indies. When the infant god first shook the dew from his new-fledged pinions, and tried them to the balmy breeze of morn, there was a happy devil at work in the garden, and no two ways. A magnetic thrill of joy, my hearers, caught the finger of an erratic squash vine, and shot over the whole vegetable with the speed of liquid lightning. It didn't stop here—it continued on from plant to plant, and from shrub to shrub, bursting buds in its course, and adding new blossoms to every stalk. Philomel—that pretty speck of melody blown out of Paradise—came and tuned his flute upon the hawthorn, and poured such enchanting notes into the lis-

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tening ear of the lady-moon, that she blush-
ed like a boiled lobster. The harebells, lilies,
roses, geraniums, daises, holly-hocks and
butter-cups, all hung down their heads, and
wept honied tears of ecstasy. The elves and
the fairies were spell-bound at the serenade,
and forgot to come the science over the
mysteries of moonlight. Dame Nature pul-
led up her under linen a couple of inches,
and danced to the merry beatings of her own
heart, Philomel's flute, and the glad music
of the spheres. O, my friends, there was a
glorious time when young Love first stray-
ed in the garden—in the garden of Eden,
I mean—because there is where he made
his debut, and promised that the drama of
life should go off happily—and so it would,
if the devil in the pit hadn't kicked up a
muss and spoilt the whole—just like the old
fool ! But, my friends, we have this glori-
ous consolation—I say glorious consolation,
because it is a superbly glorious consolation
—and that is, he hasn't cheated us out of
all love. He has only infused a poison in-
to parts of it—made some of it impure. It
remains for you to obtain that which is un-
tainted by the foul filth of the world ; and
let me tell you how to do that thing. Just
scrape acquaintance with flowers ;
become familiar with them ; court their so-
ciety often ; and I don't care if your hearts
are harder than Dutch cheese, they will
soon begin to soften in the warm liquor of

friendship, and be ready for pickle in the syrup of love. It will take the meat-axe out of your tempers—civilize you, and render you fit subjects for the kingdom of everlasting happiness. I tell you, my hearers, that you must be on good terms with garden flowers, or you never can enjoy that pure love which is the foundation of all holiness, and binds members of the human family together, with rosy wreaths of peace. If you don't love flowers, you can't belong to my church, and the sooner you get out of it the better for me and the cause which I have labored for years to build up. Now, as the season is approaching when the children of Flora put on their gayest attire, wear the brightest bloom on their cheeks, and are most worthy of being beloved, I hope and pray that you will occasionally quit these vice-stained streets, take a walk into the country, and become morally renovated by a friendly intercourse with flowers. If you would all tread in my footsteps, you might find yourselves, every now and then, in the midst of a blooming paradise, planted to the eastward of the southern extremity of Broadway, called Hogg's Garden. O, my friends, it is a delightful spot; where flowers from all climes are for ever breathing the sweetest of fragrance, and whispering, in unknown tongues, of friendship, love and affection. I go there frequently, and return with a bosom full of sentiment and philan-

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thropic love, and much better prepared for my Sunday duties than before. I bring bouquets to the city—and little children and pretty girls run after me by instinct—for such is the effect flowers have on innocence and virtue—but as I pass down Wall street the sinful men of the world take no notice of what I carry in my hand, knowing that the buds are not silver, nor the blossoms gold. Such is the non-effect they have on vice. These men will go to torment, because they don't like flowers—but I beg of you, my friends, to go out to that garden occasionally—wives, sweethearts and all, and have your minds purified, your fierce dispositions mollified, the virtue of flowers testified, by having your morals rectified, and the truth of my doctrine exemplified. So mote it be!

ON THE PRACTISED ARTS OF LOVE.

TEXT.— Do anything but love;
Or if thou lovest, and art a woman,
Hide thy love from him whom thou dost worship.
Never let him know how dear he is!
Flit like a bird before him; lead him from tree to tree,
From flower to flower—but be not won,
Or thou wilt, like that bird, when caged and caught,
Be left to pine neglected.—L. E. LANDON.

MY HEARERS: I've found it all out—I have been tee-totally bamboozled. I said,

while under the hydrophobia of revenge a few Sundays ago, that women hadn't any love; but now I begin to feel a little sorry about it. I've had all the girls, from the Bull's Head to the Battery, in my flax since then. One thought me real mean for uttering such super-diabolical sentiments—another said I didn't know anything about the nature of woman, or was too old to appreciate the influence of love in anybody—and others stuck to it that I must have been disappointed in some love scrape, and only wanted to fall out, for the sake of kissing and making it up again; and so I've caught it right and left. Now the fact of the matter is, I have been deceived. I was under the impression that, if there was any such thing as love in the girl kind, it would stick out so as to be seen with half an eye. But I see how it is. They hide their love, as my text says—I wouldn't have thought it—but Miss Landon has told them to do it; and she knows what's what as well as that woman who broomed me out of the house a spell ago. O, these girls are cunning creatures! Well, I like 'em the better for their seeming coldness, since I am fully convinced that they actually possess a quantum sufficient of that exhilarating gas, called love, which diffuses itself throughout this oviparous, sublunary world of ours, and impregnates the whole human race with witching symptoms of

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ideality, and engenders a spirit of good will among the gregarious sexes! As old as I am, I even LOVE the fair sex, for the shrewdness and scientific tricks they display when admirers are trying to coax them into the rat-traps of their affections. If further proof than my text offers is needed, that women are tinctured with the pure essence of love, I will quote a passage from Ovid, whose veracity is uncomoverable, and can't be disputed: '*Girlandum qui loveabus cupiderandum, et posse comitatus flirtie femini, hoc homo quid tobacco-juice con amoriso kissandrum pro sighandum, sine desperando nihil faintabit.*'

Now, my dear female auditors, having proved, fairly, directly, perpendicularly, horizontally and collaterally, that Cupid is the fledgling of your bosoms, and true love the offspring of your hearts, I mean to go half the figure with you and my text in speaking of its exercise. It tells you to do anything but love—a stumper to begin with—can't go in for that. You ought to love, because it is the soul of that religion which cherishes peace and harmony on earth, and adds lustre to the diadems of angels in heaven. But you may conceal this love as long as you think proper. It is often the best way to make admirers think you don't care much about them; for they are sure to love you the more, and will use greater exertions to win you over

into the moonshine of their affections. It's no use of telling you to hide your love under a bushel, because I know you oftentimes do it, whether or no. As my old friend Shakspeare says, you don't always tell your love, but let concealment, like a moth in a red woollen blanket, feed upon your damask cheeks. It's all right—perfectly right—go it, girls, with a deer-like shyness! Lead the lover on, from tree to tree, and flower to flower, like the eastern bird of hope—but don't let him come near enough to sprinkle salt on your necks, or you are gone sparrows. Keep just such a distance before him—and this distance will lend a very peculiar enchantment to his view; your defects, if you have any, will wholly disappear, and your beauties will glisten, like a tin teapot on the summit of a heaven-kissing hill. [Shakspeare.] Yes, as you recede from the lover's gaze, your charms will increase in splendor, inasmuch as the golden atmosphere of love will fall between, and you will appear before his treacherous vision like beings of light surrounded by a halo of glory. You should follow up this game till you find your pursuer is dead set on taking you into the ark of connubial happiness: and then you may allow yourself to be cornered up, but don't give up too suddenly, or it may spoil all the fun; rather contrive some way to get into close quarters—and even then, you

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must dodge round and try to elude every earnest grasp, till you find you can't struggle any longer with the giant impulses of the heart. Then yield at once in the blissful agony of submission, and say,

Here, sir, I give myself away,
 'Tis all that I can do.'

Follow this method, and you will secure to yourself such matrimonial peace and comfort as an abrupt union can neither give nor take away. I don't care what my text says—depend upon it, you will not be left to pine neglected, like a maiden robin in a solitary cage. No, my dear young females—a person who has experienced so much trouble, and used such persevering exertions to coax his dear turtle-dove to his bosom, will never forsake it when once secure in his affectionate embrace. He will press it to his heart in times of danger, sorrow and affliction—support and cherish it as the companion of his lonely hours, and cling to it even when the shears of Death are about to clip the conjugal thread, and separate them for ever.

My hearers—happy unions may sometimes agree with hasty marriages; but the best way to ensure happiness is to live as though we were married but yesterday; and add to the present enjoyment the firm resolution of becoming more moral, more virtuous, more pious, and consequently more happy, till we are called upon to

give in the sum total of all our virtues and vices, at the bar of Heaven. So mote it be!

ON DANCING.

TEXT. —Lost they not then all sense of present woe,
In that wild dance? Thus musing as I
gazed,
O, it was beautiful to see them throw
Up their sinister leg, and, with hands
raised,
Politely intimate, while poised so,
At each gyration's close, that they did
'jump Jim Crow.'

MY DEAR HEARERS: I have no doubt but the subject before me might be a source of bunkum delight to young men afflicted with levity, and girls of hyperbolical giddiness, were I to descant upon it according to their notions of fun, pleasure and happiness, in this take-in sort of a world. I wouldn't have you think that I am teetotally opposed to dancing in every shape—for the very plain reason that I used to heel and toe it a trifle, ere my old legs had refused to perform the bidding of the will, as is now the case. But the fact is, I was wont to cut it down too strong altogether—I carried the step too far—went the double-shuffle too mightily—but I couldn't help it. I was obliged to mind the music and keep up with my partner; and the

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way she would balance up, and right-and-left, was significant of something more than nothing. I soon began to lose health, flesh, cash and morality; and finally told all the frivolities of the world to go to pot, and I would go to preaching—preach good morals, moderation, temperance, love, and a particular cautious step in the scientific practice of dancing. I don't like the looks of such ball-rooms as they have lately, nor the way they manage matters. Artificial corruptness covers over and destroys all that beautiful simplicity which graces the domestic circle. The girls are all so titivated off with false beauty and flipperings, that a fellow loses his heart before he knows it; and the plague of it is, he don't know which of the fair ones has got it. Generally speaking, it's much better for him if he never finds it out; for he should take into consideration, that everything is not gold that glitters—neither is every girl an angel, though she glides through the mazes of the dance like a spirit clothed with the rainbow and studded with stars. He may behold his admired object, on the morrow, in the true light of reality—perchance emptying a wash-tub in the gutter, with frock pinned up behind—her cheeks pale for the want of paint—her hair mussed and mossy, except what lies in the bureau—and her whole contour wearing the appearance of an angel rammed through a bush fence

into a world of wretchedness and woe. Now, my dear friends, supposing a young man does happen to find his snatched-up beauty in such a predicament? I say it is a glorious recommendation for him—and if he don't like it, he must keep away from those places where loveliness is patched up for the occasion, and where a she devil and a she seraph are one and the same thing. Every ball, now-a-days, is a masquerade—its attendants are as false as they appear to be fair—and when day-light comes to unmask them, they can boast of no great attractions, either inside or out. They are too fond of blowing it out 'till day-light doth appear,' instead of hanging up their fiddles at eleven o'clock, and winding off with 'Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,' as was the case in the good old days of yore. Dancing has been gathering a thick coat of corruption for a long time. The primitive Shaker jig is the only pure pigeon wing, to my notion, though I never went their figure. The old down-outside-and-back is the next natural and simple form of leg worship; the Jim Crow jump is a falling off from either—and the fashionable capers cut at the present day are all stupid nonsense. What meaning is there in what they call a quintillion? It's all full of such hog-latin as dose-a-dose! lemonade all! pussay! alamode at the corners! shase-here-de-chase-here! and so on, and so forth.

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Waltzing is more stupid yet—nobody can do it real slick unless they have the spring-halt in one leg, as horses sometimes have. When I see a chap hugged up to a girl, performing constant revolutions, at the rate of six to a minute, I can't help suspecting that he is trying to get round her in a very nonsensical way. O, this waltzing is a silly piece of business. A puppy whirling round after his tail makes a more respectable appearance than a couple of our Heavenly Father's images in the ludicrous position of waltzing. If dancing must be done at all, I say let it be done decently and in order—after the manner of the times in which I came the ajetta to a nicety. Let the figure be simple—keep at a respectable distance while balancing to partners—and when you go down the middle, don't squeeze hands too tight, and look out for the corn plantations on either side.

My beloved friends: it always affords me a full purse of pleasure to see my young pupils happy in the enjoyment of rational pastime, I would not, for the world, throw aloes in the wine-cups of young men; neither could I have the cruelty to force worm-wood tea down the delicate throats of those dear, delightful angels who honor me with their presence. But while drinking from the pitcher of pleasure, you must be careful and not drink so deep as to make a buz-

zing quill factory of your cock-lofts. If you do, you may stand a chance to learn St. Vitus' dance, or be obliged to dance down the dark alley, to the tune of Delirium Tremens. Think of this, my young friends, and toe out like a tea-stand! I know, full well, that you find a good deal of fun in your wild dances—you lose, at the time, all sense of present woe, and feel light as corks; but mind, I tell ye, if you keep it up of a night till you get your pores too far open, the storm that may blow on the morrow will beat in, till you become water soaked, and finally sink down beneath the waves of corruption, to rise no more. May each of you weigh my sentiments on the subject with the steelyards of prudence—dance not on slippery places—and return, as far as convenient, toward the good old ways of your ancestors. So mote it be!

ON UNION.

TEXT.—‘Union,’ the woods, ‘union,’ the floods,
‘Union,’ the hollow mountains ring.

MY HEARERS: if we look abroad, cast a philosophic eye over what Nature, or Nature's God has created, we shall find that cohesive union everywhere exists. The rocks are attached to each other—the trees of the forest grow quietly together without

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disagreement, or the slightest manifestation of ill-will one towards another. The seas and the floods, as they roll, seem to murmur and complain, as though naught but unhappiness had fallen to their lot; yet wave follows wave—where one goes, the other goes—where one sleeps the other sleeps; and when storms and tempests arise to trouble, if one be SHAKEN, the other must be SHOOK, too. There's union for you, my friends, which you would do well to take a pattern from. The stars in the firmament sing together—the bugs, bees, caterpillars, butterflies, birds, and all kinds of insects, seem to dwell together in harmony, friendship and love; with the exception of some instances where principles seem to be sustained that 'might makes right'

My friends—be united. 'In union, as well as in an onion, there is strength.' A house divided against itself must come down. In politics, and in relation to my particular friends, the Democrats, the force of this principle has been strongly demonstrated. The Old Hunkers and the Barn-burners could do nothing but disagree; the consequence of which is, they 'lost their election.' 'Make your election SURE,' says the good Book; and to do this, you must be united. I am glad to see, however, that something like a spirit of brotherly love has lately been stirred up among us. You

seem to feel the necessity of union—you are determined to act upon this necessity; and, if you don't whip the Whigs for the two following years, you disgrace your political profession, are a dishonor to your country, and unworthy of the name 'Locofoco.' As for me, I always assist the party I think is going to win. I have helped the BEAR heretofore, but now I intend to help YOU—provided you help yourselves as much as you can, by sticking together, like a flock of sheep, and huddling the closer the more furiously drives the storm. Let 'Union, for the sake of the Union,' be henceforward our motto—our watchword—our shield—our musket—our shovel—our 'toothpick,' and our spade—and, just as sure as the glorious sun shall shine on my straw hat to-morrow, we shall go on 'conquering and to' eat clams, till the last vestige of Whiggery is swept into the dark north-east corner of oblivion—besides doing other great things.

My dear friends: what a lovely sight it would be, too, to see all the different religious sects and denominations throughout the world, united in spirit, faith and doctrine!—all worshipping after the same form and manner, in one grand, magnificent temple, as it were; whose dome is the blue-arched sky; whose altar is the eternal mountain; and whose broad aisle is the valley of the Mississippi! Oh, what a beau-

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tiful picture for Contemplation to sit and
fan herself over! There, in the yonder
green and ever-fresh pastures of universal
love, harmony and truth, are the various
flocks all feeding quietly together—all nib-
bling the same spiritual grass, or lying in
the shade and chewing the same kind of
cud (not tobacco, brethren,)—all receiving
the salt of salvation from the different shep-
herds, no one of which pretends to be purer
and cleaner than another, and all cooling
their noses and quenching their thirsts at
the same refreshing and ever-running rivu-
let of love and good will!—ewes, lambs,
wethers, and rams with the rest. O, this
were a glorious sight! but I am afraid,
brethren, that Time will snap our brittle
thread of life long before it can be brought
about. If this thread was only made of
india-rubber, and large enough, it might
stretch ten years, on a steady pull; but
alas! there is little more strength to it
than to what the spider spins!

I wish to see, dear brethren, a spirit of
union everywhere prevail: among those of
different pursuits, callings and professions;
among all societies, clubs and associations;
among the high and the low, the rich and
the poor; among all partnerships—par-
ticularly those formed for life, by the unit-
ing of hands and hearts; and I may say,
without committing an assault and battery
upon propriety—of lips, too. Here is the

kind of union that would make my soul purr like a kitten to see more fully manifested. All you young brothers and sisters who are outside the gate to the garden of connubial bliss, and fain would enter, come up, and I will give you tickets to pass, at the rate of twelve shillings the couple. Come up to the altar, and be fixed off for only twelve shillings! I want to make every one as happy as possible; therefore, come up, and receive ten thousand dollars' worth of happiness for **ONLY** twelve shillings! Come and have the knot tied, tighter and cheaper than anywhere else! What! none come forward? Yes, a solitary couple. Well, I marry you upon my patent principle, 'Do you take one another for better or worse?' 'We do.' Then I pronounce you two 'one of 'em.' As you are rather of a small pair, I shall charge you but ten shillings and sixpence—go, and be happy! Now, my unmarried hearers, I hope and trust that, ere another week shall have rolled around, many of you will have made up your minds to strengthen the bonds of union in general, by uniting one with another, thereby securing perpetual bliss to yourselves, and—twelve shillings to me. So mote it be!

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ON THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

TEXT.—Though no word may be spoken,
My welfare to tell,
When I send thee a token,
Decipher it well;
In my desolate hours
My solace shall be,
In the language of flowers
To whisper to thee.

MY FAITHFUL HEARERS: I 'spose you know well enough that there are more languages on the face of the globe than you can shake a stick at, or cypher up on a slate in a dog's age. There are all kinds of gibberish, from Cherokee up to Chaldee—but I consider the old English the best of any agoing; because it is just as plain as A, B, C—so plain that he who runs may read, and know exactly what it means. Every other language is mere geese-gabble; jabber-jabber, google-google. Those who talk it can't make each other understand, without a wriggling about, and bobbing up and down of heads, just as the geese do. But they contrive to get along, some how or other—so, they may talk Turkey, Tonga-wanga or low Dutch, for aught I care. Between you and me, and the lamp post, my friends—tongues are not always necessary to express and convey ideas. There is a language in almost every thing, in the heavens above, the





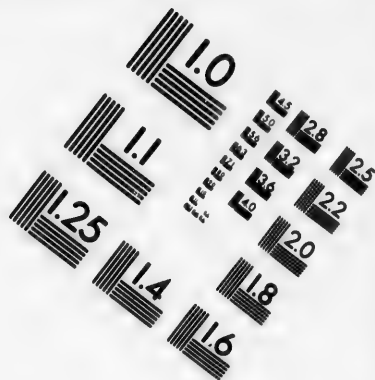
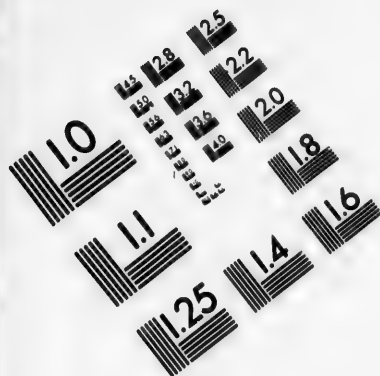
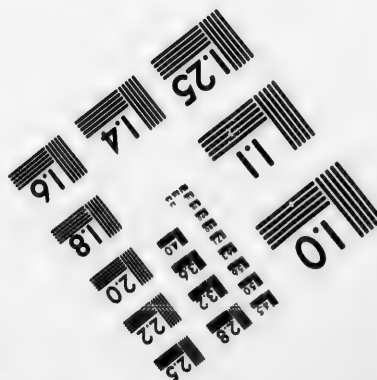
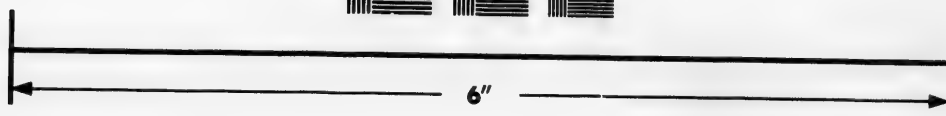
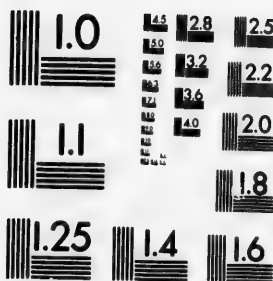


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earth beneath, and the place down below—excepting in shell-fish and saw-dust pudding. The birds, beasts, and insects, all understand each other, like bedfellows. The Naiades prattle in the brooks—old Neptune grumbles on the ocean—Diana sings in the woods—and Flora, the fair mistress of flowers, teaches her blooming children to converse with man in a mysterious language, but plain enough to be understood by those who will lend an ear to their silent eloquence. Yes, my hearers, every flower has a sentiment to impart; and if you'll keep awake long enough, I'll particularize a little.

The rose speaks of beauty—it is called the Queen of Flowers—(not Queen Victoria—she's a pond-lilly, surrounded by bull frogs and water-lizards)—it blooms and looks lovely but for a short time—its blushing petals soon fade, and the rough winds scatter them abroad—telling that beauty is evanescent, and won't stand as some girls are all stuck round with pins—cautioning the embracers of beauty to look well, or they may get scratched a few. The myrtle is always full of hope and expectation—it keeps green, and never turns pale with disappointment. When a young man sends a myrtle to his sweetheart, she has a right to expect a visit from him instant; because the vegetable can't lie. The jasmine is a pretty little flower.

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and I hope my young female hearers will heed its moral. It is an emblem of simplicity; and shows that a girl's heart, free from guile—not too fond of setting traps—is the corner-stone of beauty. It braves the storms of winter, as an artless heart does the blasts of adversity and ill-luck. The hollyhock is ambition itself—its blossoms seem to strive for the ascendancy on the parent stem; and those nearest the top have the toughest time of it in the gale. People generally don't know how cold it is on the top of Mount Ambition. The yellow day-lily represents coquetry, because its flowers don't last over a day. So it is with all coquettes—they have their day, as well as dogs; and the dogs of it is, they arn't worth a tinker's dog when they are in full blossom. The tulip is the posie for lovers. It is always used as a declaration of affection. When I first saw my wife, (that was,) I didn't tell her right out that I loved her; so I sent her a tulip, and it did the thing, just like a knife—she knew what it meant. Maddier, my friends, is a true emblem of calumny—its leaves make a stain that won't wash out with soap-suds and potash. I advise you to talk with this flower, and never backbite your neighbors—for the marks left, where their backs are bitten, will always remain. The lilac means forsaken. When a beau don't intend to let his affec-

tions hang on any longer, he should send his girl a lilac, and she'll know directly that he means to be o-p-h, like a pot lid. I must call the attention of some of my hearers to one particular flower—and that's the sun-flower. It is a picture of brass-faceitiveness. It can look at the sun without blushing, and stare the moon out of countenance—it carries its head altogether too high, and has nothing to recommend it but the black seeds of impudence! I could tell you lots more about the language of flowers; but pay attention to what I have given—converse with them often, and compare their sentiments with those that have taken root in your hearts. Let no madder, sun-flowers, night-shade, pig-weed and such like vetetables, find a genial soil in your bosoms—if they already have, hoe them out immediately, for they will overrun the whole moral garden, and prevent fair Virtue's flowers from putting forth a single bud.

There is a little flower, called the violet, that young ladies should profit by. It indicates modesty, and, to my notion, is the prettiest child of the whole floral family. To see it lying in its grassy cradle, looking up so lovely, and with a dewy tear-drop resting in its blue eye, is enough to give one the kiss-distemper! I flatter myself I see a great many violets among my congregation. I saw lots of artificial ones last

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night, going up and down Broadway. I
knew such flowers as they wern't genuine,
as quick as I smelt them. But, my hearers,
it matters not what kind of vegetation you
are; you will all soon be cut down by the
scythe of Time. You don't flourish long
before you are lopped off. It has been
truly said that you spring up like a hopper-
grass, grow like peppergrass, and are cut
down like sparrowgrass. Think of these
things, and be prepared for a final and
happy transplantation to that land where
buds of purity alone can blossom. So mote
it be!

WOMAN—HER POWER.

TEXT.—Oh woman, woman, woman; all the gods
Have not such power of doing good to men
As you of doing harm!—DRYDEN.

MY HEARERS: there is no doubt but Wo-
man brings as much wo and wretchedness
to man as does that root of all evil, money.
We of the opposite gender quarrel, fight
and toil for both, and by both not unfre-
quently are made miserable. I would not
have the fair portion of my audience sus-
pect me of believing that they do, taken in
a lump, more harm than good to men; but
that they have THE POWER of making more
mischief among us weak an erring sons
of sin than ever had Satan when he was al-

lowed to wander at will up and down the earth in search of those whom he might feel disposed to devour. It was woman that first ate of the apple of sin in Eden, and caused man to partake of the same—whereby deviltry, death and damnation came like a disease upon the world, which has now assumed such a chronic form as to defy either preaching or any moral purgative that can be administered. When our first paternal parent was soundly sleeping in Paradise, amid the fresh-blown roses of peace, Heaven stole a portion of his finer but superfluous material to fit up a woman ; but had he been wide awake at the time, instead of napping, and could he have fore-known the misery that she afterward brought upon him, he never would have consented to the operation that was performed upon him.

My friends : Woman is the fountain of all human frailty. Were it not for her, we should exhibit moral might and strength, where now we show nothing but weakness. She draws from us the life-sustaining sap of virtuous resolution—encourages our ambition beyond its proper point—she is the bane of empire and the root of power—causes mischiefs, murders, massacres ; and damns us faster than Providence can save. Allow me to ask, with my old friend Otway, what ills might not have been done by woman ? Who was it that betrayed the capi-

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tol? A woman! Who was the cause of a
long ten years' war, that laid old Troy at
last in ashes? A woman! Who lost Marc
Antony, what he termed, the world? A wo-
man! Yes, it was a woman—the same de-
ceitful kind of a creature that was at first
given to man as a blessing, and afterwards
proved his bane. There was a time when
Innocence and Love slept as sweetly to-
gether, beneath a heaven-built bower of
bliss, as a twin pair of babes in a cradle;
but woman led them astray; and now they
no longer go hand in hand, but wander
solitary and alone over the sterile plains of
vice and licentiousness. Woman, always
in quest of some new adventure, saw the
devil—changed her love—inclined her soul
to his temptations—and, for the sake of a
wormy pippin, brought enough wo and
misery upon all mankind to create a yel-
low fever in the coldest corner of eternity.

My hearers: Woman sometimes sows
the seeds of sorrow among our flowers of
joy, and sticks pins through our trowsers
when we suspect she only intends to tickle.
She coaxes us with her smiles, and leads
us astray by her arts; and yet, after all,
we must acknowledge that the weakness is
ours and the power is hers. The feminine
race of mortals appear to be governed by
an absolute and stubborn fate. There is no
removing the land-marks of their love; and
their detestation can be bounded by no cer-

tain limits. When they love, they love with a looseness; and when they hate, it is entirely on the high pressure principle. When a female has her affections once fairly fastened upon a man, you can no more detach them by persuasion than you can coax a couple of angry bull-dogs from each other, with a slice of raw beef. The women have beauty and pride, which makes mankind their slaves; and nothing, save the soft soap of flattery, can induce them to unloose the fetters from one poor mortal and bind them upon another. Pour out a few drops of praise upon woman from your vials of admiration, and the apparent ossification of her heart is immediately reduced to the consistency of calf's head jelly: for there is no mistake but the thoughtless sex are oftentimes caught by empty noise, despite their pretensions to almost absolute power in the offices of love.

My fair feminine hearers: although you possess the power of making a vast deal of mischief among the mass of mankind, I would not, for the world, be so uncharitable as to suppose that you always take advantage of this power, for the purpose of playing the Old Harry with us of the masculine gender. You are not to be blamed for your beauty, nor censured for those attractions over which you have no control. If a moth flutters around the alluring blaze

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of a candle, and scorches its wings, it is all
owing to its indiscretion, and no fault what-
ever can be attached to the fatal fire by
which it dies. Nature made you, my dear
females, to temper man—to soothe the
asperities of his nature, which is as rough
as the back of a hog, when manipulated
from the tail headward—and so long as you
scatter roses among our daily walks, I, for
one, won't grumble if a few thorns of wo
are concealed beneath the bright blossoms
of love. Without you we evidently should
have been brutes, caring for nothing save
the sensual enjoyment of the present, and
as utterly regardless of the future as a rat,
nibbling at the bait of a steel-trap. Angels,
it is said, are painted fair to look like you ;
for in you we fancy that we behold all
brightness, all purity, all truth, eternal joy
and everlasting love—notwithstanding we
sometimes get deceived, and afterwards
detest the very name of Woman. You are
the last and very best reserve of God ; but
when your moral characters become stain-
ed with sin, and bespotted with vice, you
are looked upon as the most loathsome of
reptiles that cast their slime upon the fair
surface of the earth. Your power for do-
ing either harm or good remains with you
so long as Virtue is your aid and protec-
tress, and no longer. You can make mis-
chief among men by causing them to fight,
bleed and die for you, while your inclina-

tions are virtuous and your actions are exemplary; but as soon as your rudders of virtue are lost from the sterns of your frail vessels, you are left to the mercy of the winds and the waves; and, with all your false show, false colors, and doubtful signals of distress, no one will deign to assist you.

Let your attractions be inward as well as outward, my young females—wear no paint upon your cheeks—no artificial smiles upon your features—carry no dissemblance in your hearts—and then if you are the cause of harm among men, the weakness is theirs, and to you belongs the glory of being possessed of such lovely attributes as to command the respect and the admiration of the world. So mote it be!

ON PATIENCE.

TEXT.—There's not a virtue in the bosom lives
That gives such ready pay as patience gives.

MY HEARERS: There can be no question but it would be better for most of you did you possess in a greater degree a certain asinine virtue, called PATIENCE. It would be much to your gain and glory, for you to make jack-asses of yourselves in this respect. The ass that patiently bears his burden, from day to day, feels far more at

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traces, bruises its own heels, and has to
submit, after all, to the will of the waggon-
er. It is known to you all, beloved friends,
that the cat, by patient sitting and watch-
ing, is almost certain to catch the mouse;
but the hound that hurries after the hare,
worries and fatigues himself oftentimes in
vain. That paradise of happiness for which
we are all seeking is hedged in, and sur-
rounded by, thorns; and he that endea-
vors to rush rashly through them, is sure
to be wounded and impeded in his progress
—but the one that picks his way patiently
escapes unscratched, and unexpectedly
finds himself in the elysium of the blest.
Oh, patience can accomplish more than
mortals dream of! No great design was
ever snatched at once. The ingenious nest
must first be built—the egg must then be
laid—and patience must sit upon it till the
chicken is hatched. Rome, that wasn't
built in a day, still lifts her exalted head,
an everlasting monument of patience:—
and if all unmarried people who now sit
wriggling in their chairs or lie tossing in
their beds, impatient to get a taste of the
sweets of matrimony, would quietly wait
their time, genuine happiness would be
more likely to attend them in the event.

My friends: ancient Job was smitten
with sore biles, from the crown of his head

to the sole of his foot; but, instead of cursing God and dying, he was enabled, by patience, to sing in his sufferings, even as a tea-kettle singeth with its bottom upon the burning coals. Adam exhibited much patience ere he found a wife to cheer him; and a great deal more, after he got a wife to vex him. It was through patience that Elisha dwelt so long by the brook in the wilderness, dependent upon precarious crows for his food. Patience caused the seven years' pasturage of Nebuchadnezzar to appear but so many months. Patience, amalgamated with an implicit trust in Providence, kept Jonah alive in the whale's belly:—and it is only by the most enduring patience, my friends, that I continue, from year to year, to sow the seeds of moral advice upon every sort of soil, for the sake of seeing a few green blades spring up amid the burning sands of iniquity. As 'constant dropping will wear away stones,' so I mean to keep patiently pouring the oil of instruction upon your adamantine hearts, till they become as soft as putty, and as absorbing as sponge.

My dear hearers: there are three things that no moral, christian or natural philosopher can put up with, with any degree of patience—namely: an excruciating toothache, a loquacious bore, and a scolding wife. Of these evils there is no least to be chosen; and he that is afflicted with either

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of them is certainly an object of pity ; but most of the trials, vexations and troubles that attend us in life can be overcome by patience, proper perseverance, and a firm reliance upon the protecting care of Providence. A too eager eagerness for things desirable and tempting is the cause of half your misery. Like foolish rats and mice, you enter the trap-cage and nibble at the cheese of temptation, without first consulting how you are to get out—you follow the will-o'-the-wisps of pleasure, even to the centre of the swamps of destruction—you wade in deep and dangerous waters for the purpose of grasping at imaginary bubbles ; and sometimes give Satan a mortgage upon your souls for the sake of a few hundred dollars.

My friends : go and learn patience from the beasts, birds, insects and reptiles. They are always content with what Nature provides for them to-day, and care less of to-morrow's fare. Their wants are few and easily supplied ; but you, discontented mortals, are never satisfied with a sufficiency. Give you enough to eat, drink and wear—ay, all the comforts that the world can afford—and you still have an eternal itching after honor, glory, praise, riches, or something else equally poisonous to peace and happiness. Instead of making yourselves uneasy in the anticipation of richer enjoyments yet to come, you ought to be

satisfied with the repast of the present—but don't dip in too deeply. If you drink from the cup of pleasure till you become intoxicated, all present hilarity is sure to be soon turned into the saddest of melancholy. If you do nothing but sip at the sweets of the world, a sickening sensation around the heart soon ensues, and you feel far worse than you would had you partaken prudently of the dainties which Heaven supplies. In the morning of youth you breakfast upon hope—take strong cups of the hot coffee of enthusiasm, sweetened with the sugar of incipient love, and seem to enjoy the feast like juvenile gods reveling amid ambrosial sweets—but you indulge with too much freedom altogether. At the mid-day of manhood your fare is more substantial. On the table you find the corned beef of care—the mustard of misery—offensive onions of avarice, and a small quantity, indeed, of the true butter of benevolence. You eat and get your fill, and then you go away complaining of indigestion and the wickedness of the world. In old age you sup upon sorrow, and lament that your appetites have gone, and that you have lost all relish for earthly enjoyments. Thus you go forward, from the cradle to the grave, disdaining all plain but proper food, till it is too late for you ever to enjoy it; but if you will now make up your minds to live upon plain mutton and

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 wisdom, and have patience to put up with
 a few temporary annoyances, you will en-
 joy life's treat in a manner that becomes
 the rational portion of the Almighty's
 creation; and, at last, go down to the grave
 uncorrupted in body and undiseased in
 spirit. So mote it be!

INDEPENDENCE.

TEXT.—Independence is the thing,
 And we're the boys to boast on't.

MY HEARERS: Next Thursday is the birth-
 day of American Liberty—the day upon
 which our star-spangled banner first wav-
 ed in the fair breeze of Freedom—the day
 that the proud eagle of the mountain first
 looked down from his eyry on a free and
 independent nation—the day upon which
 the fat, ragged and saucy children of Co-
 lumbia, broke loose from the apron strings
 of their mother country, and kicked up
 their heels for joy, like so many colts re-
 leased from the bondage of winter's con-
 finement. You ought, on this occasion, to
 be as full of glory as a gin bottle, that this
 blessed anniversary is about once more to
 dawn upon your heads, and find you reap-
 ing the harvest of those blessings which

your fathers sowed in revolutionary soil—watered with their own blood and manured with their own ashes. Yes, you ought to throw up your caps, and make the halls of Freedom ring with loud huzzas; and then sit down and meditate on the groans and the pains of travail which attended this mighty Republic during the delivery of the first born—LIBERTY.

My friends: next Thursday the celebration will take place. Then the whole nation will be alive, like a beggar's shirt; there will be a general stirring up of the genus homo from one end of the nation to the other. The fires of enthusiasm will be kindled in every breast; and many of those who lack in patriotic glory, will doubtless supply themselves with the article at the booths round the Park. But, my dear friends, this sixpenny patriotism is most horrible stuff, it is patriotism of the head and not of the heart. It makes you feel too independent altogether. It induces you to fight in times of peace, and takes all the starch out of your courage in times of war. While this artificial patriotism is effervescing in your cocoa-nuts, your boasts of independence are loud and clamorous: but when its spirit has evaporated, you are the veriest serviles that ever writhed under the lash of despotism. If you suppose, my friends, that the proper way to observe our national independence is by drinking

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brandy slings and gin cocktails, you are just as much mistaken as the boy was who set a bear trap to catch bed-bugs. But I see there is very little use in scattering the seeds of good advice upon such barren soil as the bosoms of many now present. It is just about as easy to preach salvation into a basket of stinking fish as to turn them from the error of their ways.

My friends: while you are citizens of a free and independent republic, you should always let independence be your boast, but never forget the price at which it was purchased. It cost Uncle Samuel something more than mere powder and shot. It cost him some of the most precious blood that ever coursed through the veins of mortality; and the bones of martyred heroes that now lie crumbling in their sepulchres, or bleaching upon the battle-field, are the melancholy memoranda of the price at which our liberty was purchased. They offered themselves up as sacrifices upon their country's altar, in order that you and your children's children might live in clover, and feast upon the rich fruits of freedom, to the stomach's and heart's content. Will you then, my friends, break into the enclosures of the dead, and hold drunken carousals upon the graves of your fathers who fought, bled and died in defence of your dearest rights? No—I am perfectly well convinced that most of you won't do any such thing; but, on

the contrary, you will behave yourselves as men, patriots, christians, and gentlemen should; and not like soaplocks and rowdies, who would glory to deflower even the goddess of Liberty herself, in her own sacred temple. I know there will be some who declare themselves free and independent of all moral law, restraint, order and decency—who will be so carried away with brandy and enthusiasm that it will take a whole week for them to gather up their scattered fragments of ideas, and return again to the homestead of common sense and reason.

My dear hearers : I like to hear you boast of your independence, if it be not done in a vain and bragadocial spirit; and my gratuitous prayer is, that you may maintain it so long as you are permitted to squat on this side of the deep, still river of death. To preserve your collective strength, your heart, your feelings, and your pure sympathies must be all joined together, like the links of a log chain. You must all hang together like a string of fish, and stick to one another, through thick and thin, like a bunch of burdocks in a bell-wether's fleece. Remember, my friends, that, with all your boasted independence, you are poor, weak, miserable, dependent beings. That same Almighty hand which provides you with soup and shirts, beef and breeches, can take them all from you in a little less than a short space of time, and

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leave you as naked as an apple tree in winter. Yes, my friends, you must recollect that you are dependent as well as independent; and that all the favors you receive are donations from Heaven, brought down by angels of mercy, and distributed impartially among the grabbing, snatching and thieving sons of sin. So mote it be!

N. B.—We, that is the mayor, common council and myself, have thought it well not to have any booths round the Park next Thursday—not that they HAVE BEEN the cause of disturbance and riot, but there is no knowing that they MIGHT BE; and therefore we consider it advisable to resort to precautionary measures. You can get your inner man refreshed and replenished at those public houses where your money is WANTED more than at the booths.

A FLEETING WORLD.

TEXT.—I've been thinking, I've been thinking
What a fleeting world this is.

MY HEARERS : In this fleeting world, whatever comes must shortly go—disappear like barn-swallows at the latter end of summer. As Brother Bowshin once truly remarked, What's here to-morrow is gone yesterday. Time halloas 'shoo!' to the whole living

flock, and away they scamper out of the flowery vale of youth, up the green hillsides of maturity, to the semi-barren highlands of age, and push on, like so many buffaloes, for the fearful precipice! Poor Mortality!—doomed to drudgery, disappointment and death—sits down as soon as she can see to thread a needle, and makes herself a shroud. She sews assiduously, but the shades of evening begin to gather ere the last stitch is taken. And you, brethren, whereabouts do you stand, between the beginning and the end? You may think it a great way from one extremity of existence to the other; but O, ye victims of a wretched optical illusion! let me tell you, that if you were now to strip, preparatory to an eternal sleep, you could stand exactly where you are, and with one hand toss your boots into your cradle, while with the other you hung your hat upon your grave stone. Verily, life is so short that any middle-aged tobacco-chewer might easily lay his quid upon the tomb, and turn round and spit upon the step-stone to the door of being.

My friends: Hope and Memory are both lying jades. One tells you that your life has an amazingly long tail, tapering to a point like a spindle; and the other would fain make you believe that you are yet scarcely a toad's-hop from the suburbs of childhood. Believe them not, for they are gay deceivers. Hope erects a ladder, like

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that in the patriarch's dream, with its foot upon earth and the top resting against the cornice of heaven. Accompanied by angels, you begin to ascend it; but, ere the middle round be reached, the bottom slips, and down you come ker-flummux. The angels take care of themselves. And thus you are deceived in relation to the length, breadth and prospects to your earthly existence. Poor insects of an hour! elated with hope, puffed with pride, and spurred by ambition, you scramble about upon the graves of your ancestors for a brief while—then kneel upon your backs, give a convulsive kick or two, and mingle with ancient mould; and then another set of human beings come along, to crawl and scratch among your ashes, with the same careless unconcern that you delved amid the dust of those who lived, and moved, and had a being before you. And you, young blooming daughters of mortality!—evanescent, ephemeral butterflies of fortune, fashion and folly!—let your beautiful souls flit and flutter, to-day, upon the spangled pinions, among the flowers of fancy, love and fun, while the morning dews of delight still glitter upon their petals; for to-morrow your sport is over. Autumnal winds are blowing—hoarfrosts are falling—your charms are fading—and you must go the way of all butterflies, and other fleeting emblems of beauty and vanity. Go it, and all ye 'g'hals, and

all ye 'b'hoys,' as much as you can while you are young: for, in the narrow circumference of youth, there isn't room to go it to any fearful extent, and you don't stay there long enough to do much damage to yourselves nor to posterity. Soon you are out—and then you jog steadily along the plain road of life, as soberly as an old ox, who seems somewhat seriously to moralize as he goes, in memory of the antics and capers that he cut in the green pastures of his calf-hood. Go it, young folks, for Time's going it!—and so am I—with a hitch and a hobble.

My hearers: this is a fleeting world, and no mistake. The bright visions of youth—how soon they are flown! The beautiful bubbles of hope—how suddenly they burst! The hot furnace of love—how soon it grows cold! The blossoms of friendship—how fast they fade! How swiftly the seasons fly! Hot-whiskey-punch time, shad time, pea time, cucumber time, green-corn time, and apple time, glimmer in blended confusion as we behold them at a glance, like so many spokes in the swift-revolving wheel of the year. Even now, while I am talking, minutes go past me like little killi-fish through a mill-flume; and these little minutes, my friends, are the sands in the glass of Time. Soon they will cease to run—the lights will be blown out in the hills of the firmament—the embers

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of life will expire upon the hearth-stone of
the heart—and you will all sleep the sleep
that knows no terrestrial waking. No
waking!—no, not even if a heavy debtor
were to put a speaking-trumpet to your
ear, and bellow loud enough to stun the
cherubim, that he had come with the rhino,
and was ready for a settlement. What is
the lot of mortality?—to bud to bloom, to
bloom to fade, to fade to fall, and to fall to
flourish again in some supermundane
sphere. That's all—and it is accomplishing
its destiny with a most wonderful rapidity.
Look about the visible world and see how
transitory—how fleeting—are all sublunary
things. The flies, the bees, the bugs, the
birds, the babies, the spiders' webs, the
toadstools, the fogs, the vapors, the smoke,
the flowers, the grass, and all such vege-
tables, are emblematical of the shortness
and uncertainty of human life. They tell
you that you are trotting as straight to
eternity as a thirsty dog to a rivulet, and
with the fleetness of a moose across a mea-
dow. I would offer an opinion concerning
your future situation, but my thoughts be-
come broken-winged in beating, like bats,
about old tomb-stones and dusky charnel-
houses—therefore, I shall keep them caged
in my bosom. But I hope and trust that
the railroad velocity with which you speed
through time will give you sufficient time
to carry you far enough into eternity to

prevent your ever returning to such a wicked, deceitful, clothes-tearing and soul-worrying world as this. So mote it be!

ON SCANDAL.

TEXT.—There is a lust in man no charm can tame
Of loudly publishing his neighbor's shame;
On eagles' wings immoral scandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born to die.

MY HEARERS: I shall preach to you a plain, common-sense kind of discourse. Unlike the cabinet maker, who so smoothes, polishes, stains and varnishes his articles, that it is difficult to tell what kind of wood they are composed of. I shall be so plain in prosody, and simple in syntax, that you can hardly help understanding what I intend to say.

To commence: that there is a wild and untameable lust for ever lurking in the breast of man to publish his neighbor's shame, is as correct as a calculation for an eclipse. Why it is that we, like flies which take pains to light upon one's sores, should delight in seeking out the errors and petit sins of a brother-in-blood, is more than I can rationally explain; but true it is, we all have an itching thusward, and no moral physic nor external application can allay it. Let an individual, in the humble walks

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of life, who makes no pretensions to superior piety, but sustain a fair reputation, do an uncommonly praise-worthy deed, and the report of it dies like an echo upon a sand hill. Then let him accidentally tread upon a little violet of modesty, or thoughtlessly pluck a single bright blossom from the garland of virtue, and it is trumped abroad, to his everlasting disgrace. His indiscreetness may at first be only known to one—and he a 'friend;' but this 'friend' has, in common with us all, a devil within him, the same as the most mellow and fairest-looking apple has a worm at its core. He alone knowing of the misstep of his intimate, feels in duty bound to keep it secret; but at the same time is afflicted with an irresistible inclination to tell of it to some one. He tells it 'confidentially' to his nearest friend—HE tells it 'confidentially' to an acquaintance—he to a fourth, and finally it becomes as public as the doings of Congress. These confidential dams can no more stop the streams of scandal, when it has once broken loose from its fountain head, than a bear trap can catch the measles.

My friends: it is impossible for you to know, at the moment, how your reputations are being unravelled by Mr. Meddlesome, Mrs. Chatterbox, and Miss Tittle-tattle. You are not aware at first how badly your backs are bitten by these blood-suck-

ers—gormandizers upon the good names of others; but when time causes the wounds they inflict to fester, you begin to feel sore indeed, and are ready to exclaim, 'Oh! the slanderer's tooth is equally as poisonous to one's soul as the fang of a serpent to the flesh!' The reason why you glory in publishing your neighbor's shame is as plain to me as the garb of a quakeress. It is through a spirit of envy and jealousy. You know that you are all addicted to error, sin and folly; and consequently you are always on the lookout to discover disgraces in others that will outweigh your own. When you find such, you use your utmost exertions to increase the enormity in order that contrast may aid your own wickedness to escape unnoticed. But it won't answer: it is very much like not circulating the report that the character of the kettle is covered with crock.

My hearers: you have no right to tear a man's character to pieces for the sake of patching up your own tattered trowsers of mortality; and you have no business to know what he does privately, if he does not publicly set a pernicious example. Some of you go to the theatre to hiss, and perhaps drive a good actor from the stage, because he is given to certain little immoralities. This shouldn't be—you should look alone at the actor and forget the man. You visit the place to be entertained—perhaps

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amused—and, if the performer 'act well his
part,' you ought to give him just as much ap-
plause as though he were pure as crystal
and chaste as new-fallen snow. So, my
friends, it should be with regard to the par-
son of your parish. If he gives you good ad-
vice from the pulpit—encourages the chris-
tian in his pious career—warns sinners to
repentance, and points out the dangers that
beset the path of the transgressor—if he
goes about doing good—comforts the widow
and the orphan in their sorrows—visits the
sick, and endeavors to alleviate the suffer-
ings and lighten the burdens of the heavy
laden and weary—enters the house of ad-
versity and calms the soul's troubled waters
with a pennyworth of the oil of peace—
gives hope and consolation to him who is
about to set sail upon the ocean of eternity;
accompanies him to the dock of death;
shakes hands, and sees him safely off, with
ardent wishes for his eternal welfare. I say,
my friends, if your parson does all these
things, it is none of your business if he takes
an occasional glass of brandy and water
behind his own door. If Betty, the servant-
maid, should happen to discover it, and,
with the aid of scandal mongers, circulate
it through the parish—you make a fuss
about it, and discharge him from the min-
istry. Now what is the consequence? Why,
the poor man, not conscious of a single
fault, but pierced to the heart with the ar-

rows of public opinion, takes to the bottle to drown his grief—not remorse, for he has done nothing to be ashamed of—and feels his way in a fog to the tomb as fast as he can—and YOU are the murderers of this unfortunate man! Truly, all his virtuous actions were born but to die for the want of that protection and nourishment which a foolish and niggardly community was never known to afford.

My hearers: you are too apt to annihilate a good and virtuous reputation, merely because you fancy you discover a small stain upon it, which, after all, generally amounts to no more than a fly-speck upon a clean table-cloth. This is wrong—decidedly wrong; and I hope that, by reflecting upon the subject, you will become convinced of the fact, and for the future behave better, grow wiser, and become happier. So mote it be!

NOBILITY OF BIRTH.

TEXT.—Fairest piece of well formed earth,
Urge not thus your haughty birth.

MY HEARERS: If there be any one among you who thinks that he is made of better stuff than another, let him come forward and be examined. You, young man yonder, by your high bearing and haughty air, seem to lay claim to superiority in some way.

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ng man yonder,
ughty air, seem
in some way.

It is true you are good looking; you have bright eyes, a fair skin, an average crop of whiskers, and a fine figure, with garments to fit. You are all that could be wished, as far as shape and symmetry are concerned. In fact, you look as though your clothes were made first, after the most approved fashion, and yourself poured into them, in a state of liquefaction, after the manner of making candles. But who are you, and what are you, after all? A small mess of the leavings of high ancestry! which, were it analyzed by my friend Dr. Chilton, would be found no better than the material worked into the son of a chimney-sweep—and no doubt but the blood of the latter is far more pure and uncorrupted. Your nobility of blood is nothing more than the renown of your great grandfathers, known by their virtues, which has descended, in a long trail of light, through ages, growing fainter and fainter, till here it has ended upon you—all in SMOKE. Go, young man! but remember, if you rob a hen-roost or pick a pocket, the sword of Justice will have no more respect for your NOBLE blood than for so much beet juice. In such a dilemma, a full purse is your only salvation; for, as my particular friend Dryden says, *Laws bear the name, but money has all the power*: the cause is always bad whenever the client is short of chink. Bear these things in mind, and go your way, young nobleman.

My friends: birth is nothing; some mighty monarchs have been meanly born, and those that have been kings by birth, have, by mean and wicked acts, been brought into the lowest ranks. The King of Heaven was born of an humble maid, among shingles and shavings, and laid in a manger, for the want of other and better conveniences; yet where is there the nobility to compare with his?—the nobility of goodness. In him all the virtues that could be crowded into flesh shone resplendent. These made him good; and that which made him good made him noble. Nobility is dependent under praiseworthy acts, and not upon inheritance. If it were not so, my friends, we should be all noble, or rather ignoble, alike; since we are all descended from Adam and Eve—and I am sure there was nothing very noble about this ancient couple—who hadn't a house to live in—went naked, stole an apple, and ab-squatulated!

My hearers: nobility of blood is all nonsense; one kind of blood will taint as quick as another; and the precious red fluid that circulates in the veins of Queen Victoria or the Empress Eugénie, won't make any better meat than that which meanders through the Dutch girls of Bergen. In fact, I have seen as good female flesh as ever mortal need desire to kiss, accumulated from wild Irish blood. Your true

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nobleman is he whose mind is filled with
 in-bred worth, no matter whether he was
 ushered into the world amid pomp and
 pageantry, or dug out of a dung-heap, in
 the silence of midnight. Of Nature's no-
 blemen, our red race of the forest are per-
 fect patterns. They never forget a kind-
 ness, nor rest satisfied till they have avenged
 a wrong. Generous, from the impulses of
 their nature, and alive to the highest sense
 of honor, they only ask what is fair and
 reasonable, and submit but when vanquish-
 ed, to any unjust requirement. When left
 to themselves, and unswayed by foreign
 influence, they are the noblest specimens
 of what God intended man should be, that
 ever found an abode upon earth; but when
 goaded, chafed and corrupted by us white
 skins, they are the veriest hell-hounds the
 devil ever let loose upon strangers. May
 Heaven forgive us our trespasses!—it is too
 much to ask of the poor Indian! But no-
 bility is confined to no race, dependent upon
 no station, conferred by no birthright. You
 will find it as pure among the common pea-
 santry of the land as in the palaces of lords
 and princes; and though not glittering
 with regal splendor, it is an ornament to
 our yeomanry, and would do honor to any-
 thing wearing the human face divine, from
 a monarch to a monkey.

My friends: if your progenitors were no-
 ble, you must adopt their virtues and imi-

tate their actions, or they might as well have been sheep-stealers, as far as benefiting you is concerned. Your own acts must immortalize your names; for who cares whether you were born in the garret or down in the cellar, or whether your great grandfather descended the stream of time on a lumber raft, or was shaken out of a sycamore in a hurricane? If you don't behave yourselves well, you can have no claims to nobleness nor nobility; but, on the contrary, if you act fairly, frankly, openly and undisguisedly—say always what you mean and fulfil what you promise—and deceive no one—you may hold up your heads and be proud of the legitimate title—**NOBLEMAN**. Then you will be easy—then you will be happy; and while your mundane joys are flourishing here below, a new crop will be starting up for you in heaven: and often, in your dreams, you will ascend the patriarch's ladder, to see how things are getting on up there. So mote it be!

LITTLE MEN WITH LITTLE SOULS.

TEXT.—There was a little man,
And he had a little soul
And eke a little mind,
And o'er it no control.

MY HEARERS: In regard to physical and mental magnitude, we find that, all the

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LITTLE SOULS.

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world over, the extremes are monstrous. Wherever we go, it is big and little, great and small, like a cart-load of stones, or a barrel of potatoes. I find, in my travels, a good many big little folks, and about an equal number of little big folks; and, pepper my snuff-box, if I can tell which are the greatest! The big little ones have small carcasses, to be sure; but they possess souls of some considerable magnitude. On the other hand, your little big people can boast of a great extent of carnal territory, and hearts that occupy about as much room in proportion as an acorn in a hogshead. I have seen small human dimensions, however, so swollen with self-importance, that I have trembled, lest they should suddenly experience the fate of the frog in the fable.

My friends: as my text informs us, there was a little man, and he had a little soul, consequently he had a little mind; and, as might naturally be supposed, he had no control over it. It was a slender 'reed shaken with the wind,' and no more susceptible of a prop than a spider thread. Peradventure, you have all seen specimens of such transcendental, humanized littleness. Mere cockroaches, as they are, in a community of decent-sized bodies and souls, they kick, scratch, crawl, and scrabble about, as though the whole world was their kitchen, and everybody a cook. They

are as fidgetty as an old maid at a wedding. As for their meanness, it is hardly worth mentioning—still too important to be passed over in silence. They are meaner than turkey poudrette—and, you are well aware, that is so mean that grass won't grow within ten miles of it. I have seen one of these small-bodied-and-little-souled chaps, myself, chase a musquito till sundown for its suet; and I have no doubt but he would have followed it up to midnight were it not for the expense of a candle. Not one of them would hesitate to steal a sick nigger's physic—to take a cracker from the claw of a poll-parrot—to put in a tin sixpence, and take a penny from a contribution box—or to chew over a second-hand tobacco quid. In charity, however, towards these diminutive mortals, I am inclined to believe that THEY are not altogether to blame: they only exercise the best of their powers. They have hearts in proportion to the size of their carcasses. Nature seldom makes a misfit, by planting the seeds of moral and intellectual greatness in pots of clay too small to admit of a fine growth and full fruition.

My hearers: while many little men, corporeally speaking, have souls to match, other big masses of human flesh contain less, by a monstrous sight; but generally, they are not of the stout and stalwart, but of the soapy fat, bloat and blubber species,

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in whom is concentrated all the gross selfishness that could possibly be crowded into the circumference of individual mortality. They are bound to enjoy their mugs of ale, roast beef and Yorkshire pudding; and, when asked for a penny for the starving children of charity, they inform them that they too are poor, and can't get half enough to eat, themselves. They usually contain about half a bowl of the milk of human kindness; but they are pretty careful to keep the cream skimmed off for their own use. I did know one, however, who, to his credit be it said, once had the generosity to borrow a cent to drop into the hat of a blind fiddler. Whether it was ever returned or not, is none of my business. Such are your little big men.

My friends: Jupiter knows there is plenty of littleness to be found among all sizes, shapes, colors and sexes; but I know of nothing meaner, or more little, than for one sect of christians to monopolize heaven, to the exclusion of all others; or for one political party to take all the credit to itself for saving the country. But, brethren, the time will soon come, I have no doubt, when people will be made larger (there is stuff enough for it)—have larger minds—wear bigger boots and breeches—and have more enlarged views of things generally, and small matters in particular. So mote it be!

DESTINY.

TEXT.—There is a destiny that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them as we will.

MY HEARERS : Although this shaping of 'our ends' has reference to the ends of both men and women, I wish you to understand that it has nothing whatever to do with those obsolete, antecedent excrescences vulgarly called 'bustles.' No—it alludes solely to those ends which all of us terrestrial beings have in view, love to dwell upon, and hope to have brought to a happy perfection, at last. Now, my friends, I don't say it is so, but did it never SEEM to you that you were dragged by Destiny into certain mud-holes of misfortune?—that all your plans, aims and ends—let them be rough-hewn with the broad-axe of hope as they may—are directed, shaped and perfected, after all, by that same old meddler—brazen-faced, iron-fisted Fate. No doubt it has often seemed thus to you ; and there is no doubt, either, that if some of you fail, or make a flummux of getting to heaven, after trying as hard for it as a toad to get up a sand bank—you will lay it all to your CUSS'D EVERLASTING LUCK !

My friends : whether it is destiny that we are bitten by a bed bug, stung by a gnat, poisoned by slander, or shipwrecked at sea, is more than I am, at present, pre-

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pared to decide; but some folks are, ap-
parently, more LUCKY than others. Now,
when a man once gets upon the ebb tide of
fortune, it certainly appears as though hell,
heaven, and all the elements—natural,
social, peaceful and warning—had conspir-
ed against him. The more he exerts him-
self, the farther off is he, as it would seem,
from the shore. He climbs the ladder of
ambition: and, just as he is within one
round of reaching the top, the bottom slips,
and down he goes! Poor fellow! nobody
deigns to help him, because he really needs
assistance. Were it anybody else, he would
have met with better luck. He can't go in
a crowd but he gets his corns gratuitously
ground,—if he goes a-fishing with a couple
of comrades, he averages about fifty no-
bites to their hundred haul-'em-ins; and,
should he venture to throw dice for his
soul's salvation, he would cast but two aces
and a deuce at the best. The stars that, in
their courses, fought against CICERO, are
bound to fight against him to the last. So
it goes—such is the luck of life; and yet
this, as my friend Mr. Brass says, 'this is
the world which turns round on its own
axes—has lunar monthly influences and
influxes—resolves round the heavenly
bodies, and comes various games of that
'ere kind o' sort!'

My hearers: trot along, from your cradles
to your graves, as gently as you may, you

are liable to meet with accidents. If you come in contact with an inoffensive milestone, a luckless lamp-post, or a dormant dirt-cart, I leave it for you to decide whether it be destiny, or the result of your own carelessness. To make it satisfactory, as far as possible, I will consider it about half-and-half. As my bootmaker observes, sickness and sore toes are the natural concomitants of humanity; and Destiny must bear the blame, I suppose, for every ill imposed upon ourselves by recklessness, folly and crime. Yet there are what may be called your unlucky sort. They never can get into a streak of good fortune, however great their exertions. The world turns the wrong way with them—the wind is always in a contrary quarter—the weather answers for everybody but them—the whole machinery of nature is out of kilter, and all concocted creation is to them as so much mush and milk to a marble statue. Then, again, we have the lucky kind. They draw prizes in a lottery, ‘and not half try’—if they go out without an umbrella, they happen to get home just as the first drop of a shower touches their heels upon the threshold—lightning runs down the chimney, melts the buttons off their coats, and kills a cat in a corner; but THEY are safe. Hope promises them a pie, and she brings them a batch. Let come what will come, and they are none the worse off—in all proba-

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bility better. I once knew one of these
luckies to be blown up into a pear-tree by
the permature blast of a rock. What do
you think!—the chap never came down
till he had filled his fruit basket; and then
he said he was thankful for the boost!

Now, my dear friends—I won't pretend
to say that 'luck is everything,' although
there is a good deal in it. But allow me
to tell you one thing. It is this: if you live
sober, virtuous, moral lives—are ambitious,
active, perserving—act uprightly—are
economical, but not parsimonious—you
will be lucky through this life, and I think
(but I won't be certain) in the life to come:
but, if you are determined to be lazy, dis-
honest, immoral, and prodigal, you will
have 'the devil's own luck' so long as you
are permitted to pollute God's green pavi-
lion. So mote it be!

SELF-LOVE.

TEXT.—Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or
self,
No one will change his neighbor with him-
self.

MY HEARERS: Self-love is the true salt of
contentment; it keeps a man always satis-
fied with himself, if he isn't with his cir-
cumstances. And self-love is instinctive;
it pervades every bosom, and impregnates

every heart. Every man wants to be himself, and 'nobody else.' He gloriously exults in the exclamation of my friend Andrew Jackson Allen, Esq., 'I am myself—alone!' and, if he thought there was a possibility of his waking up some cold morning, and finding himself another individual, he wouldn't trust his person to the care of old father Somnus for a single night; but sleep by inches, to avoid the detested transmogrification. We do not prefer ourselves, personally and individually, but give preference to the gender to which we happen to belong. I never saw a woman in my life, but if I asked the question, would say that she would rather be a woman than a man; and I know that all who wear beards and breeches, are content that heaven has made them as they are, in regard to sex. So nature has wisely ordained that there shall be no grumbling on this point. In fact every one is so enraptured with his individual identity, that it would require an immense sight of boot to induce him to swap soul and body with his neighbor—unless he knew he were to be hung on the morrow; then, probably, he would be glad to exchange being with a disappointed politician or a ring-tailed monkey.

My friends: the learned are happy in exploring the fields of nature and knowledge—in pondering over the pictures upon the pages of history—in gathering wild flowers,

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that still bloom amid the ruins of the Past—in analyzing every blossom that blows in the garden of the Present—and in sprinkling with the pot of hope the youth plants that flourish in the paradise of the Future. The fool is happy because he doesn't know enough to be miserable. While others are care-eaten, melancholy, and living in constant fear of danger, death and the devil, he finds pleasure in tickling toads with a straw, that hop in the dusk of evening, at the very door of the tomb. While thousands are engaged in the bloody occupation of war—shooting off heads, legs and arms, and opening a passage-way with the bayonet to the citadels of each other's souls—he captures flies, and lets them go again upon the parole of honor, minus perchance a wing, or with the loss of a superfluous leg. What cares he about the 'honor of the nation,' or for the name and fame of the old 'hosses' that are to drag the governmental car to glory?—Not a hooter. Let kingdoms come down with a crash—let empires fall, and shake the whole world with their thunders—and let republics tumble into the dust, burying deep in anarchial rubbish the ruins of the Temple of Liberty—he cares no more for the matter than an oyster-cellar for an earthquake. It is all the same to him, so long as old Time isn't mortally wounded—the earth safe and sound—the sun shines—the grass grows, and, helives cheerily. Thus

you see, my friends, that the fool is happy; and you, too, are happy that you are not the fool.

My hearers: the rich man is happy but not so happy as he might be, if he didn't take so much trouble to make himself uncomfortable. The happiness that he drinks from the cup of wealth, is a mixture of vinegar and molasses; and the vinegar is so predominant, that it could not be other than an unpalatable mess to him who has long been accustomed to the sweets sucked from the 'uses of adversity.' But, whether the man with the 'mopuses' be happy or not, one thing is certain: he wouldn't change himself with one in lower circumstances for a morgtage or an acre of heaven, and a supply of sublunary bliss sufficient to fit up a dozen guardian angels to attend him through his terrestrial pilgrimage. Not he. The poor man confides himself to the protection of an all-wise Providence, and feels as safe as a wejag in his winter's burrow. He hasn't much to lose, and a world to hope for. Blest with health—perchance a handsome wife, and an interesting lot of little dependencies—he goes to his daily task with a merry heart; the toil being lightened by laboring for those whom he loves. None of the cursed cares of state find their way into his humble home—no thousands of dollars are momentarily in danger of being lost in the uncertain sea of speculation—nospectres

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of writs, duns, and protests disturb his mid-
night slumbers; and, being at the bottom
of the wheel of fortune, it makes no odds to
him which way it turns, so long as it is
bound to bring him up. He has but little,
but that little is as full of sweets as a honey-
comb. He lives in the sunlight of content-
ment—happy in the nibbling at the peaked
end of nothing; and happier still in the hope
of overtaking that 'two dollars a day and
roast beef,' so long promised by political
preachers.

My dear friends: where mankind are free
from bodily pain, I don't see as there is much
difference in the average amount of their
happiness. The old she-dragon Sin has de-
posited just about so much spawn in every
human heart; and it will hatch out just
about so much misery to every individual.
A blind beggar dances while a millionaire
is mourning over the corpse of a defunct
dollar bill: a cripple sings while a king is
crying: the drunken sot is a hero, *PRO TEM.*,
and covers himself with glory, drawn from
a gin bottle, while the military commander
is painfully and tediously extracting it from
the blood of his fellow-creatures; the lunatic
is 'monarch of all he surveys,' without the
trouble of looking after it; while care, anx-
iety and fear shake the soul of an emperor,
as a dog would a woodchuck. Your humble
servant, and poor preacher, is perfectly well
satisfied with himself. He wouldn't swap his

carnal and mental arrangements for those of the greatest or the smallest man now living; nor for all the Moseses and Solomons that ever trod 'tother side of ANNO DOMINI,'—and I have no doubt, my friends, that you set equally as high a value upon your individual selves; at least, I hope so. If we are all satisfied with ourselves, Heaven will be satisfied with us all. So mote it be!

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TIERS, LONDON.



